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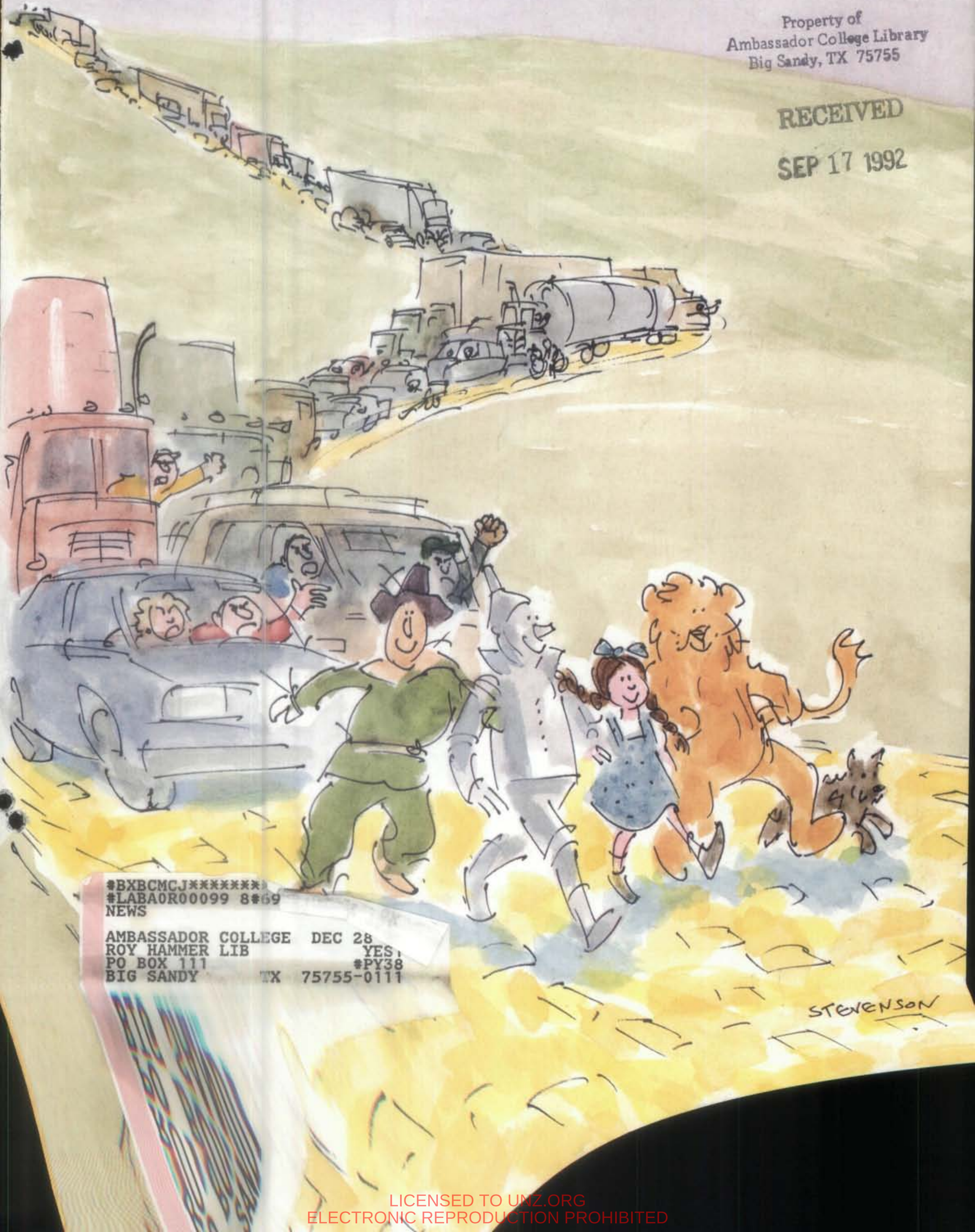

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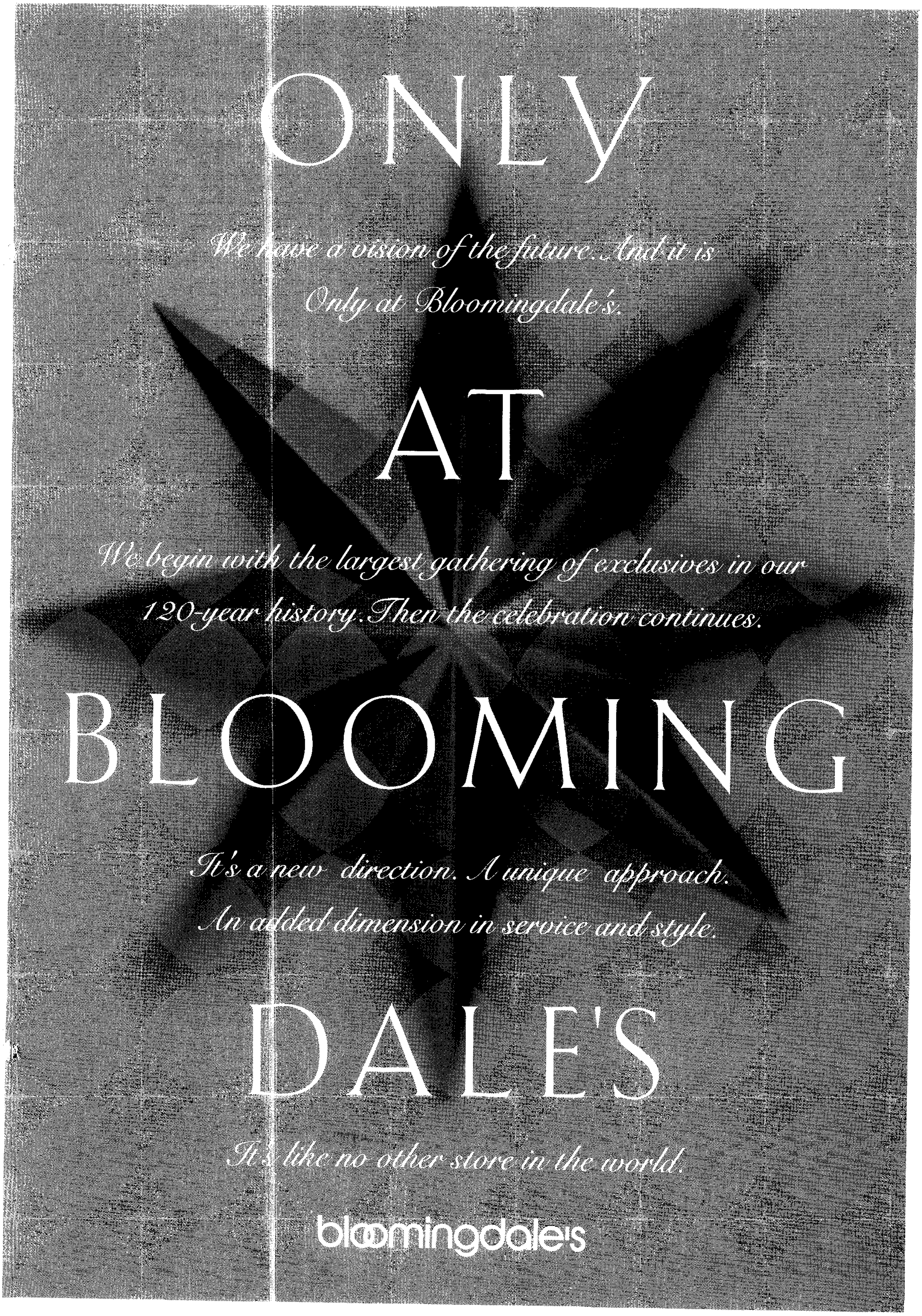

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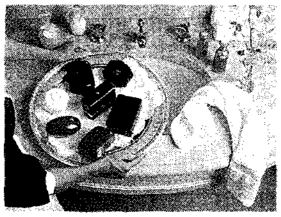

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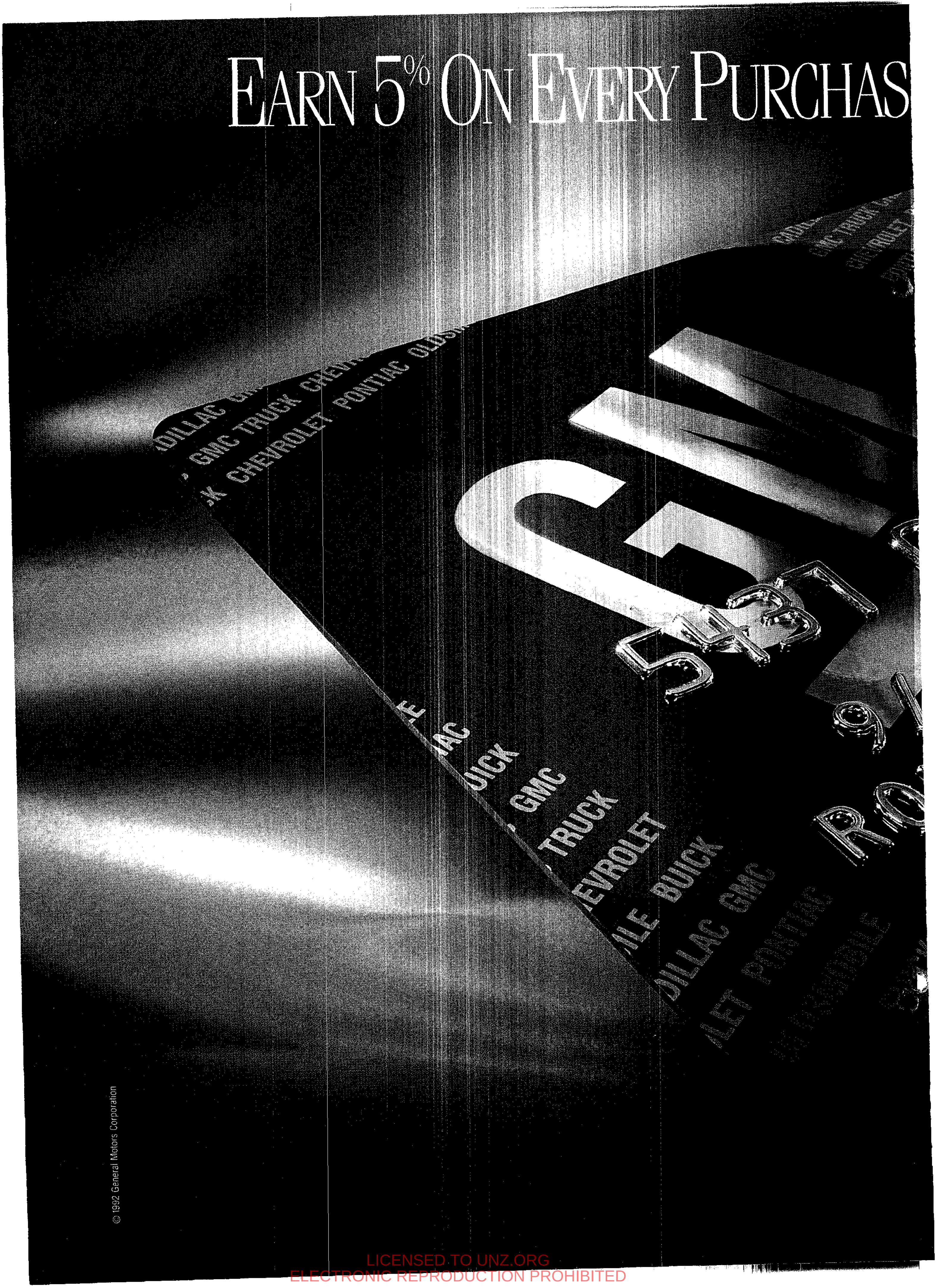
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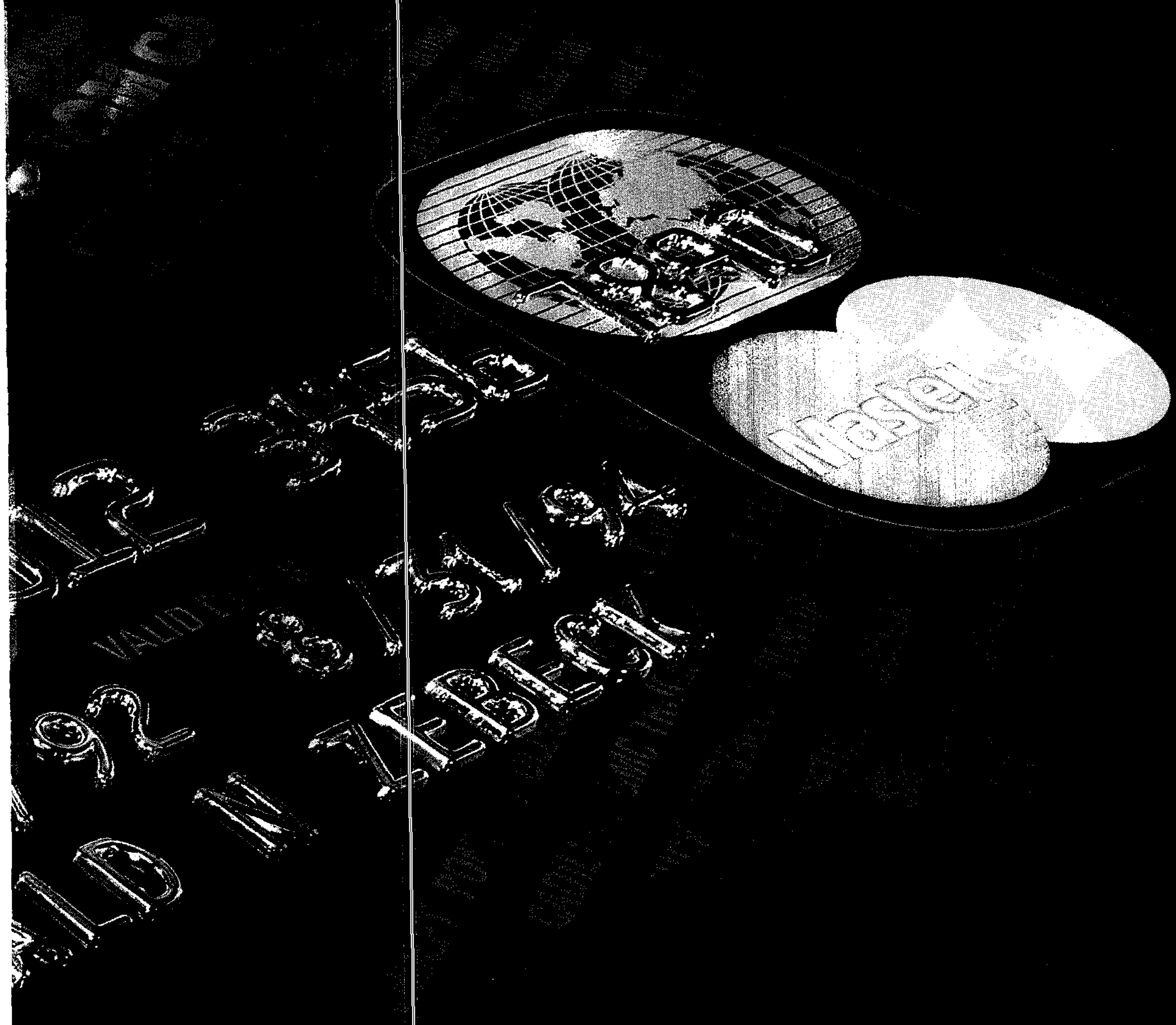

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

THE 1992 graduates of Juilliard's drama division are having quite a year. If he weren't so young, Michael Hayden's riveting performance as Roy Cohn in the school's spring production of Tony Kushner's "Millennium Approaches" would have been sufficient audition for the upcoming professional stagings of the play in Los Angeles and New York. No matter, though, because Mr. Hayden has landed a plum role at London's Royal National Theatre: he'll be Billy Bigelow in Nicholas Hytner's production of "Carousel." Mr. Hayden's classmate Elizabeth Marvel, meanwhile, has crossed another border: she's spending the autumn at the Stratford Festival, in Canada, performing Isabella in "Measure for Measure," opposite Brian Bedford's Duke. Even though as a student Miss Marvel was recognized for her versatility (in "Millennium," she played an elderly rabbi and a Mormon mother), the sight of her in clerical garb still gives a start. Her Isabella takes some getting used to, particularly in the scenes with the Duke's rapacious stand-in, Angelo. Miss Marvel is slender, but she has a tall, powerful-looking frame, making her struggle with the interim ruler an equal match not only rhetorically but physically. The play has rarely seemed more sexually charged.

Or more topical. In the program, Elliott Hayes, Stratford's literary manager, compares the would-be nun's predicament to that of Anita Hill, singling out Isabella's post-assault lines "To whom should I complain? Did I tell this, Who would believe me?" as particularly timely. To focus on the gender-based aspects of Isabella's plight is hardly a novel dramatic strategy. It might even be argued that it is precisely this element that has helped endear the play to modern theatre companies—one of which, the Grass Roots Shakespeare Troupe, is presenting the work in free Central Park and Bryant Park performances this weekend. At the Stratford performance, after Miss Marvel finished her plaintive speech and the lights dimmed for a scene change, a woman sitting behind us turned to her companion and, in apparent earnestness, said, "Do you think Shakespeare ever heard of sexual harassment?"

Frances Sternhagen and Milo O'Shea in "Remembrance"

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	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23			

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

Brother Truckers—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company launches its new season with this comedy by Georg Osterman. With Everett Quinton and Eureka. Preview on Sept. 16. Opens Sept. 17 at 8. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, 1 Sheridan Sq. 691-2271.)

Cut the Ribbons—A new musical, which features Georgia Engel, Barbara Feldon, and Donna McKechnie. The score is by Cheryl Hardwick and Mildred Kayden, and the lyrics are by Mae Richard. Previews through Sept. 19. Opens Sept. 20 at 6:45. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

The Holy Terror—Daniel Gerroll has the lead in a new play written and directed by Simon Gray. Previews begin Sept. 17. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—Joanne Camp is Josie Hogan in this production of Eugene O'Neill's play. Previews through Sept. 19. Opens Sept. 20 at 8. (Pearl, 125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708.)

The Mystery of Anna O—A drama by Jerome Coopersmith and Lucy Freeman. Previews Sept. 16-18. Opens Sept. 19 at 8. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Oba Oba '93—A return engagement of the Brazilian revue that played here a couple of years ago. Seventy-five dancers, singers, and musicians are featured. In previews. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

Remembrance—Milo O'Shea and Frances Sternhagen in a new production of a play by Graham Reid, which was seen in 1990 at the Irish Arts Center. In previews. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 967-9077.)

The Roads to Home—Jean Stapleton, Hallie Foote, and Rochelle Oliver star in a play written and directed by Horton Foote. Previews Sept. 15-16. Opens Sept. 17 at 6:45. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

OPENED RECENTLY

Anna Karenina—This Classics Illustrated version is pretty much what you'd expect from a couple of jingle writers—Peter Kellogg (book and lyrics) and Daniel Levine (score)—trying to adapt Tolstoy for the musical stage. Forced into a Broadway mold, Anna and Vronsky become victims of formula rather than society—two shallow and vulgar people caught in the most banal of clichés—while Kitty and Levin, stripped of their complexities, become a flirt and a buffoon. The main performances—by Ann Crumb, Scott Wentworth, Gregg Edelman, and Jerry Lanning—are a marvel, under the circumstances. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

The Best of Forbidden Broadway—This tenth-anniversary edition of Gerard Alessandrini's long-running, ever-fluctuating musical revue is, as one might expect, a treat. There is some new material, but our favorite sequences are still the spoof of "M. Butterfly" and the "Speed-the-Plow" number, "Madonna's Brain," in which David Mamet and Ron Silver try to teach Madonna to act and she ends up tearing off most of her clothes. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/4/92.) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

Conversations with My Father—If you're looking for a totally satisfying theatrical experience, try the new Herb Gardner, a bittersweet memory play about a Lower East Side barkeep, his two sons, and the patrons of his tavern. As staged by Daniel Sullivan, with an ace cast led by the wonderful Judd Hirsch, the play does what "Jake's Women" and "Dancing at Lughnasa" would probably do if their authors were, respectively, more sophisticated and less sentimental. Grab this one. (4/13/92) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Crazy for You—Loosely based on "Girl Crazy," which opened in 1930, this glorious show is actually a celebration of the music of George Gershwin and the lyrics of his brother Ira—nineteen songs in all—and also of the witty, imaginative choreography of Susan Stroman. Ken Ludwig wrote the lively book. Harry Groener and Jodi Benson are the lead actor/dancers. The scenery is by Robin Wagner; the costumes are by William Ivey Long; and the masterly direction is by Mike Ockrent. Bless 'em all. (3/2/92) (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Distant Fires—A play by Kevin Heelan, which was seen last season at the Atlantic Theatre. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

Falsettos—This back-to-back revival of "March of the Falsettos" and "Falsettoland," two of William Finn's three one-act musicals about a childish, self-absorbed man who leaves his wife and son for his not very nice male lover, is strictly for those who care. We've never understood the appeal of Mr. Finn's trilogy. It has a chronology as complicated as the Oedipus cycle and a dramatic sensibility akin to that of the Oresteia. To us, though, it has always seemed like banality set to music: shallow, unlikable people expressing themselves in shallow, unlikable songs. (5/11/92) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Five Guys Named Moe—The guys are black dancers and singers of ability and spirit, who perform the songs (either lyrics or music or both) of the late Louis Jordan, among them "Don't Let the Sun Catch You Crying," "Ain't Nobody Here but Us Chickens," and "Is You Is or Is You Ain't My Baby?" This London import makes a merry evening. (4/20/92) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

Guys and Dolls—A lively production of Frank Loesser's perfect musical, under the direction of Jerry Zaks. Nathan Lane and Faith Prince are the leading guy and doll, and Tony Walton designed the stunning scenery. (4/27/92) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Irish Repertory Theatre Company—Presenting two one-man shows in rotating rep: **joyicity,** based on the writings of James Joyce, and **frankly brendan,** taken from the works of Brendan Behan and Frank O'Connor. Vincent and Chris O'Neill, two Dublin-born brothers, are the actors. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226.)

Jake's Women—Alan Alda is at his genial best in the new Neil Simon. The play, about an aging writer trying to come to terms with the women in his life, past and present, is pretty much what you'd expect: some funny lines and a lot of phony dialogue. It's predictable, banal, and contrived, but at least it showcases a fine cast of actresses that includes Kate Burton and Joyce Van Patten. (4/6/92) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

Jelly's Last Jam—The music of Jelly Roll Morton, self-proclaimed inventor of jazz, and, at the same time, an unsparing delineation of Morton himself. The show, an original if ever there was one, was written and directed by George C. Wolfe. In the starring role, Gregory Hines combines his astonishing talents as tap dancer and actor; Savion Glover, who plays the character as a young man, is worthy of him, which is saying a lot. Also present are Keith David, Tonya Pinkins, Wayne Mathis, and Mary Bond Davis. Luther Henderson has adapted Morton's music and offered some music of his own; the lyrics were written by Susan Birkenhead; and Hope Clark was the choreographer. (5/11/92) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)

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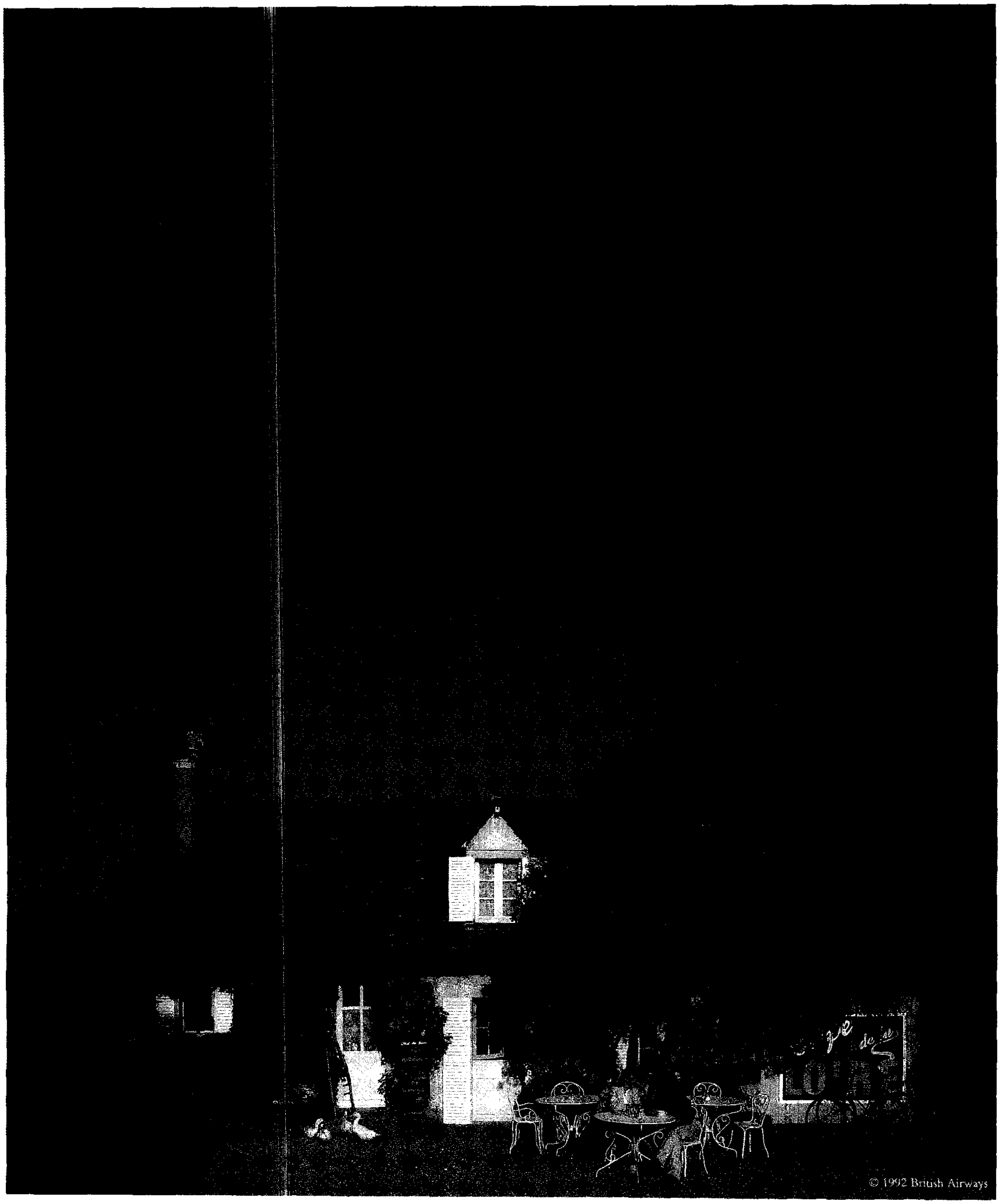

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THE THEATRE—Cont'd

Measure for Measure—Presented by the Grass Roots Shakespeare Troupe. (Central Park, near E. 69th St. Sept. 19 at 2; Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 42nd Street, Sept. 20 at 2. No tickets necessary.)

The Night Larry Kramer Kissed Me—A play written and performed by David Drake. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 564-8038.)

The Real Inspector Hound and The Fifteen Minute Hamlet—Tom Stoppard has made parody an art form in "The Real Inspector Hound," a play about a pair of drama critics who attend and appraise a performance of a traditional, worn-out British thriller. The jokes come thick and fast, and the result is Christmas morning for connoisseurs of comedy. The Roundabout's production, under Gloria Muzio's direction, is very good; Simon Jones and David Healy are first-rate in the leading roles, and they are admirably supported by Patricia Conolly, J. Smith-Cameron, Jane Summerhays, and Jeff Weiss, among others. "The Fifteen Minute Hamlet," performed as a prologue, is exactly what it sounds like—a breakneck anthology of Gems From. Same director, same company, many laughs. (8/31/92) (Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400. Closes Oct. 4.)

LONG RUNS

beau jest: A comedy by James Sherman. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.). . . **cats:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.). . . **catskills on broadway:** A festival of ethnicity and all but unbroken laughter. Freddie Roman and Mal Z. Lawrence are the Jewish comedians; Dick Capri handles the Italians; and Louise DuArt does impressions. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100.). . . **dancing at lughnasa:** How you respond to Brian Friel's wistful autobiographical play depends a good deal on your personality and preoccupations. Either you will find it lovely and lyrical or it will strike you as the memory play from Hell. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.). . . **the fantasticks:** The longest-running long run celebrated its thirty-second birthday last May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.). . . **forever plaid:** Stuart Ross's loving tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.). . . **lost in yonkers:** This family melodrama by Neil Simon, set in Yonkers during the Second World War, is about what happens when a cowering, pathetic man has to leave his two adolescent sons with his intimidating mother for the better part of a year. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.). . . **les misérables:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.). . . **miss saigon:** Oh, the horror! The horror! (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.). . . **the phantom of the opera:** This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.). . . **the secret garden:** This lovely musical adaptation of the classic children's story by Frances Hodgson Burnett isn't just a kiddie show. Subtle, charming, intelligent, and wholly literary in its approach to adaptation, it manages both to be faithful to the spirit of the book and to comment on the particular moment in time that produced it. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.). . . **tony n' tina's wedding:** The never-ending nuptials of Anthony Angelo Nunzio and Valentina Lynne Vitale. (St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200.). . . **tubes:** A performance work by Blue Man Group about art and other matters. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370.). . . **the will rogers follies:** The sets by Tony Walton, the direction and choreography by Tommy Tune, the costumes by Willa Kim, and the row upon row of Ziegfeld girls make a feast for the eyes, but the funny bone and heart are neglected. With Mac Davis. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.)

DANCE

FOR many people outside Brazil, the samba begins with Carmen Miranda movies—a polished, upbeat introduction to the signature music and dance of Rio de Janeiro. But for real intimacy with these forms, one must see a live performance, and New Yorkers have a couple of chances to do just that. On September 19, "Sambacumba," a theatricalized version of Rio's annual Carnival, the apogee of sambaist performing, is scheduled to take place at Alice Tully Hall. Meanwhile, "Oba Oba '93," a revue of Brazilian music and dance, will have moved into the Marquis.

"Oba Oba," whose content changes yearly, is put together by the Italian producer Franco Fontana. The last installment we saw, a couple of seasons back, seemed both exuberant about its subject and estranged from it. After the show was over, we still couldn't figure out such basics as what a samba step was. Since then, we've discovered "Samba," Alma Guillermoprieto's 1990 study of the dance, the music, and the religious and social conditions from which they spring. Ms. Guillermoprieto—herself a former dancer—takes the trouble to describe the samba step in both its male and its female variations, and to account for emotional, psychological, and physiological factors along with the mechanics. For the men's version, the step is a kind of cakewalk, she says, but to make it the samba you stand on a street corner, then do this:

"Wait until a woman you really like comes along, and let her go just past the point where she can see you out of the corner of her eye. Break into samba. If your energy is strong, she will perceive your movement with her back and turn around. . . . With luck, a woman will eventually walk by who turns your spinal column to jelly and sets your ears on fire. She will stop and look at you and smile and avert her eyes and look at you again and start to walk away and turn and grin and throw caution to the wind and break into samba and you'll move right up and dance a couple of circles around her and shrug up behind her real slow and catch her by the hips and circle her down to the floor and spatter a starstorm of steps around her feet and grab her and carry her home and ride her and catch her screams in your ears and lie back and breathe easy and watch her wash up and sing and cook and ask you for a cigarette and give you the eye.

"If none of this happens, you can always form a circle with the other men and really dance."

Garth Fagan Dance—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Oct. 4. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Sept. 22-23 at 8.)

Pilar Rioja—Spanish classical dance and flamenco. (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Sept. 16-19 at 8 and Sept. 20 at 3. Through Oct. 3.)

Sambacumba—Forty dancers, drummers, and singers from Brazil. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Sept. 19 at 8.)

Shawn Colvin at Tramps

NIGHT LIFE

"I NEVER thought I'd get money from Frank Sinatra," Victoria Williams told us the other day. Last May, Ms. Williams, a country-folk singer and guitarist, was touring with Neil Young, when a doctor informed her that she had multiple sclerosis. Williams' plight has struck a chord within the music community, because, like a lot of musicians of limited means, she does not have health insurance. Earlier this summer, T-Bone Burnett, Sam Phillips, Michael Penn, and Maria McKee, among others, made a considerable dent in Williams' hospital bills by playing a benefit at the Whisky, in Los Angeles, and Sinatra chipped in with a check. On September 16, another top-flight crew of singer-songwriters—Marshall Crenshaw, Shawn Colvin, Bob Mould, and Jules Shear, to name a few—will convene on her behalf at Tramps.

"Right before I was diagnosed, I was out in the desert," Williams told us. "There's this place that I usually stay, but it was all booked up, so I was just sleeping in the back of a car. But I couldn't get to sleep, because it was cold and I didn't have enough blankets. I ended up going three days without sleep. When you're touring, you've got to teach new songs to the band. You've got to get on a plane at one in the morning. Then you've got to go straight to the sound check, because the hotel won't let you in yet. Then you've got to play the concert, and get on another plane. So I'd gone three nights without sleeping. All that time, I was getting more and more numb, and I didn't know what was going on." Williams paused. "Now that type of pressure is to be avoided," she said, and laughed.

Williams told us that the disease is in remission now and that only her hands are numb, which, although she made light of it, must be devastating for a guitar player. The singer is clearly thunderstruck by the support she's received—"It's just so neighborly!" she told us in her Louisiana twang—and she's going to do everything in her power to be at Tramps on the sixteenth. "That first benefit was like a little miracle or something," Williams said of the Whisky gig. "The bills arrived, and I just sat down and started writing checks."

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out some of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—The woody nook known as the Oak Room is currently home to **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE,** a fine pop-jazz singer who has been known to root around in the archives for lost or forgotten numbers. Ms. McCorkle will be in residence here for the next couple of weeks. Shows at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (675-687[illegible])—A quirky, endearing Village watering hole perpetually decorated for the holidays—all of them. The musicians work in the back of the room, in a well ringed by a bar—a setup that seems to bring out the latent show-biz tendencies in some of the bar's patrons. Mondays belong to the Grove Street Stompers, Tuesdays through Thursdays to Al Bundy, Fridays and Saturdays to Mabel Godwin, and Sundays to Lee Lorenz and the Creole Cookin' Jazz Band. Music from nine-thirty.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A cool, green music hall that features a steady stream of international pop and cabaret stars, as well as the occasional drag queen. The Ballroom is also a tapas restaurant—if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. **LYPSINKA,** who will be performing here as of Sept. 15, is the creation of John Epperson, who's played the invincible glamour queen in a series of shows so highly regarded that his character recently found its way into the pages of *Esquire's* "Women We Love" issue. The current show is called "Lypsinka! Now It Can Be Lip-Synched." It finds Lypsinka doing what she does best—lip-synching, of course—to Gloria Swanson, Natalie Wood, Patty Duke, and Judy Garland, among others. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen. Closed Mondays.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, a gift shop, and, of course, those incredible shrinking aisles that turn a mid-set dash to the rest room into something of a steeplechase. **LIONEL HAMPTON** and the Golden Men of Jazz perform Sept. 15-20, and **MAX ROACH'S** Double Quartet starts up on Sept. 22. First set at nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Folk and fries. The **ZAWINUL SYNDICATE** is here on Sept. 16, and **LUCINDA WILLIAMS** comes in on Sept. 17. Williams spent the early part of her career performing on the coffeehouse circuit. Her first two albums didn't make much of a splash, and the singer-songwriter spent many years waiting for a major label to put its money where her mouth was. "I had this manager trying to figure out why I wasn't getting signed," she once told a reporter. "He'd say, 'What seems to be the problem? Maybe you need more bridges in your songs!'" Finally, in 1989, Williams released a spare, intimate, head-turning record that mixed country, rock, blues, and folk. It has taken Williams quite a while to put out another one—her fine new album is called "Sweet Old World"—but the years were clearly well spent. **BUSTER POINDEXTER** comes in on Sept. 18, **SUZANNE RHATIGAN** is here on Sept. 19, and Steve Hackett on Sept. 20. The young singer-guitarist **CHRIS HARFORD,** who will appear on Sept. 21, has just released an album of his own—a great, edgy record that moves from loose, weird, distorted rock to lovely acoustic ballads, including one on which Richard Thompson makes a guest appearance. Harford will appear with his band, the First Rays of the New Rising Sun. Shows at eight and eleven.

Café Sin-é, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—Don't be misled by the sleepy, hole-in-the-wall atmosphere of this bohemian little Irish café, or by the fact that the place has no stage and no music schedule. While patrons have been writing in journals, rolling cigarettes, or lingering over their Rolling Rocks, some pretty fine musicians have been known to turn up and tune up: Sinéad O'Connor, Marianne Faithfull, and Luka Bloom, to name a heady few. Music generally begins at about eight.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound pastel murals, and **BARBARA COOK.** Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-forty-five and ten-forty-five. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **RONNY WHYTE** presides at the piano from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll always sounds best in a dump, which may be why this legendary club is still thriving: the management has had the good sense not to renovate. In recent years, CB's has become something of an empire; the club is now flanked by a pizzeria/boutique on one side and a bar/performance space on the other—all your shopping needs taken care of in one convenient location. **SHUDDER TO THINK** will be here on Sept. 16; **LUNACHICKS** come in on Sept. 18; and **ELVIS HITLER** performs on Sept. 19. Music from eight on Sundays and Mondays, from eight-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

Duplex, 61 Christopher St., at Seventh Ave. (255-5438)—A two-floor entertainment center. The cheery white downstairs bar has French windows giving on to the bustle of Seventh Avenue, but the real clamor is indoors. Everyone is a star here—the pianist, the bartender, the waiters, and the audience. Pop standards are sung/shouted, usually with altered, risqué lyrics; wisecracks are fired across the room; and everyone laughs too hard. Upstairs there's a quieter bar and a cabaret, where you'll find a variety of performers nightly.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St. (924-0275)—Where swordfish leap on almost every wall. Where a cat with black and white spots sometimes walks the length of the bar. Where barbirds stare at football on the tube. And where, between the Sinatra and Streisand songs that emanate from the jukebox, one can often hear snatches of live bluegrass and Irish music floating in from the bright back room. Sets at nine and ten-thirty on Fridays.

Eighty-Eight's, 228 W. 10th St. (924-0088)—On Sept. 18, **PHILLIP OFFICER** will be in this Village cabaret, performing a set devoted to Yip Harburg, a lyricist who collaborated with the likes of Harold Arlen and Vernon Duke. The show, called "Fancy Meeting You," will include such Yarburg standards as "Over the Rainbow," "It's Only a Paper Moon," and "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime." Other performers fill up the rest of the week. Sets at eight-thirty.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—The decorator had a weakness for red velvet and mirrors, and the seating is so tight that you may as well check your elbows at the door, but this club has a few things going for it—namely, an impressive roster of jazz notables and the fact that, if you get here early enough, you can sit close enough to shine their shoes. Sept. 15-20 belongs to **MONTY ALEXANDER;** the week beginning Sept. 22 is ceded to **CAROL SLOANE.** On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

Gonzalez y Gonzalez, 625 Broadway, at Houston St. (473-8787)—Loud, brash, and big—de rigueur for the lower-Broadway dining scene. The theme is, of course, Mexican, and you get the whole enchilada—a giant cactus here, a parade-float sombrero there, animal skulls, religious artifacts, and chili-pepper clusters everywhere. The stage is in the rear, about a city block from the entrance. Music Wednesdays and Thursdays from ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from twelve-thirty.

J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—An Upper West Side jazz room, one steep flight up from the hurly-burly. Jazz people are on the premises nightly. This week's schedule includes the **JOHN WEISS** quartet (Sept. 17), the **JUDY BARNETT** quintet (Sept. 18), the **RICHIE VITALE** quintet (Sept. 19), and **VIRG DZURINKO'S** trio (Sept. 20). Music from eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Brass rails, vintage posters,

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Hirschfeld drawings, a menu full of items like bangers and mash, and a piano. Knickerbocker is an airy, good-spirited place and, while music often takes a back seat to conversation, some able piano-and-bass teams turn up regularly. ROB BARGAD and BEN WOLFE hold forth Sept. 16-18 and Sept. 20; TESS MARSALIS claims Sept. 19; and JOANNE BRACKEEN begins work on Sept. 23. Music from nine-forty-five.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Situated in a neighborhood that boasts the Puck Building to the west and a host of windshield washers to the east, this modest space provides a forum for free-thinking musicians. Beat and melody are optional, "music" and "noise" relative terms. The MEAT PUPPETS, an Arizona thrash-metal-punk-country trio, have been doing their fiercely independent thing for almost a decade now. Every time they turn up, they seem to be onto a new style, but their cult following manages to stay with them. The last time we caught the band, metal had the upper hand, but we wouldn't want to make any predictions about their shows here, which take place Sept. 18-19. Music after nine.

Lone Star Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—It's named for its Texas décor, but perhaps a more apt name would be the Second Chance, since so many lost, forgotten, or faded rockers turn up here. But the club's busy schedule includes a variety of newer acts, too. A group of bands working under the moniker RIG ROCK REVIEW will perform here on Sept. 21. The bands, which include the World Famous Blue Jays, Mumbo Gumbo, the Blue Chieftains, and others, are all regulars on the city's shot-and-beer-joint circuit—places like Nightingales, Continental Divide, and the Ludlow Street Café. The groups' common thread is a passion for country music, in many cases crossbred with rock and even punk. A pair of independent labels recently released a compilation of singles by these bands, called "Rig Rock Jukebox." Music after eight. Dining.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A plain blue back room whose far wall is decorated with round things: a Frisbee, some singles, a drum head, and the woofer from a speaker cabinet, to name a few. The beer of choice here is Rolling Rock—by a landslide—and the crowd may make you feel as if you have a midterm to study for, but many of the bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. The MEAT PUPPETS perform on Sept. 17, with Hum; and Heavenly and Lois Maffeo share a bill on Sept. 18. Shows are usually at ten on Thursdays, at eleven on Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine other nights.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—MEL TORMÉ begins a monthlong stint here on Sept. 15. The engagement marks a couple of milestones for the singer: his fiftieth album (recently released) and the fiftieth anniversary of his first big-band performance (with Chico Marx's ensemble). Tormé's recent shows have been lively, if a bit perfunctory. He dashes in, sings some remember-this-ones, spins a few yarns, dishes out the requisite hokey patter, and dashes off again. Here, backed by a sixteen-piece band, he'll be dipping into the American songbook, including a Duke Ellington salute. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—Not to be confused with its richer cousin, the Rainbow Room, which is just down the hall. There, you'll find expansive Art Deco glitter; here, intimate nineties glitter. The performers have to compete with a view of the Hudson and beyond. "Say It with Music," the appealing, expertly produced Irving Berlin revue that has been filling the house for two months now, has been extended for a few more weeks. KAYE BALLARD heads the distinguished cast. On Sept. 21, Rainbow & Stars will host a benefit that will include appearances by LUCIE ARNAZ, ROSEMARY CLOONEY, JASON GRAAE, JERRY HERMAN, LORNA LUFT, MAUREEN MC GOVERN, LIZA MINNELLI, LEE ROY REAMS, BILLY STRITCH, ELAINE STRITCH, and MARGARET WHITING. A heady roster, but you get what you pay for. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

A DAY IN THE LIFE

It's 9 A.M. at the United Aalsmeer Flower Auction, in Holland, the largest such operation in the world. (The building it's housed in is more than twelve times the size of a football field.) In one of the five main auction rooms, which resemble surgical amphitheatres, Casablanca, a white hybrid lily, rests on a cart under the scrutiny of several hundred potential buyers. Its provenance is announced by the auctioneer, who also makes some flattering comments about its quality. Not surprisingly, within a few seconds the bidding clock has been stopped by a prestigious distributor, one with a large New York clientele.

Casablanca is whisked away by conveyor belt to a central staging area, from which the distributor escorts it to his own station, located in the same building. There it is invoiced and packed in a box whose controlled temperature is thirty-eight degrees. The truck ride to Schiphol airport is at petal-ruffling speed—for a flower that has never been farther than the sheltering greenhouses surrounding Aalsmeer. Since the distributor has a standing contract with KLM, there are no hitches. It's straight into the belly of a plane for the seven-hour flight to New York.

At JFK, Casablanca is inspected by U.S.D.A. agents—for insects or symptoms of disease—and waits for a Long Island broker to complete the formalities. A lily whose elegance belies her hardiness, she shows little sign of jet lag. It's not yet midnight, and time for another truck ride.

It's 2 A.M. The streets of the Flower District, the area around Sixth Avenue and 28th Street, are filling with a small army of trucks. Casablanca is given pride of place in the window of one of the wholesale establishments. By 5 A.M., the streets are bustling with designers, retail florists, and caterers. It is one of these latter—one of "the party people," in the district's terms—who falls for Casablanca and carries it off to an uptown soirée.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—A place where a fella and a gal can put on the feedbag, get a little tight, and cut a rug. Mondays belong to the Smith Street Jazz Society, Tuesdays and Fridays to VINCE GIORDANO AND THE NIGHTHAWKS, Thursdays to Stan Rubin's big band, Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and His Stompers, and Sundays to a ragtime outfit headed by Howie Wyeth. The Wednesday lineup is always changing. On Sept. 16, you can catch both the Ron Roullier quintet and Dale Chandler's Aristocats. Sept. 23 belongs to the Sonny Daniels big band. Show times vary.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—One seldom sees jazz musicians leaning back to back as they kick out the jams, or craning their necks to harmonize into a mike. That's not to say that they don't interact onstage, but they're usually more subtle about it than rockers are. The nod, the glance, the faint smile are more common gestures, and this brown-toned ski chalet of a jazz club is a fine place to study such group dynamics. The CEDAR WALTON trio is at work here for the next few weeks. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter MILES

EVANS is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

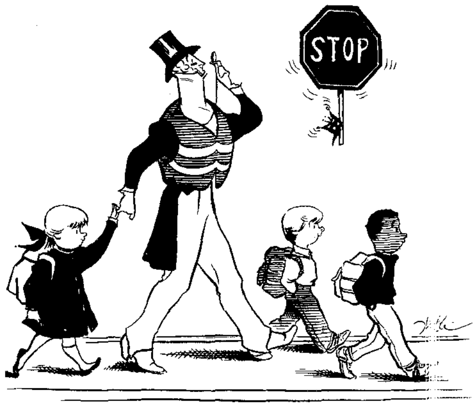
Tramps, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—A broad, spacious, and agreeable club, located near what was once called the Ladies' Mile but might now be termed the pool-hall district. The pillared, loftlike room is decorated in a hodgepodge, vaguely Bourbon Street manner, and sight lines are above average. On Sept. 16, Tramps will be the site of a benefit that will include performances by **BOB MOULD, MARSHALL CRENSHAW, JULES SHEAR,** and **SHAWN COLVIN,** among others. Music from eight on weeknights and from eight-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Located on a beery strip in the Village where every day is spring break, this club offers three floors of fun. Since this makes for rather confusing traffic patterns, we recommend using the buddy system. In the downstairs room, which is as big and plain as a mess hall, Monday evenings are set aside for salsa bands. On Sept. 21 the music is provided by Grupo Niche, with baritone saxophonist Hamiet Bluiett. Sets at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, the **PETE YELLIN** quartet is in action Sept. 16-20, and the **BEN WOLFE** trio commences work on Sept. 23. Music from ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A club with a past. Charles Mingus once kicked down the door, and Woody Allen performed here before he was Woody Allen. **BOBBY WATSON & HORIZON** will be on hand Sept. 15-20. The **JOE LOVANO** quartet claims the week beginning Sept. 22. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays. Music after nine-thirty.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—A relatively young club that has already managed to make a scene. Wetlands is usually thought of as a Deadhead hangout, but the club has also been the launching pad for a generation of young New York bands like Blues Traveler and the Spin Doctors. Shows here can be absurdly sweaty and tight—the club seems to have a hard time turning people away—and it can be hard to get a view of the stage. Still, Wetlands is such a maze of a place that there's always some mellow corner to retire to. **NEW POTATO CABOOSE,** which will play here on Sept. 15, is a Washington-based outfit that works hard for its money: their sets run from sea chanteys to gospel to country to "Rocky Raccoon" to a whole lot of seventies-style rock and roll. The group plays a long, full set, replete with solos of every variety. **SKADANKS** are here on Sept. 18. **JOAN OSBORNE,** who comes in on Sept. 19, sings a bright, pop-inflected variety of blues. She has a wonderfully raspy voice, over which she exerts an extraordinary amount of control, and she is usually seen slinking about the stage, lolling her head dreamily, shaking her kinky red hair, and letting out growling variations on the "aaaah yeah/alllll right" theme. Shows from ten.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—One of those snazzy, awninged eateries you've seen nestled amid brownstones in the Village and always wondered about. The food is Italian, the atmosphere is pastels and soft lights, and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. **JOHN BUNCH, JAY LEONHART,** and **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** work out together Sept. 14-19. **ROY MERIWETHER** and **DARREN SOLOMON** get under way on Sept. 21. Music from eight every night but Sundays, when sets begin at seven-thirty.



EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

What happens when there's talent night but no talent? Oh, there were plenty of performers waiting in Sweetwaters' wings last week on such an occasion. Seven of them, in fact. And the m.c., a disc jockey for WBLS, and his sidekick, the station's gossip columnist, repeatedly implored us to put our hands together, give it up, throw it down; meanwhile, they handed out CDs as if they were surplus Perot buttons. And to help get the full house psyched up for the next act, they trotted out the club's calling card: Whitney Houston got her start here. Most performers sang; some rapped; a few told jokes. They asked us to come in just a little closer. You would rather have stuck your hand in a paper shredder. An Apollo Theatre audience would have booed, hooked, and Sandmanned them off the stage faster than they could press EJECT on their background cassettes.

But during an evening that moved slower than "Ryan's Daughter" run backward, not one performer at Sweetwaters was hissed, dissed, heckled, or mocked. One singer was having trouble with his prerecorded "band" and muttered "This ain't easy." He was met with a chorus of encouragement during his a-cappella finale—the only time he sang on pitch. You can bet your last subway token that neither he nor anyone who followed him will bump Whitney's next album off the charts, but, then, not one contestant left feeling like a loser. (After the show, one wayward voice squealed, "I feel good. Where should we go dancing?") There are fewer and fewer places where people can fail with grace, and Sweetwaters (Amsterdam Avenue at 67th Street) would probably bolster its lineup if word got around about the kindness of its strangers. So if there's a stage-fright-filled soul anywhere who under the covers sounds an awful lot like Sarah Vaughan, you can come out now.

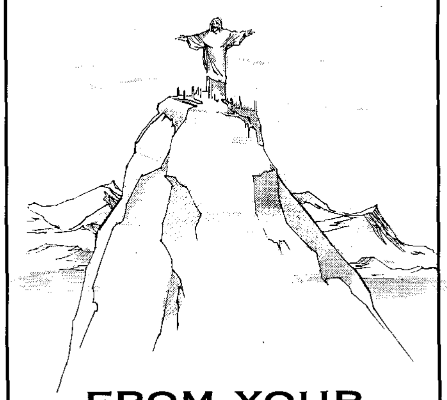
IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

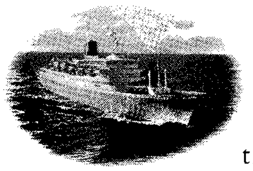
The International Festival of Puppet Theatre—Sept. 14-16 at 8: Hystopolis Puppet Theatre, from Chicago. . . . ¶ Sept. 15-17 at 8: Eric Bass performs the final part of his "Heaven Trilogy.". . . ¶ Sept. 16-19 at 8: Germany's Theater Im Wind. . . . ¶ Sept. 17-18 at 8, Sept. 19 at 2 and 8, and Sept. 20 at 5: Jusaburo Tsujimura, a puppeteer from Japan. . . . ¶ Sept. 17-19 at 8 and Sept. 20 at 7: Compagnie Philippe Genty, a French group that employs puppets, mime, dance, and lighting effects. . . . ¶ Sept. 18-19 at 8: The Stuffed Puppet Theatre, of the Netherlands. . . . ¶ Sept. 18-19 at 10 and Sept. 20 at 7: Janie Geiser and Company. . . .¶ Sept. 19 at 1 and Sept. 20 at 2 and 5: Diablomundo, an Argentine group. . . .¶ Sept. 19-20 at 1 and 3: The Green Apple Puppet Theatre, from Finland. . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 7:30: Theodora Skipitares. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

"Revisiones"—A festival of performance art and music from Latin America. Sept. 14 at 8: Música Maestro, a group from Mexico. . . . ¶ Sept. 21 at 8: Astrid Hadad y Los Tarzanes, also from Mexico. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. The festival continues through Oct. 5.)

Deb Margolin and Rae C. Wright—In "The Breaks." (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Sept. 17-20 at 7:30.)

Dentists—New York's self-proclaimed funniest. (Stand-Up New York, 236 W. 78th St. 595-0850. Sept. 23-24 at 9.)





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ART

IN London this spring, at the Saatchi Collection, a twenty-seven-year-old artist named Damien Hirst made some big waves with "The Physical Impossibility of Death in the Mind of Someone Living," an enormous glass tank in which the body of a fourteen-foot tiger shark was preserved in formaldehyde. Beginning on September 19, New Yorkers will have the opportunity to examine new works by Hirst, as well as by eleven of his young British colleagues, in a double show at the Gladstone and SteinGladstone galleries (99 Greene Street and 99 Wooster Street) that was organized by Clarissa Dalrymple, an Englishwoman in New York, who has an unusual set of antennae.

While the twelve artists are an eclectic lot, there are a few common threads. Most of them are under thirty and many of them know each other well. Most attended one or another of London's best-known art schools. Several were Michael Craig-Martin's students, at Goldsmith's. Many first showed their work in renegade exhibitions in London's Docklands and at various other appropriated short-term venues. While many are "political," few if any are "correct." And many seem to share the filmmaker Peter Greenaway's obsession with the Victorian slant on botany and zoology, taxidermy and taxonomy, with early photographic processes like the camera obscura, and with Eadweard Muybridge's experiments. The English aptitude for farce à la Monty Python, and for the gothic and the covert, is also in evidence.

Steven Tippin, for example, has turned a washing machine into a camera obscura: photochemicals enter the picture during the spin cycle. One of Marc Quinn's sculptures consists of a condom-thin cast of his own naked body, which will either be affixed to the wall or hung from the ceiling. Sarah Lucas makes photograph-sculptures and collage paintings that often incorporate "dirty sex" Fleet Street iconography as well as raunchy figures that may owe something to Arcimboldo. Even abstractionists in this crowd seem to be playing a game of Clue. Gary Hume, for instance, whose work was seen here last winter, at the Matthew Marks gallery, paints geometric compositions that are actually portraits of doors that in turn represent specific places, people, or states of mind. The work of Rachel Whiteread, represented here by a rubber cast of a mattress, may bring to mind not only Robert Morris and Louise Bourgeois but also the whole history of council-flat living—including Rita Tushingham and the kitchen sink.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—*Ceci n'est pas une rétrospective*: The Magritte bash includes more than a hundred and fifty paintings, drawings, bronzes, and other objects. Through Nov. 22. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings, drawings, and prints by the Spanish realist Jusepe de Ribera (1591-1652). Starts Sept. 18. . . . ¶ Islam's influence on Spanish culture is one of the great long chapters in the book of civilization. Beginning in the eighth century, with the appearance of magical animal figures and charmed vegetation on Romanesque columns, and peaking during the so-called Dark Ages, with an awe-inspiring fusion of North African, Mesopotamian, and Latin traditions, the Muhammadan effect on the Iberian Peninsula is one big aesthetic seduction. "Al-Andalus: The Art of Islamic Spain" is nevertheless a neurotic exhibition. First assembled at the Alhambra, in Granada, "Al-Andalus" began life as an extravagant display of vitrines in which ancient shards and fragile manuscripts were treated as if they were premature infants. Now in New York, these powerful objects—a mysterious bronze griffin, on loan from Pisa; an intricately carved wood cupola ceiling, from the Alhambra's Palacio del Partal; a group of exquisitely written Korans; a vermillion curtain of quasi-minimalist abstract splendor; an intense, oversized Alhambra vase—are quarantined in the Lehman Wing. Viewers can enhance their experience with a visit to the museum's sensational, under-trafficked Islamic wing: the eighteenth-century room from Damascus is enough to send you on a sultry brief vacation. Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ "Modern Design: 1890-1990" shows off the museum's holdings in twentieth-century furniture, architectural and design drawings, glass, ceramics, and other objects. Through Oct. 25. . . . **NOTE:** The museum's roof garden, planted with eight sculptures by Rodin, is open when the weather permits. Through Nov. 1. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Jackie Winsor

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The *Photographs of Lucas Samaras*" includes thirty works from his many series of Polaroids. Through Dec. 1. (See Photography listing.). . . ¶ "The Young Rebel in American Photography, 1950-1970" presents work by, among others, Diane Arbus, Larry Clark, Bruce Davidson, Robert Frank, and Lee Friedlander. Through Oct. 13. (See Photography listing.). . . ¶ Cults of personality, while working wonders for the business of many modern designers, have at times spoiled the idealism in which modern design is rooted. The Finnish designer Kaj Franck, who shunned stardom, happily never had any trouble finding buyers for his remarkably lean and timeless utilitarian pieces. In this small, pleasant exhibition, Franck's gloriously spare designs are left to speak for themselves. Particularly impressive is his Kilta tableware, which was in production from 1953 to 1975 and still looks contemporary. Its finely tuned colors, in such contrasting shades as deep aqua green and chartreuse, seem like refined versions of our own Fiestaware. Even when he worked at the higher end of the market, Franck kept his purity intact. His Soap Bubble vases, from the nineteen-fifties, are so lifelike that they look ready to float blissfully away. Through Oct. 12. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Selections from the permanent collection are on view in the small rotunda. (Open daily, except Thursdays, 10 to 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Homecoming: William H. Johnson and Afro-America, 1938-46." This show goes into the painter's later styles in greater depth than the complementary show (through Sept. 20) at the Studio Museum in Harlem. Presenting a "positive image" of black American culture seems to be the Whitney's goal. Johnson's worldliness and formal ties, however, may have been slighted. Through Oct. 25. . . . ¶ An auxiliary exhibition, "Parallel Visions," draws on the museum's permanent collection to provide a context for viewing the works of Johnson. Among the artists represented here are Philip Evergood, Edward Hopper, Jacob Lawrence, Ben Shahn, and Alice Trumbull Mason. Through Oct. 25. . . ¶ A large show of twentieth-century figurative works from the collection. Through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ The third part of a show of recent additions to the museum's collection; more than seventy paintings and sculptures are included. Through Sept. 20. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Painters of a New Century: The Eight & American Art," an exhibition devoted to the work of the turn-of-the-century painters known as the Eight: Arthur B. Davies, William Glackens, Robert Henri, Ernest Lawson, George Luks, Maurice Prendergast, Everett Shinn, and John Sloan. Through Sept. 21. . . . ¶ Complementing the "Eight" show is a smaller display of prints, drawings, watercolors, and pastels by these same artists, as well as by George Bellows, Jerome Myers, and Walt Kuhn. Through Sept. 21. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A hundred drawings by Fra Bartolommeo, including studies for "Vision of St. Bernard" and 'Madonna della Misericordia." Through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ "Renaissance Florence: Arts and Letters," drawn from the library's collection, features letters by Michelangelo and Machiavelli, an early edition of Dante's "Divine Comedy," and inflammatory pamphlets by Savonarola. Through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ All sorts of material culled from past Presidential elections (George Washington to Teddy Roosevelt) will be on view in "Seeking the 'Splendid Misery.' " Through Nov. 22. . . . ¶ "Treasures from the Permanent Collections." Through Nov. 29. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Ansel Adams: The Early Years" covers the period from 1919 to 1941 and includes, along with several of the famous Western landscapes, lesser-known still-lifes, portraits, and views of New York City. Through Oct. 11. . . . ¶ An exhibition, mostly of paintings, from the collection of the Century Association. Some of the works, such as Albert Bierstadt's "Guerrilla Warfare, Civil War" (1862) and Winslow Homer's "Nurse and Child" (1868), were accepted by the association in lieu of an initiation fee. Through Oct. 11. . . . ¶ "Party Time: Presidential Campaigns Since 1832," a large gathering of glorious political artifacts. Through Sept. 20. (In conjunction with the exhibition, the Society and the League of Women Voters will offer voter registration on Sept. 17 from 5 to 8 P.M.) (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—A retrospective of the career of William H. Johnson, in conjuction with the "Homecoming" show at the Whitney Museum. Johnson, who was born in 1901, in Florence, South Carolina, moved to New York in 1918, and soon enrolled in the National Academy of Design. In 1926, he moved to France, and then, after a brief return to the States, he moved to Scandinavia, in 1930. He lived there for nearly a decade while travelling widely with his wife, a Danish textile artist. Landscapes from this period, and expressionistic portraits such as his remarkable "Young Pastry Cook" (ca. 1928-1930), recall Vlaminck, Soutine, and particularly Alice Neel. When Johnson returned to America, in 1938, he, in effect, cleansed his palette, and his work assumed the cadences of the black Southern folkloric tradition, both rural and urban. The work from 1938 to about 1945 includes many bright, deceptively simple watercolors in which black soldiers are depicted boarding trains, marching, fighting, convalescing, or being killed. By 1947, Johnson's career as an artist was over: thoroughly incapacitated by syphilis-induced paresis, he was committed to Long Island's Central Islip State Hospital, where he died in 1970. The small but representative show here gives the viewer an over-all sense of the shape of Johnson's oeuvre. Through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ An exhibition of a dozen large-scale paintings and a dozen works on paper by William T. Williams. Through Nov. 15. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

EUGÈNE LEROY—Recent paintings by this eighty-two-year-old from northeastern France. Leroy's impassioned, meditative canvases resemble both Frank Auerbach's and Milton Resnick's. And some of Leroy's grittier surfaces may also recall the early work of Dubuffet or Masson. His operatic painterliness may seem overearnest to eyes accustomed to such intellectual distancing devices as quasi-kitschiness or self-conscious historicism. Along with those of many other northern European painters—Per Kirkeby, for instance—Leroy's compositions are sometimes so open as to seem irresolute, resulting in paintings full of inchoate gesture and primal incident. Through Nov. 7. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St. . . . ¶ A concurrent show of recent paintings is at Thorp, 103 Prince St., through Oct. 10.)

SEASON OPENERS—**MAX BECKMANN,** Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (through Oct. 31); **IRVING PETLIN,** Kent, 47 E. 63rd St. (open Mondays, closed Saturdays, through Oct. 20); **DIEGO RIVERA,** Martin, 23 E. 73rd St. (through Sept. 26); **BEVERLY SEMMES,** Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. (through Oct. 6); **DONALD SULTAN,** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (through Oct. 8).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

SEASON OPENERS—**FEDERICO CASTELLON,** Rosenfeld, 50 W. 57th St. (through Oct. 31); **STUART DIAMOND,** McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (starts Sept. 17); **JUDITH GODWIN,** Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (through Oct. 17); **MAURICE GOLUBOV,** De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (through Oct. 6); **MORRIS GRAVES,** Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. (opens Saturdays at noon, through Oct. 24); **KÄTHE KOLLWITZ,** Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 7); **MARIA NORDMAN** (through Oct. 10) and **ISA GENZKEN** (through Oct. 17), Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (open Mondays); **CLAES OLDENBURG,** Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (starts Sept. 18); **MILTON RESNICK,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through Oct. 17); **STEPHEN TANIS,** French, 24 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Sept. 26); **ABRAHAM WALKOWITZ,** Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Oct. 17).

GALLERIES—SOHO

SEASON OPENERS—**KIM ABELES,** Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through Oct. 10); **LUCY BARBER,** First Street Gallery, 560 Broadway (through Sept. 26); **ROBERT BEAUCHAMP,** M-13, at 72 Greene St. (through Oct. 3); **FARRELL BRICKHOUSE,** Auchincloss, 558 Broadway (through Oct. 17); **SCOTT BURTON,** Protetch, 560 Broadway (starts Sept. 19); **JOHN CAGE,** Roeder, 545 Broadway (closed Tuesdays, through Oct. 10); **COLIN CHASE,** Kelly, 591 Broadway (through Sept. 29); **FRANCESCO CLEMENTE,** Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (starts Sept. 19); **PETER DRAKE,** Marcus, 578 Broadway (through Oct. 3); **NORRIS EMBRY,** Snyder, 588 Broadway (through Oct. 17); **AVA GERBER,** Fiction-Nonfiction, 21 Mercer St. (through Sept. 26); **GLENN GOLDBERG,** Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (through Oct. 10); **PAULA HAYES,** Fawbush, 76 Grand St. (through Oct. 10); **ILYA KABOKOV,** Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (through Oct. 17); **SILVIA KOLBOWSKI,** Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (through Oct. 10); **ANDREW KRASNOW** and **DOUGLAS BLACK,** Stux, 163 Mercer St. (through Oct. 3); **JUSTEN LADDA,** Gorney, 100 Greene St. (through Oct. 3); **DAVID NASH,** Louver, 130 Prince St. (through Oct. 10); **TOM OTTERNESS,** Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (through Oct. 10); **ADRIAN PIPER,** Weber, 142 Greene St. (starts Sept. 19) and Grey Art

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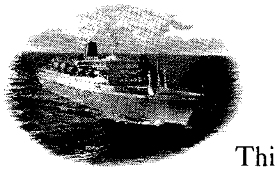

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ART–Cont'd

Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. (through Oct. 31); **WALTER SWENNEN,** Klagsbrun, 51 Greene St. (through Oct. 3); **RICHARD TUTTLE,** Boone, 417 West Broadway (through Oct. 31) and Markey, 55 Vandam St. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 2, through Oct. 30); **MICHAEL VENEZIA,** Rubin-Spangle, 395 West Broadway (through Oct. 10); **ELLEN WIENER,** Pearl, 420 West Broadway (through Oct. 3); **FRED WILSON,** Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (starts Sept. 16); **JACKIE WINSOR,** Cooper, 149 Wooster St. (through Oct. 3); **ADOLFI WÖLFI,** Kind, 136 Greene St. (through Oct. 17); **TOSHIKO TAKAEZU,** Cowles, 420 West Broadway (through Oct. 3).

PHOTOGRAPHY

FOR a while now, certain politicians have again been using art as evidence that the world is morally done for. Isn't it curious that these politicians seem to mention art only when they have a complaint against a particular work? Wouldn't it be nice if they could be enlightened by art instead of threatened by what they see, or, more likely, hear about?

Photographers, at least, seem to have had an uncanny sense of what was coming in the 1992 Presidential campaign, because a lot of contemporary photography has something to do with "family values." The family has become such a ubiquitous subject for photographers that one might venture to call it *the* photographic theme of our time. The beauty of this work is that, taken as a whole, it delineates the many different meanings that "family" has in our culture—not just those that fit Mr. Quayle's definition.

This is not to say that photography today neglects Quayle's kind of families. But even work devoted to the nuclear family makes clear that this unit is much more complex than the simplistic formula that's been concocted under the rubric of "family values." Three new photography books are especially relevant in this regard: "Pictures from Home," by Larry Sultan (Abrams); "Flesh & Blood," which contains the work of sixty-six photographers (Picture Project); and "Immediate Family," by Sally Mann (Aperture).

All the photographs in these books are personal. And the books are not only worth looking at but also worth reading. Even though some of the photographs involve an element of fiction, and even though their strengths are various, their net effect is powerful: they show the family as something that's big enough to include everyone.

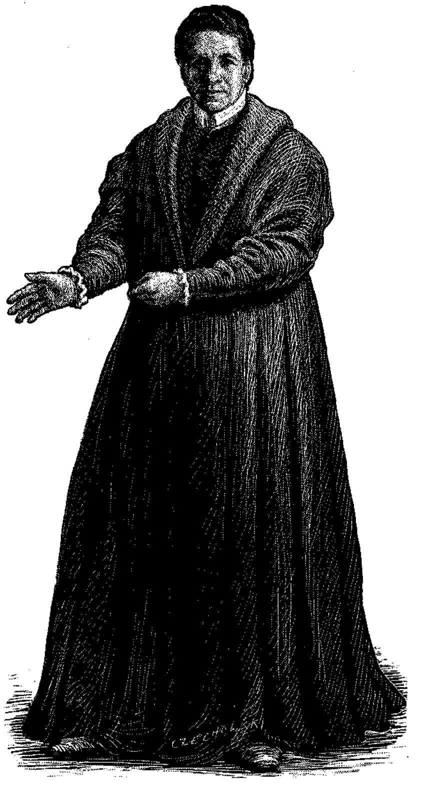
JOHN COPLANS—Self-portraits—specifically, of the artist's back—whose forceful scale and intimate revelations are paradoxically disarming. Coplans' photographs are the opposite of airbrushed coverups. His paunch, his moles, his body hair, his elderliness—all have been an unabashed part of his spectacle of honesty, vanity, and reality. Through Oct. 17. (Rosen, 130 Prince St.)

LUCAS SAMARAS—This artist has worked for decades in such varied mediums as painting, sculpture, drawing, and photography, but this show offers only one fragment of his vision: a selection of the Polaroid pieces he made between 1969 and 1986. Like the rest of his work, these photos demonstrate his capacity to find infinite possibilities and complexities in seemingly simple things. Many of these images are about breaking through the surface to reveal the depths; in a number of the photographs he has actually worked with a knife, slicing and cutting and then putting a tableau together. Through Dec. 1. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

"THE YOUNG REBEL IN AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHY, 1950-1970"—A perennial American type is being explored in this smart show. Some of the images of rebels here seem innocent by today's standards—such as Bruce Davidson's photographs of a gang of teen-agers whose symbols of rebellion are cigarettes and beer. But there are also tougher pictures, such as Larry Clark's 1971 photographs of kids shooting up, and Diane Arbus's picture of a transvestite sitting on a bed. The other photographers represented are Larry Fink, Robert Frank, Lee Friedlander, William Gale Gedney, Allen Ginsberg, Danny Lyon, and Joseph Sterling. Through Oct. 13. (Museum of Modern Art.)

"SPECIAL COLLECTIONS: THE PHOTOGRAPHIC ORDER FROM POP TO NOW"—This show has two concerns: the first is the manner in which modern photographers have incorporated ideas of collecting and classification into their work; the second is photography's enormous flexibility as an art form. Among the twenty-six artists represented are Bernd and Hilla Becher, Annette Messager, Ed Ruscha, and Dennis Adams. Through Oct. 16. (International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

SEASON OPENERS—**JOHN BALDESSARI,** Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway (starts Sept. 19); **LEWIS BALTZ,** Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway (through Oct. 10); **GEOFFREY BIDDLE,** Perry, 472 Broome St. (starts Sept. 17); **HARRY CALLAHAN** and **AARON SISKIND,** Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (through Oct. 24); **LARRY CLARK,** Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. (through Oct. 10); **GEOFFREY JAMES,** Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through Oct. 10); **LOUIS LUSSIER,** Shainman, 560 Broadway (through Oct. 10); **GEANNA MEROLA,** Saul, 155 Spring St. (through Oct. 14); **DUANE MICHALS** and **LOIS GREENFIELD,** International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8; both shows through Nov. 8); **DAVID MOROWITZ,** O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway (through Oct. 3); **CHUCK NANNEY,** Wooster Gardens, 40 Wooster St. (through Oct. 10); **MARIO CRAVO NETO,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway (through Oct. 24); **CHARLES SCHENK,** Danziger, 415 West Broadway (through Oct. 10).



William Stone in "Doktor Faust," at New York City Opera

MUSIC

LINCOLN CENTER's musical groups are unfurling their banners for another campaign in the culture wars—a milder, gentler battle than the one being waged from the political fringes this year. Here the victory sought is keeping traditional fare alive for one more hard-won year. The New York Philharmonic has chosen well, with Kurt Masur on his central territory in Beethoven's Fifth and Schubert's "Unfinished." There's also a nod to his historical curiosity: an Étienne Méhul symphony, written in Beethoven's time, which shows that some of the ideas that make the Fifth tick were "in the air." (The first subscription night, on the seventeenth, also features a pre-concert lecture by Michael Steinberg, whom we've never heard speak but whose notes and articles we've read admiringly for years.)

The Metropolitan Opera has chosen well, too: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Placido Domingo in a role that brings out his little-tapped capacity for charm. Carol Vaness is tackling all three of the fantastical heroines, and we can't think of anyone more qualified for that challenge.

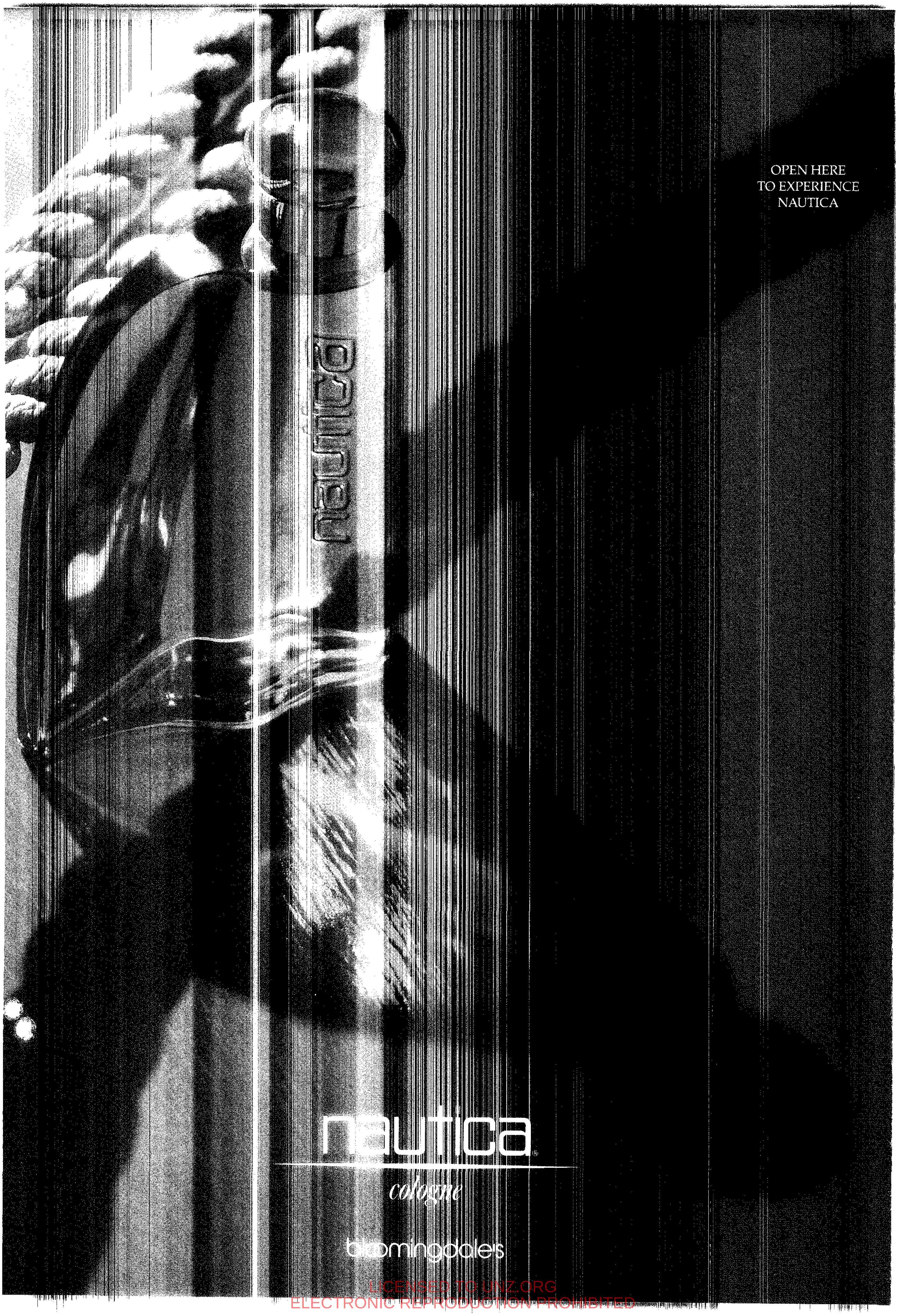
Meanwhile, three of the New York City Opera's four scheduled performances of Busoni's "Doktor Faust" remain. Everything we said about Busoni and his violin sonata a couple of weeks ago applies even more strongly to this enormous, mysterious opera. And we like what Christopher Keene, who will conduct, said in the Sunday *Times* about rehearsing it: "As the majesty of the score has unfolded before us, it has come to seem like a recapitulation of Western music, from the medieval organum of the beginning to the atonal twilight zone of the early 20th century."

OPERA

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; and for Carnegie Hall, 247-7800.)

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Opening performances of the season, which will run through May 1. **LES CONTES D'HOFFMANN,** with Carol Vaness (singing all three heroines), Susanne Mentzer, Placido Domingo, and Samuel Ramey; conducted by James Levine. (Sept. 21 at 7.). . . **UN BALLO IN MASCHERA,** with Aprile Millo, Harolyn Blackwell, Florence Quivar, Richard Leech, and Leo Nucci; John Fiore. (Sept. 22 at 8.). . . **MADAMA BUTTERFLY,** with Diana Soviero, Wendy White, Michael Sylvester, and Dwayne Croft; Julius Rudel. (Sept. 23 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—**THE DESERT SONG,** by Sigmund Romberg, with Linda Michele, Lillian Graff, Richard White, Philip Wm. McKinley, John Daniecki, and Louis Otey; conducted by Chris Nance. (Sept. 15 at [illegible] and Sept. 19 at 1:30.). . . **DOKTOR FAUST,** by Ferruccio Busoni, in its first staged production in New York, with Eva Zseller, Michael Rees Davis, and William Stone; Christopher Keene. (Sept. 17 and Sept. 23 at 8.). . . **IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA,** with Lisa Saffer, Robert Tate, Louis Otey, and Joseph McKee; Scott Bergeson. (Sept. 18 at 8.). . . **CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA** and **PAGLIACCI,** in a double bill conducted by Steven Sloane; with Sharon Graham, Melanie Sonnenberg, Craig Sirianni, and Max Wittges in the former, and Gwynne Geyer, Antonio Barasorda, and Sigmund Cowan in the latter. (Sept. 19 at 8.). . . **RIGOLETTO,** with Elizabeth Futral, Richard Drews, and Donnie Ray Albert; Joseph Colaneri. (Sept. 20 at 1:30.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)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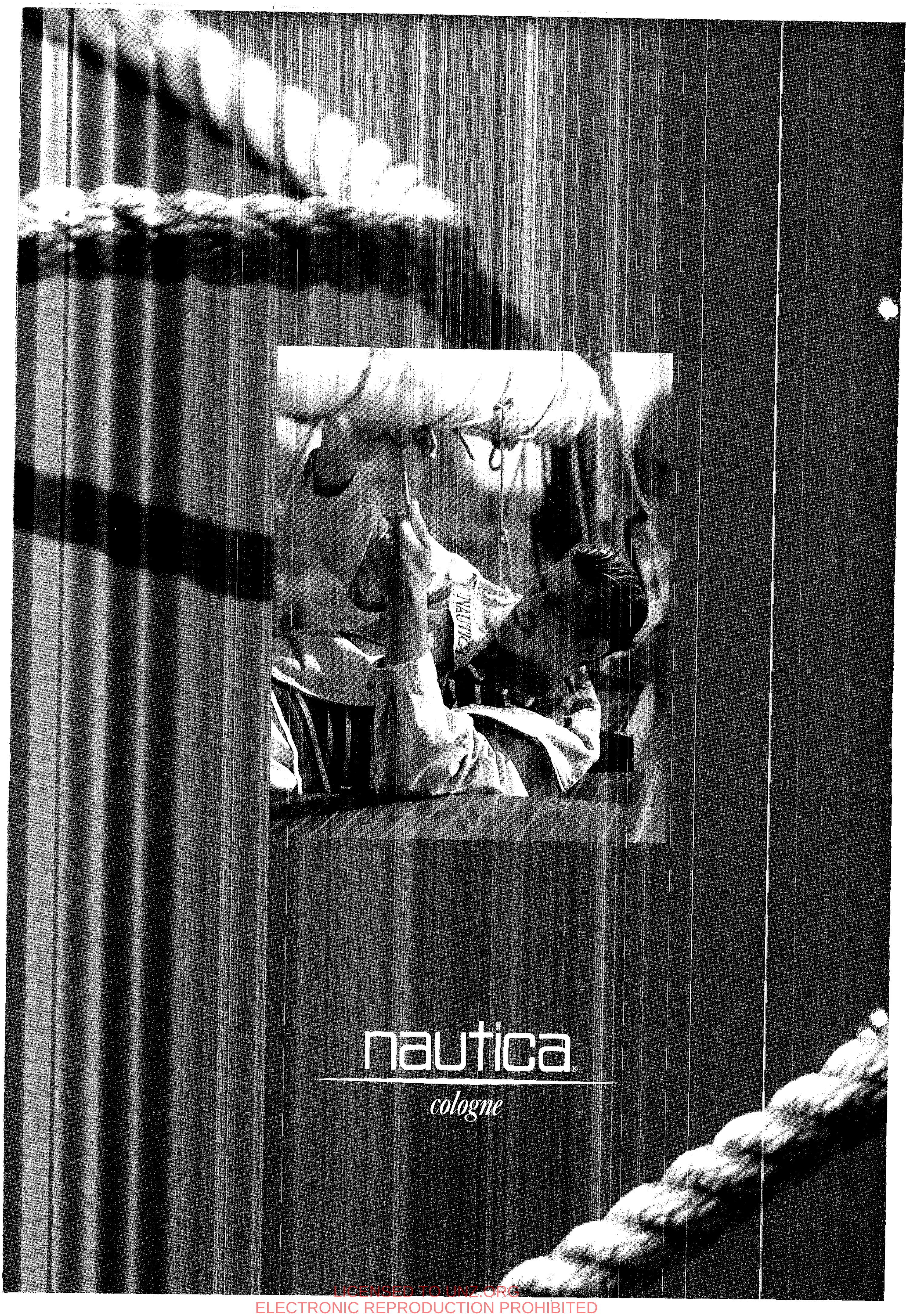
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Amato Opera Company—Presenting "Rigoletto." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Sept. 19 at 7:30 and Sept. 20 at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Kurt Masur conducting. Sept. 16 at 8: The opening concert of the orchestra's sesquicentennial season (a benefit) features excerpts from Prokofiev's "Romeo and Juliet," the Symphonic Dances from Bernstein's "West Side Story," and orchestrally accompanied songs by Bernstein and Strauss (with soprano Kathleen Battle as soloist). . . . ¶ Sept. 17-19 at 8 and Sept. 22 at 7:30: Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony, the First Symphony (written in 1809) by Étienne-Nicolas Méhul, and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony (which was the first piece ever performed by the orchestra, back in 1842).

American Symphony Orchestra—Leon Botstein conducts a program of music by European composers who found a safe harbor in America during the Second World War: Hindemith, Martinů, Korngold (his Violin Concerto, with Elmar Oliveira), and Weill (the first performance in many years of his "Trains Bound for Glory," a dramatic choral work chronicling the history of America's railroads, written for the 1939 New York World's Fair, and here featuring tenor William Brown and the Pro Arte Chorale). (Carnegie Hall. Sept. 20 at 3.). . . **note:** Mr. Botstein will join musicologists David Drew and Stephen Hinton in a pre-concert discussion, beginning at 1:45 and open to ticketholders.

Choral Symphony Society Cantata Singers—David Labovitz leads three Bach cantatas: No. 64, No. 80 ("Ein Feste Berg"), and No. 106 (the "Actus Tragicus"). (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sept. 20 at 3. Admission by contribution.)

Manhattan Chamber Orchestra—Richard Auldon Clark conducts a program of concertante works by Jacques Ibert: his "Concertino da Camera" (with alto saxophonist Gary Louie); his Symphonie Concertante (with oboist Burt Lucarelli); and his Concerto for Cello and Winds (with Nathaniel Rosen, who will also be featured in a work by David Amram). (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Sept. 23 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

RECITALS

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—In the first concert of its season, the Society honors its founding chairman and great patroness, Alice Tully, on the occasion of her ninetieth birthday. The wide-ranging program will alight on works by Bach, Mozart, and Poulenc, among others, and the all-star roster looks like this: soprano Dawn Upshaw, tenor Robert White, flutist Paula Robison, clarinettist David Shifrin (who was recently installed as the Society's artistic director), violinists Ani Kavafian and Isaac Stern, violists Paul Neubauer and Walter Trampler, cellist Yo-Yo Ma, organist Anthony Newman, and pianists Richard Goode, Charles Wadsworth, and André Previn. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Sept. 14 at 8.)

Bargemusic—Pianist Paige Roberts performs Mozart's C-Major Sonata (K. 330); cellist Sungwon Yang joins her for Franck's A-Major Sonata; and violinist Ik-Hwan Bae rounds out the ensemble for Brahms' B-Major Trio. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Sept. 17 at 7:30 and Sept. 20 at 4.)

Gustav Rehberger—The corridors that wind through the upper reaches of Carnegie Hall are lined with offices and studios that, over the years, have housed a variety of artistic types, from the great (say, Leonard Bernstein or Isadora Duncan) and the near-great (such as Pietro Yon, composer of the Christmas classic "Gesù Bambino") to—how shall we say?—the great-in-a-specialized-way (like Shmuel Tatz, body tuner to the stars). In the last category we might also place the Austrian-born painter Gustav Rehberger, an octogenarian who, for the past forty years, has practiced an unusually kinetic artistic method, painting vigorously to a recorded musical accompaniment, usually by Beethoven (who, as it happens, has often been pictured in his works). For this benefit "painting performance," Mr. Rehberger will move his easel and Beethoven tapes from his twelfth-floor studio down to the hall's principal recital space, where the audience can watch him create a Beethoven-inspired work, which, immediately upon completion, will be auctioned off. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Sept. 20 at 3, with receptions before and after. For information about tickets, call 757-7176.)

New York Festival of Song—Presenting Broadway selections by Porter, Gershwin, Arlen, Weill, and Rodgers. (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. 242-4770. Sept. 20 at 5.)

Ilan Rechtman—Sept. 20 at 6: The Israeli pianist and composer presents three of his own chamber works, including a Piano Trio dedicated to the memory of Freddie Mercury; with the assistance of several string-playing colleagues. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Sept. 23 at 8: Mr. Rechtman plays three Scarlatti sonatas, Beethoven's F-Minor Sonata (Op. 57, the "Appassionata"), and a pair of Chopin impromptus, in addition to several of his own chamber works (with assisting artists). (Weill Recital Hall.)

Western Wind—Actress Tovah Feldshuh narrates as the vocal ensemble presents music from Sephardic Spain. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Sept. 20 at 8.)

Scott Kuney and Sato Moughalian—The classical guitarist and the flutist, plus a handful of colleagues, perform chamber works by Stravinsky, Villa-Lobos, Edison Denisov, and others. (Weill Recital Hall. Sept. 20 at 8:30.)

Ellen Orner—Last year, after this young violinist's New York début recital, critics praised her not only for her execution of a stimulating program but also for gamely persevering despite the sonic intrusions from a rock concert that was occurring simultaneously on the other side of the wall, in Carnegie Hall's main auditorium. This year, returning to the same venue, her scheduling obviates such competition, and her program—which comprises works by Leonardo Balada, Benjamin Lees, and Henryk Wieniawski, in addition to a half dozen unaccompanied Paganini Caprices—seems cleverly crafted to assuage tradition-minded listeners as well as those in quest of the recherché. Pianist Joel Wizansky will assist. (Weill Recital Hall. Sept. 21 at 8.)

Sharon Isbin—The classical guitarist surrounds herself with congenial colleagues (violinist Cho-Liang Lin, violist Paul Neubauer, cellist André Emelianoff, flutist Carol Wincenc, English hornist Thomas Stacy, and tenor Robert White) to perform chamber works by Britten, Vivaldi, Joan Tower, and others. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Sept. 21 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 769-7406.)

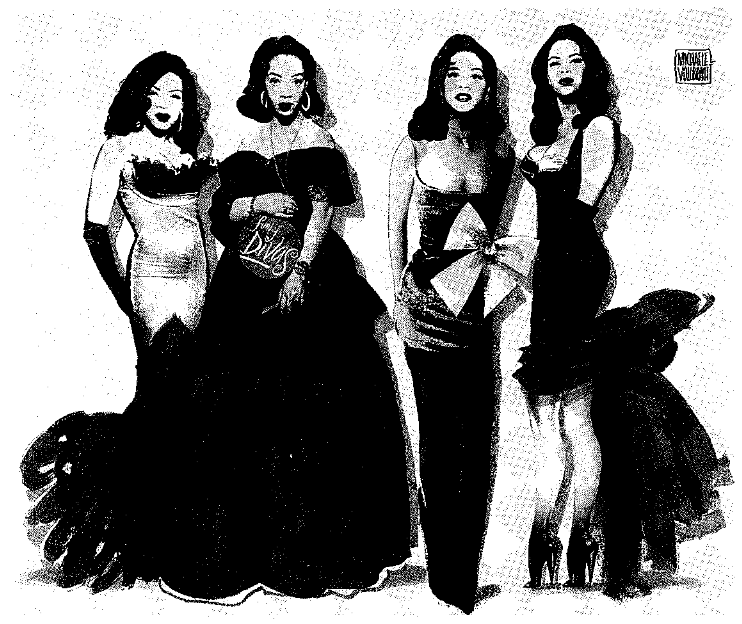
Julie Mech—Pianist, in the first of four concerts emphasizing the music of Schumann. This installment will include his C-Major Fantasia (Op. 17) and Arabesque (Op. 18), as well as Chopin's B-Minor Sonata. (Bösendorfer Center, 406 E. 79th St. Sept. 21 at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Jeffrey Siegel—Pianist, discussing and playing Beethoven's "Appassionata" and "Moonlight" Sonatas. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Sept. 22 at 8.)

Eugenia Zukerman and Anthony Newman—The flutist and the harpsichordist play works of Handel, C. P. E. Bach, and others. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Sept. 23 at 6. For information about tickets, call 930-0571.)

Four Nations Ensemble—The period-instrument group (which comprises violinist Ryan Brown, cellist Loretta O'Sullivan, and harpsichordist Andrew Appel) performs sonatas by Arcangelo Corelli as well as by Handel, Bach, Tartini, and Leclair, all of whom found inspiration in Corelli's works as they were disseminated throughout Europe in the early years of the eighteenth century. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Sept. 23 at 8.)

Edith Chen and Mikhail Yanovitsky—Two of the three winners of Juilliard's 1992 Gina Bachauer International Piano Competition share a recital, with Ms. Chen performing works by Rachmaninoff (including his Sonata No. 2) and Mr. Yanovitsky offering Beethoven's Sonata No. 15 (Op. 28, the "Pastorale") and Prokofiev's Toccata (Op. 11). (Paul Hall, Juilliard School, 60 Lincoln Center Plaza. Sept. 23 at 9. No tickets necessary.). . . **note:** A recital by the two winners of the competition's pre-college division, Sophia Chen and Jin-Ho Weng, will begin at 8, preceding the main concert.



En Vogue

JAZZ/POP/ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

En Vogue—"Funky Divas," the album on which this tour is based, isn't as consistently crazy-making as the group's début release, "Born to Sing." But "Funky Divas" is worth the purchase price just to own the cut "Giving Him Something He Can Feel," a single that occasioned the best video of the summer. The song is a remake of a number on Aretha Franklin's sensational 1976 album "Sparkle." The video presents the four women in snug red gowns and sleek long gloves, the latter used strategically to heat up an audience of spirits-swilling men. The guys get so hot and bothered that they're forced at one point to cross their legs en masse to conceal all the excitement. If the singers are allowed to let loose on the tour, this could be one spicy show. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. Sept. 15-16 at 8.)

Billy Ray Cyrus—With Ronna Reeves. (Radio City Music Hall. Sept. 17 at 8.)

Concrete Blonde—Academy Theatre, 234 W. 43rd St. 307-7171. Sept. 18 at 8.

Morrissey—With Gallon Drunk. (Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Sept. 18 at 8.)

Tony Bennett—With the Count Basie Orchestra and the Ralph Sharon trio. (Radio City Music Hall. Sept. 18-19 at 8.)

Cherish the Ladies—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Sept. 19 at 8.

Shakespear's Sister—Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 307-7171. Sept. 19 at 9.

Laurie Beechman—92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Sept. 19 at 8.

Indigo Girls—Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. 307-7171. Sept. 20 at 3.

New York Theatre Organ Society—Presenting Walt Strony. (Schwartz Athletic Center, Long Island University's Brooklyn campus, Flatbush and DeKalb Aves. Sept. 20 at 3. For information about tickets, call 1-718 225-1643.)

"The Music of Andrew Lloyd Webber"—Featuring Michael Crawford. (Radio City Music Hall. Sept. 22 at 7 and Sept. 23 at 8. Through Oct. 4.)

Joan Armatrading—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Sept. 23-24 at 8.

10,000 Maniacs—With Michael Penn and Robin Holcomb, in a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Sept. 23 at 8.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Yankees—Vs. the Chicago White Sox, Sept. 14-16 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Detroit Tigers, Sept. 22-24 at 7:30.

Mets—Vs. the St. Louis Cardinals, Sept. 16-1 at 7:40. . . . ¶ Vs. the Montreal Expos, Sept. 18 at 7:40, and Sept. 19-20 at 1:40. . . . ¶ Vs. the Chicago Cubs, Sept. 21-22 at 7:40.

Jets—Vs. the San Francisco 49ers, Sept. 20 at 1. (The Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 1-718 293-6000; the Mets play at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499; and the Jets play at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-8111.)

RACING

Horses—At Belmont: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. The Woodward, the Futurity, the Matron, and the Man O' War are on Sept. 19. The Ruffian is on Sept. 20. . . . At the Meadowlands: Tuesdays, through Saturdays at 7:30. . . . **TROTTING** at Yonkers Raceway: Mondays through Saturdays at 8 and Tuesdays at 1; Sundays at 6:45.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Flea Market—Of particular interest to Broadway mavens. Buy a pie and throw it in the face of your most beloved stage performer. (Think of it as an expensive but surefire way to get noticed.) Or sign up for a tap lesson with Gregory Hines and Savion Glover. Or purchase a walk-on role in a Broadway show. Proceeds benefit Broadway Cares/Equity Fights AIDS. (Shubert Alley, west of Broadway, between 44th and 45th Sts. Sept. 19, from 10 to 1:30 and from 4 to 7.)

Ye Olde Medieval Festival—An annual event, at the Cloisters and in Fort Tryon Park, in which jousters joust, dancers dance, and falcons fly around. Humans can feast on drumsticks, mead, hunks of bread, and other medieval delicacies. (Sept. 20, from noon to 6. For more information, call 795-1600.)

"New York Is Book Country"—On Sept. 20, a hundred and sixty-five kiosks will line Fifth Ave., from 48th to 57th Sts.; all will be displaying or selling reading material.

Contest—The people at Kentucky Fried Chicken are sponsoring a nationwide competition for street musicians. The five finalists will perform on Sept. 22 at 11 A.M., at Grand Central Terminal. Members of the audience don't have to pay, of course, unless they want to.

Boat Ride—A new exhibition at Ellis Island focusses on immigrants who moved during the nineteenth century from Bremen, Germany, to New York City. The show is sponsored by the City of Bremen and includes audio and video components to give the visitor a you-are-there feeling. For more information, call 363-3200. The exhibition continues through Nov. 11.

Readings—Paul Auster reads from his new novel, "Leviathan." (Endicott Booksellers, 450 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. Sept. 17 at 8. No tickets necessary. . . . ¶ Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. Sept. 21 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

A Talk—Sept. 16 at 7: Simon Watney talks about the AIDS epidemic. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Tickets at the door on the night of the lecture.)

Walks—Sept. 19 at 10: Susan Tunick leads a walk around Greenwich Village that focusses on terra-cotta detailing on the buildings there. For reservations, call 924-3895. . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 1: Paul Schwartzman and Rob Polner lead a walk past some of the city's most notorious crime sites. For reservations, call 439-1049. . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 1: The Fraunces Tavern Museum is sponsoring a tour of the site of the Battle of Brooklyn. For reservations, call 425-1778.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23			

G. W. Pabst's 1931 production of "The Threepenny Opera" (playing September 21, at Theatre 80 St. Marks) is a controversial and stirring recasting of the Bertolt Brecht–Kurt Weill musical. Pabst follows the general outlines of Brecht's adaptation of John Gay's "The Beggar's Opera." London's bandit leader, Mackie Messer (a.k.a. Macheath, a.k.a. Mackie the Knife), woos and weds beautiful, shrewd Polly Peachum. Her father, Jonathan Jeremiah Peachum, who runs the city's legal begging business, is so outraged by Polly's marriage to the thief that he urges the police chief, Tiger Brown, to arrest Mackie and hang him. But Tiger and Mackie were army buddies, and the cop is concerned only with keeping things quiet for Coronation Day. The narrative builds to an ironic happy ending—albeit not the one Brecht had in mind. Pabst is just as withering as Brecht about the hypocrisy that accompanies status and wealth, but he condemns corruption and exploitation in terms that are more humanist than Marxist. He even commissioned Brecht to write new closing lyrics that attack complacency: "We see those who live in the daytime. But not those who live in night." (Brecht and Weill protested the filmmakers' alterations of their 1928 stage version; Pabst and his scenarists—Leo Lania, Bela Balasz, and Ladislaus Vajda—repositioned most of the tunes they didn't slash or cut.)

Aside from Bob Fosse's "Cabaret," no movie has so vitally captured the allure of biting musical satire. In "The Threepenny Opera," there isn't a split in tone between the dialogue scenes and the songs, as there is in "Pennies from Heaven." The sardonic Street Singer, who croons the "Moritat of Mackie the Knife," clarifies the action with summaries that take the place of Brecht's title cards. Ernst Busch is haunting as the balladeer. Lotte Lenya as Mackie's favorite whore, Jenny, and Carola Neher as Polly are also standouts—rueful, defiant, erotic, and astringent. (Busch, Neher, and, of course, Lenya, had all trained with Brecht.) Andrei Andreiev's sets and Fritz Arno Wagner's smoky-silvery cinematography help Pabst achieve a unifying (and influential) visual style: gutter rococo.

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)

Theatre 1: "Enchanted April" (†).

Theatre 2: "Light Sleeper" (directed by Paul Schrader), with Willem Dafoe, Susan Sarandon, Dana Delany, David Clennon, Victor Garber, and Mary Beth Hurt.

Theatre 3: "The Living End" (Gregg Araki).

Theatre 4: Through Sept. 17: "Johnny Suede" (Tom DiCillo), with Brad Pitt and Catherine Keener. From Sept. 18: "Jumpin at the Boneyard" (Jeff Stanzler), with Tim Roth and Alexis Arquette.

Theatre 5: "Night on Earth" (Jim Jarmusch).

Theatre 6: "Delicatessen" (Jean-Pierre Jeunet and Marc Caro, in French).

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)

Sept. 14: (Separate admissions) "Lili" (1953, Charles Walters), with Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer, and Jean-Pierre Aumont; and "Dreamchild" (1985, Gavin Millar), with Coral Browne.

Sept. 15: (Separate admissions) "Moving Objects" (1991, Leonard Retel Helmrich); and "Dreamchild."

Sept. 16: (Separate admissions) "Fool's Fire" (1992, Julie Taymor) and two films by the Brothers Quay—"The Comb" (1991) and "Anamorphosis" (1991); and "Dreamchild."

Sept. 17: (Separate admissions) "Brother Bread, Sister Puppet" (1992, Jim Farber); and "Dreamchild."

Sept. 18-19: (Separate admissions) "Le Signe du Lion" (1959, Eric Rohmer) and "Du Bruit et du Fureur" (1987, Jean-Claude Brisseau)

Sept. 20 and 22: (Separate admissions) "La Boulangere de Monceau" (1962, Eric Rohmer) and "Navire Night" (1978, Marguerite Duras).

From Sept. 23: (Separate admissions) "La Carriere de Suzanne" (1963, Eric Rohmer) and "Le Passe-Montagne" (1977, Jean-François Stevenin).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth" (Anthony Hickox), with Terry Farrell, Doug Bradley, and Kevin Bernhardt.

Theatre 2: "Unforgiven" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Sept. 17: "Pet Sematary Two" (Mary Lambert), with Edward Furlong, Anthony Edwards, Clancy Brown, and Jared Rushton. From Sept. 18: "Husbands and Wives" (†).

Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)

Theatre 1: "Wind" (†).

Theatre 2: "Single White Female" (†).

Theatre 3: "Blade Runner" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Sept. 17: "Twin Peaks: Fire Walk with Me" (David Lynch), with Kyle MacLachlan, Sheryl Lee, Ray Wise, David Bowie, Harry Dean Stanton, and Moira Kelly. From Sept. 18: "School Ties" (Robert Mandel), with Brendan Fraser.

Theatre 5: Through Sept. 17: "Blade Runner" (†). From Sept. 18: "Singles" (†).

Theatre 6: "Where the Day Takes You" (Marc Rocco), with Sean Astin, Lara Flynn Boyle, Peter Dobson, Balthazar Getty, Ricki Lake, James LeGros, and Dermot Mulroney.

Theatre 7: "Bob Roberts" (†).

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)

Theatre 1: "Sister Act" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Player" (†).

Theatre 3: "London Kills Me" (Hanif Kureishi), with Justin Chadwick.

Theatre 4: "Crossing the Bridge" (Mike Binder), with Jason Gedrick, Josh Charles, Stephen Baldwin, and Jeffrey Tambor.

Theatre 5: "The Hairdresser's Husband" (Patrice Leconte, in French).

Theatre 6: Through Sept. 17: "Via Appia" (Jochen Hick). From Sept. 18: "Captain Ron" (Thom Eberhardt), with Kurt Russell, Martin Short, and Mary Kay Place.

Theatre 7: "A Man Without a World" (Eleanor Antin).

19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)

Theatre 1: "Whispers in the Dark" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 17: "Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth" (Anthony Hickox), with Terry Farrell, Doug Bradley, and Kevin Bernhardt. From Sept. 18: "Singles" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Sept. 17: "Pet Sematary Two" (Mary Lambert), with Edward Furlong, Anthony Edwards, Clancy Brown, and Jared Rushton. From Sept. 18: "Captain Ron" (Thom Eberhardt), with Kurt Russell, Martin Short, and Mary Kay Place.

Theatre 4: "Honeymoon in Vegas" (†).

Theatre 5: Through Sept. 17: "Christopher Columbus: The Discovery" (John Glen), with George Corraface. From Sept. 18: "Husbands and Wives" (†).

Theatre 6: "Unforgiven" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"Raise the Red Lantern" (Zhang Yimou; in Chinese).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Single White Female" (†).

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)

Theatre 1: "Twin Peaks: Fire Walk with Me" (David Lynch), with Kyle MacLachlan, Sheryl Lee, Ray Wise, David Bowie, Harry Dean Stanton, and Moira Kelly.

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 17: "Crossing the Bridge" (Mike Binder), with Jason Gedrick, Josh Charles, Stephen Baldwin, and Jeffrey Tambor. From Sept. 18: "Captain Ron" (Thom Eberhardt), with Kurt Russell, Martin Short, and Mary Kay Place.

Theatre 3: "Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth" (Anthony Hickox), with Terry Farrell, Doug Bradley, and Kevin Bernhardt.

Theatre 4: "Rapid Fire" (Dwight H. Little), with Brandon Lee.

34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Honeymoon in Vegas" (†).

Theatre 2: "Unforgiven" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Sept. 17: "Pet Sematary Two" (Mary Lambert), with Edward Furlong, Anthony Edwards, Clancy Brown, and Jared Rushton. From Sept. 18: "School Ties" (Robert Mandel), with Brendan Fraser.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"Sneakers" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through Sept. 22: "Manhattan" (1979, Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.

From Sept. 23: "Double Edge" (Amos Kollek), with Faye Dunaway.

Sutton I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 17: "The Hairdresser's Husband" (Patrice Leconte, in French). From Sept. 18: "Sarafina!" (Darrell James Roodt), with Whoopi Goldberg.

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 17: "One False Move" (†). From Sept. 18: "Sarafina!"

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Storyville" (Mark Frost), with James Spader, Joanne Whalley-Kilmer, and Jason Robards.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Mediterraneo" (Gabriele Salvatores, in Italian).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Rapid Fire" (Dwight H. Little), with Brandon Lee.

Theatre 2: "Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth" (Anthony Hickox), with Terry Farrell, Doug Bradley, and Kevin Bernhardt.

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Mo' Money" (Peter Macdonald), with Damon Wayans.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Death Becomes Her" (†).

Theatre 2: "Sneakers" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

Theatre 1: "Bob Roberts" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 17: "Crossing the Bridge" (Mike Binder), with Jason Gedrick, Josh Charles, Stephen Baldwin, and Jeffrey Tambor. From Sept. 18: "Captain Ron" (Thom Eberhardt), with Kurt Russell, Martin Short, and Mary Kay Place.

Theatre 3: "Sister Act" (†).

Art East Cinema, 1st Ave. at 61st. (644-1111)

Through Sept. 17: "The Living End" (Gregg Araki).

From Sept. 18: To be announced.

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)

Theatre 1: "Raising Cain" (†).

Theatre 2: "Where the Day Takes You" (Marc Rocco), with Sean Astin, Lara Flynn Boyle, Peter Dobson, Balthazar Getty, Ricki Lake, James LeGros, and Dermot Mulroney.

Theatre 3: "Pet Sematary Two" (Mary Lambert), with Edward Furlong, Anthony Edwards, Clancy Brown, and Jared Rushton.

Theatre 4: "Twin Peaks: Fire Walk with Me" (David Lynch), with Kyle MacLachlan, Sheryl Lee, and Ray Wise.

MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

Theatre 5: "Out on a Limb" (Francis Veber), with Matthew Broderick, Jeffrey Jones, and Heidi Kling.

Theatre 6: "The Player" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Wind" (†).

Theatre 2: "Christopher Columbus: The Discovery" (John Glen), with George Corraface.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

Through Sept. 17: "Single White Female" (†). From Sept. 18: "Husbands and Wives" (†).

New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 17: "Unforgiven" (†). From Sept. 18: "Singles" (†).

Theatre 2: "Honeymoon in Vegas" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Enchanted April" (†).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

Through Sept. 17: Theatre closed. From Sept. 18: "School Ties" (Robert Mandel), with Brendan Fraser.

East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth" (Anthony Hickox), with Terry Farrell, Doug Bradley, and Kevin Bernhardt.

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)

Theatre 1: "Sneakers" (†).

Theatre 2: "Honeymoon in Vegas" (†).

Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)

Theatre 1: "Single White Female" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 17: "Single White Female" (†). From Sept. 18: "Singles" (†).

Theatre 3: "Wind" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Sept. 17: "Christopher Columbus: The Discovery" (John Glen), with George Corraface. From Sept. 18: "Husbands and Wives" (†).

Theatre 5: Through Sept. 17: "Pet Sematary Two" (Mary Lambert), with Edward Furlong, Anthony Edwards, Clancy Brown, and Jared Rushton. From Sept. 18: "Captain Ron" (Thom Eberhardt), with Kurt Russell, Martin Short, and Mary Kay Place.

Theatre 6: "Whispers in the Dark" (†).

Theatre 7: "Unforgiven" (†).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: "Where the Day Takes You" (Marc Rocco), with Sean Astin, Lara Flynn Boyle, Peter Dobson, Balthazar Getty, Ricki Lake, James LeGros, and Dermot Mulroney.

Theatre 2: "Light Sleeper" (Paul Schrader), with Willem Dafoe and Susan Sarandon.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 22: "Brother's Keeper" (directed by Joe Berlinger and Bruce Sinofsky), a documentary. From Sept. 23: "Together Alone" (1991, P. J. Castellaneta), with Todd Stites and Terry Curry.

Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.

Theatre 3: "Gas Food Lodging" (Allison Anders).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Sneakers" (†).

Theatre 2: "Laws of Gravity" (Nick Gomez).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Honeymoon in Vegas" (†).

Theatre 2: "Storyville" (Mark Frost), with James Spader, Joanne Whalley-Kilmer, and Jason Robards.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "A Tale of Springtime" (Eric Rohmer, in French).

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 22: "Mediterraneo" (Gabriele Salvatores, in Italian). From Sept. 23: "Double Edge" (Amos Kollek), with Faye Dunaway.

Theatre 3: "The Tune" (Bill Plympton), an animated film.

Theatre 4: "One False Move" (†).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 17: "Where the Day Takes You" (Marc Rocco), with Sean Astin, Lara Flynn Boyle, Peter Dobson, Balthazar Getty, Ricki Lake, James LeGros, and Dermot Mulroney. From Sept. 18: "School Ties" (Robert Mandel), with Brendan Fraser.

Theatre 2: "Raising Cain" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Sept. 17: "Crossing the Bridge" (Mike Binder), with Jason Gedrick, Josh Charles, Stephen Baldwin, and Jeffrey Tambor. From Sept. 18: "Singles" (†).

Theatre 4: "Sneakers" (†).

Theatre 5: "A League of Their Own" (†).

Theatre 6: "Death Becomes Her" (†).

Theatre 7: "Single White Female" (†).

Theatre 8: "Sneakers" (†).

Theatre 9: "Wind" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: "Out on a Limb" (Francis Veber), with Matthew Broderick, Jeffrey Jones, and Heidi Kling.

Theatre 2: "Twin Peaks: Fire Walk with Me" (David Lynch), with Kyle MacLachlan, Sheryl Lee, Ray Wise, David Bowie, Harry Dean Stanton, and Moira Kelly.

Edward G. Robinson, Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, Claire Trevor, and Lionel Barrymore in "Key Largo"

Theatre 3: (Matinées only) "Sister Act" (†); and (evenings only) "Rapid Fire" (Dwight H. Little), with Brandon Lee.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Crossing the Bridge" (Mike Binder), with Jason Gedrick, Josh Charles, Stephen Baldwin, and Jeffrey Tambor.

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)

Theatre 1: "Single White Female" (†).

Theatre 2: "Sister Act" (†).

Theatre 3: "A League of Their Own" (†).

Theatre 4: "Twin Peaks: Fire Walk with Me" (David Lynch), with Kyle MacLachlan, Sheryl Lee, Ray Wise, David Bowie, Harry Dean Stanton, and Moira Kelly.

Theatre 5: "Raising Cain" (†).

Theatre 6: "Out on a Limb" (Francis Veber), with Matthew Broderick, Jeffrey Jones, and Heidi Kling.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Death Becomes Her" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)

"A League of Their Own" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Mistress" (Barry Primus), with Robert Wuhl.

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 17: "Zentropa" (Lars Von Trier, in English and German). From Sept. 18: "Jumpin at the Boneyard" (Jeff Stanzler), with Tim Roth and Alexis Arquette.

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 17: "The Best Intentions" (Bille August; in Swedish). From Sept. 18: "Jumpin at the Boneyard."

Fine Arts, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)

"Howards End" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"The Player" (†).

Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Bob Roberts" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)

"Honeymoon in Vegas" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "La Discrète" (Christian Vincent; in French).

Theatre 2: "A Brief History of Time" (†).

Theatre 3: "Swoon" (Tom Kalin), with Craig Chester and Daniel Schlachet.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

"Sneakers" (†).

84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 16: "Pet Sematary Two" (Mary Lambert), with Edward Furlong, Anthony Edwards, Clancy Brown, and Jared Rushton. Sept. 17: Theatre closed. From Sept. 18: "Husbands and Wives" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 17: "Single White Female" (†). From Sept. 18: "Captain Ron" (Thom Eberhardt), with Kurt Russell, Martin Short, and Mary Kay Place.

Theatre 3: Through Sept. 17: "Light Sleeper" (Paul Schrader), with Willem Dafoe, Susan Sarandon, Dana Delany, David Clennon, Victor Garber, and Mary Beth Hurt. From Sept. 18: "School Ties" (Robert Mandel), with Brendan Fraser.

Theatre 4: "Wind" (†).

Theatre 5: Through Sept. 17: "Unforgiven" (†). From Sept. 18: "Singles" (†).

Theatre 6: "Enchanted April" (†).

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: "Out on a Limb" (Francis Veber), with Matthew Broderick, Jeffrey Jones, and Heidi Kling.

Theatre 2: "Where the Day Takes You" (Marc Rocco), with Sean Astin, Lara Flynn Boyle, Peter Dobson, Balthazar Getty, Ricki Lake, James LeGros, and Dermot Mulroney.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "Death Becomes Her" (†).

Theatre 2: "Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth" (Anthony Hickox), with Terry Farrell, Doug Bradley, and Kevin Bernhardt.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Wind" (†).

Theatre 2: "Universal Soldier" (directed by Roland Emmerich), with Jean-Claude Van Damme and Dolph Lundgren.

Theatre 3: "Unforgiven" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Sept. 17: "Basic Instinct" (Paul Verhoeven), with Michael Douglas and Sharon Stone. From Sept. 18: "Singles" (†).

Theatre 5: "Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth" (Anthony Hickox), with Terry Farrell, Doug Bradley, and Kevin Bernhardt.

Theatre 6: "Where the Day Takes You" (Marc Rocco), with Sean Astin, Lara Flynn Boyle, Peter Dobson, Balthazar Getty, Ricki Lake, James LeGros, and Dermot Mulroney.

Theatre 7: "Rapid Fire" (Dwight H. Little), with Brandon Lee.

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)

"Honeymoon in Vegas" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 1: "Mo' Money" (Peter Macdonald), with Damon Wayans.

Theatre 2: "Boomerang" (Reginald Hudlin), with Eddie Murphy, Halle Berry, and Robin Givens.

Theatre 3: Through Sept. 17: "Honey, I Blew Up the Kid" (Randal Kleiser), with Rick Moranis, Marcia Strassman, Lloyd Bridges, Robert Oliveri, and John Shea. From Sept. 18: "Captain Ron" (Thom Eberhardt), with Kurt Russell, Martin Short, and Mary Kay Place.

Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

"Pet Sematary Two" (Mary Lambert), with Edward Furlong, Anthony Edwards, Clancy Brown, and Jared Rushton.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Sneakers" (†).

Theatre 2: "Single White Female" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Le Cinematographe, 15 Vandam St. (675-4680)

Through Sept. 15: "Female Trouble" (1975, directed by John Waters), with Divine; and "Polyester" (1981, Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter.

Sept. 16-17: "Cry-Baby" (1990, John Waters); and "Desperate Living" (1977, Waters).

From Sept. 18: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)

Through Sept. 15: "Toto le Heros" (1991, Jaco Van Dormael; in French), with Michel Bouquet; and "The 400 Blows" (1959, François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

Sept. 16-17: "Poison" (1989, Todd Haynes); and "Tongues Untied" (1989, Marion Riggs).

Sept. 18-19: "A Room with a View" (1986, James Ivory), with Maggie Smith, Denholm

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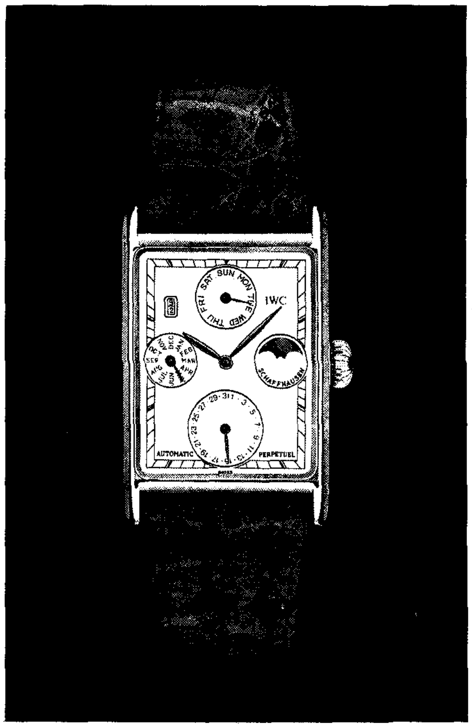

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MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

Elliott, Helena Bonham Carter, Julian Sands, and Daniel Day-Lewis; and “Maurice” (†).

Sept. 20-22: “Children of Paradise” (1945, Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Louis Salou, Marcel Herrand, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès.

From Sept. 23: “The Wages of Fear” (1953, Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, and Peter Van Eyck; and “The Vanishing” (1991, George Sluizer, in Dutch and French), with Johanna Ter Stegge, Gene Bervoets, and Bernard-Pierre Donnadieu.

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)

Sept. 14: “The Day the Earth Stood Still” (1951, Robert Wise), with Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal, Hugh Marlowe, Sam Jaffe, and Billy Gray; “The Day the Earth Caught Fire” (1961, Val Guest), with Janet Munro, Leo McKern, and Edward Judd; and “The Day of the Triffids” (1963, Steve Sekely), with Howard Keel, Nicole Maurey, Janette Scott, and Kieron Moore.

Sept. 15-16: “The Maze” (1953, William Cameron Menzies), with Richard Carlson; and “Cat Women of the Moon” (1953, Arthur Hilton), with Sonny Tufts, Victor Jory, and Marie Windsor.

Sept. 17-19: “The Blob” (1958, Irvin S. Yeaworth, Jr.), with Steve McQueen; and “World Without End” (1956, Edward Bernds), with Hugh Marlowe, Nancy Gates, and Rod Taylor.

Sept. 20-21: “Pandora and the Flying Dutchman” (†); and “Bell, Book and Candle” (1958, Richard Quine), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, Jack Lemmon, Ernie Kovacs, Hermione Gingold, and Elsa Lanchester.

Sept. 22: “Kronos” (1957, Kurt Neumann), with Jeff Morrow, Barbara Lawrence, and John Emery; and “Women of the Prehistoric Planet” (1966, Arthur C. Pierce), with John Agar.

From Sept. 23: “The Creature from the Black Lagoon” (†); “Revenge of the Creature” (1955, Jack Arnold), with John Agar, Lori Nelson, and John Bromfield; and “The Creature Walks Among Us” (1956, John Sherwood), with Jeff Morrow and Rex Reason.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Sept. 14: “Wild Strawberries” (1957, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and “Shame” (1968, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Max von Sydow, and Gunnar Björnstrand.

Sept. 15: “Slaughterhouse-Five” (1972, George Roy Hill), with Michael Sacks; and “Catch-22” (1970, Mike Nichols), with Alan Arkin.

Sept. 16: “Morning Glory” (1933, Lowell Sherman), with Katharine Hepburn and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr; and “Sylvia Scarlett” (1936, George Cukor), with Hepburn, Cary Grant, Edmund Gwenn, and Brian Aherne.

Sept. 17: “Suspicion” (1941, Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant; and “Mr. and Mrs. Smith” (1941, Hitchcock), with Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery, and Gene Raymond.

Sept. 18-19: “The Lady from Shanghai” (1948, Orson Welles), with Rita Hayworth, Welles, and Everett Sloane; and “Gilda” (1946, Charles Vidor), with Hayworth, Glenn Ford, and George Macready.

Sept. 20: “On the Waterfront” (1954, Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and “The Wild One” (1954, Laslo Benedek), with Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin.

Sept. 21: “The Threepenny Opera” (see page 19); and “The Blue Angel” (1929, Josef von Sternberg; in German), with Marlene Dietrich, Emil Jannings, and Hans Albers.

Sept. 22: “Manhunter” (1986, Michael Mann), with William Petersen; and “Thief” (†).

Sept. 23: “Key Largo” (†); and “The Treasure of the Sierra Madre” (1948, John Huston), with Walter Huston, Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake.

Tribeca Cinema, 41 White St. (925-2570)

Through Sept. 15: “Paris, Texas” (1984, Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell; and “Woman in the Dunes” (1964, Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese), with Eiji Okada.

Sept. 16-17: “Panique” (1946, Julien Duvivier; in French), with Viviane Romance, Michel Simon, and Paul Bernard; and “Fear” (1956, Roberto Rossellini), with Ingrid Bergman.

Sept. 18-19: “The Wages of Fear” (1953, Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, and Peter Van Eyck; and “Diabolique” (1955, Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse.

Sept. 20: “The Trial” (1962, Orson Welles), with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Suzanne Flon, Elsa Martinelli, and Romy Schneider; and “The Conversation” (1974, Francis Ford Coppola), with Gene Hackman.

Sept. 21-22: “Prizzi's Honor” (†); and “Play It Again, Sam” (1972, Herbert Ross), with Woody Allen.

From Sept. 23: “Scandal” (1950, Akira Kurowasa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and “Harakiri” (1962, Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Sept. 14 at noon: “The Last Bridge” (1954, directed by Helmut Kautner; in German), with Maria Schell.... ¶ Sept. 14 at 3: “Sweetie” (1990, Jane Campion).... ¶ Sept. 14 at 6 and Sept. 15 at noon: “Ju Dou” (1990, Zhang Yimou; in Mandarin).... ¶ Sept. 15 at 3: “Fire Festival” (1989, Mitsuo Yanagimachi; in Japanese).... ¶ Sept. 15 at 6 and Sept. 17 at 2:30: “Pretty Baby” (1978, Louis Malle), with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, Brooke Shields, and Antonio Fargas.... ¶ Sept. 17 at noon: “Hunting Scenes from Bavaria” (1968, Peter Fleischmann; in German).... ¶ Sept. 18 at noon and Sept. 19 at 2:30: “The Umbrellas of Cherbourg” (1964, Jacques Demy; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Nino Castelnuovo.... ¶ Sept. 18 at 3: “Cousin Angelica” (1974, Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with José Luis López Vázquez.... ¶ Sept. 19 at noon and Sept. 21 at 3: “First Charge of the Machetes” (1969, Manuel Octavio Gomez; a Cuban film, in Spanish).... ¶ Sept. 19 at 5 and Sept. 22 at noon: “The Round Up” (1965, Miklós Jancsó; in Hungarian).... ¶ Sept. 20 at noon and Sept. 22 at 3: “A Sunday in the Country” (1984, Bertrand Tavernier; in French), with Louis Ducreux.... ¶ Sept. 20 at 2:30: “Miss Julie” (1950, Alf Sjöberg; in Swedish), with Anita Björk.... ¶ Sept. 20 at 5 and Sept. 21 at noon: “Thérèse” (†).... ¶ Sept. 21 at 6: “The Night of the Shooting Stars” (1982, Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian), with Omero Antonutti.... ¶ Sept. 22 at 6: “My Twentieth Century” (1989, Ildikó Enyedi; in Hungarian).

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—Sept. 14 at 2, 4, and 6: “The Naked Childhood” (1968, Maurice Pialat; in French).... ¶ Sept. 14 at 8: “The House in the Woods, Parts 1-3” (1971, Pialat; in French).... ¶ Sept. 15 at 2, 4, and 6 and Sept. 16 at 8:15: “We Won't Grow Old Together” (1972, Pialat; in French).... ¶ Sept. 15 at 8: “The House in the Woods, Parts 4-6.”... ¶ Sept. 16 at 2 and 4 and Sept. 17 at 4 and 6: “The Open Mouth” (1974, Pialat; in French).... ¶ Sept. 17 at 2 and Sept. 23 at 6 and 8: “Graduate First” (1979, Pialat; in French).... ¶ Sept. 19-20 at 2: “Abel's Island” and “The Story of the Dancing Frog,” both animated short films.... ¶ Sept. 19 at 4, 6, 8, and 10, and Sept. 23 at 10: “Loulou” (1980, Pialat; in French), with Isabelle Huppert, Gérard Depardieu, and Guy Marchand.... ¶ Sept. 20 at 4, 6, and 8 and Sept. 21 at 6: “To Our Loved Ones” (1983, Pialat; in French).... ¶ Sept. 21 at 8 and Sept. 22 at 6 and 8:15: “Police” (1986, Pialat; in French), with Gérard Depardieu.

Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—“Jim Henson's World of Television.” “The Storyteller: The Heartless Giant” (1989), “Fraggle Rock: The Minstrels” (1983), and “The Jim Henson Hour: Song of the Cloud Forest” (1989). Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1.... ¶ “The Jim Henson Hour: Monster Maker” (1989) and “Greek Myths: Theseus and the Minotaur” (1989). Showings Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (570-3949)—Sept. 18-19 at 3 and 7: “Where Angels Fear to Tread” (1992, Charles Sturridge), with Helena Bonham Carter, Judy Davis, Rupert Graves, Giovanni Guidelli, Barbara Jefford, and Helen Mirren.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

Blade Runner (1982)—Ridley Scott's futuristic thriller is set in a hellish, claustrophobic city, dark and polluted, and with a continual drenching rainfall—it's Los Angeles in the year 2019. The congested-megalopolis sets are extraordinary: this is the grimy, retrograde future—the future as a black market, made up of scrambled, sordid aspects of the present. A visionary sci-fi movie that has its own look can't be ignored: it has its place in film history. But you're always aware of the sets as sets—it's 2019 back lot. And the movie forces passivity on you. It puts you in this lopsided maze of a city, with its post-human feeling, and keeps you persuaded that something bad is about to happen. Harrison Ford is the blade runner—a police officer who kills “replicants,” the powerful humanoids manufactured by genetic engineers, if they rebel against their drudgery in the space colonies and show up on Earth. He tracks down four of these replicants (Brion James; Joanna Cassidy; Daryl Hannah, who has killer thighs and does a punk variation on Olympia, the doll automaton in “The Tales of Hoffmann”; and the blue-eyed scenery chewer Rutger Hauer), but Ford's mission seems of no particular consequence. The whole movie gives you the feeling of not getting anywhere—of being part of the atmosphere of decay. With Sean Young as Rachael and William Sanderson as the toymaker. From the 1968 novel “Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?” by Philip K. Dick; adapted by Hampton Fancher and David Peoples. The version now showing is said to be more faithful to the director's intentions than the original release was.—P.K. (Village Theatre VII.)

Matt Dillon and Bridget Fonda in “Singles”

Bob Roberts—Tim Robbins is the

writer, director, and star of this mock documentary that chronicles, C-SPAN style, the senatorial campaign of a young radical-right demagogue. Bob Roberts is a folksinger: instead of giving speeches, he picks up an acoustic guitar and invites his audiences to sing along with his reactionary "protest" anthems. He's Pat Buchanan in Woody Guthrie's clothing, and what's scary about the movie is that this grotesque coupling doesn't even feel like a stretch. Robbins works like an inspired political cartoonist: this picture is his chance to have his say on everything that's been bugging him for the past twelve years, and he makes the most of it. He tosses off nasty satiric riffs at a reckless, headlong pace, and the movie, even at its most chilling, is hilarious; its humor is both precise enough to deflate its targets and goofy enough to feel liberating. And his performance as smiling Bob, although it's conceived as a caricature, is never tiresome: it's too finely detailed, and too gleeful. The picture is a down-and-dirty exercise in negative campaigning, and it's bracing to see some mean, memorable zingers coming from the left. Wittily, Robbins has appropriated for his own purposes the attack-dog campaign style of the right wing. This terrifically entertaining movie represents something very unlikely and very welcome: liberal humor with sharp teeth. Also with Gore Vidal, Alan Rickman, Giancarlo Esposito, Brian Murray, and Ray Wise. Many familiar performers turn up in juicy cameos: John Cusack, Bob Balaban, Susan Sarandon, Fred Ward, Pamela Reed, Peter Gallagher, James Spader, Helen Hunt, and the country singer Kelly Willis. The songs are by Tim Robbins and his brother, David.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/7/92.) (Village Theatre VII, Cinema I, and Columbus Circle.)

A Brief History of Time—Errol Morris's inspirational documentary essay about the physicist Stephen Hawking is a cross between a puff piece and a gee-whiz science special. The movie is even more abstract than it has to be, and it's remarkably soft-edged. In the biographical sections, Morris sketches Hawking as a wayward boy wonder who focusses his talents only after he's stricken with Lou Gehrig's disease. As far as characterization goes, that's it. There's some curiosity but no depth in the director's depiction of eccentric British intellectuals; he treats his interviewees as if he were pinning them to specimen boards, except that he doesn't name or identify them. As a record of inquiry into black holes and how they relate to the creation of the cosmos, the picture is one "Eureka!" episode after another. Morris presents Hawking's ironic contrasts between human mortality and the life span of the universe with such hushed awe that he robs them of their delectability. (The familiar ripple of Philip Glass's music doesn't help.) By the end, the film disappears into its own cranium.—M.S. (9/7/92) (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Creature from the Black Lagoon (1954)—The amusingly slimy monster—a sort of rubbery, leering frog that stands upright, like a man—has obscene intentions toward the fainting heroine (Julia Adams). This low-grade horror film from Universal came out in 3-D, and kids seemed to adore the amphibious villain. (There were two sequels.) William Alland produced; Jack Arnold directed, from a script by Harry Essex and Arthur Ross. With Richard Carlson, Richard Denning, Antonio Moreno, Nestor Paiva, Whit Bissell, and Ben Chapman and Ricou Browning as the monster.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; starting Sept. 23.)

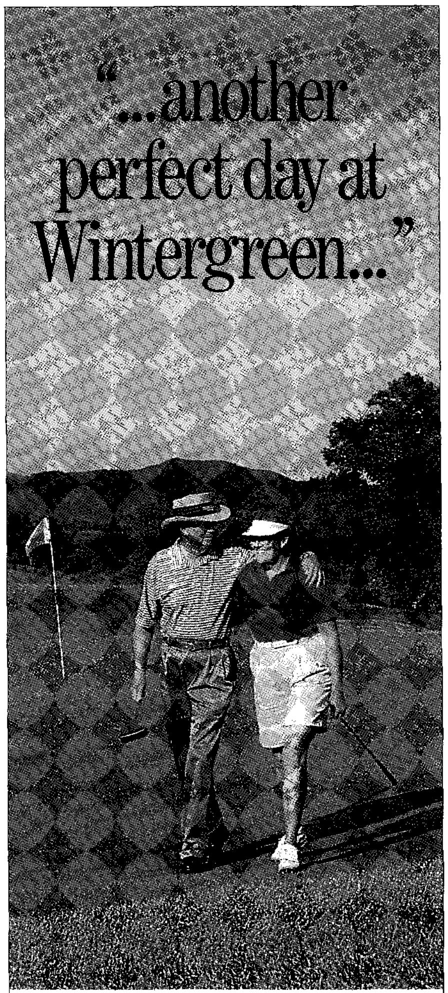
Death Becomes Her—If he'd cut it to twenty-six minutes, Robert Zemeckis' duelling-bitch comedy would have been a super episode of the HBO anthology series, "Tales from the Crypt." It stars Meryl Streep as a Broadway-Hollywood diva, Goldie Hawn as her high-school chum, and Bruce Willis as the plastic surgeon they both desire. At its peak, Zemeckis, the cast, and the special-effects team achieve de-luxe variations on the TV show's macabre slapstick. But at a hundred and three minutes, the laughs dribble away. The script, by Martin Donovan and David Koepp, which pivots on an immortality potion, is basically an excuse for Streep and Hawn to wallop each other with the aid of flesh-bending special effects. Too often the lines are witless and the narrative invention pitiful. The best reason to see the movie is Streep. In this film about women losing control of their bodies, she is more at home in hers

than ever before.—M.S. (8/24/92) (Baronet, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and Olympia.)

Enchanted April—Adapted by Peter Barnes from Elizabeth von Arnim's 1922 novel, this period romance has a healthy sprinkling of bewitchments. The lead characters are two proper middle-class English ladies, played by Josie Lawrence and Miranda Richardson, who, partly to get away from their husbands, pool their resources to rent an Italian villa named San Salvatore for a month. They ultimately share expenses with an austere, cultured widow (Joan Plowright) and a gorgeous, bored aristocrat (Polly Walker). Italy awakens the women's sensuality and imagination, and gives them perspective; Lawrence and Richardson end up jolting their deadhead husbands (played by Alfred Molina and Jim Broadbent) back to life. The director, Mike Newell, handles the performers deftly and sympathetically, from the wonderfully ebullient Lawrence and the ravishing Walker to the robustly comical Plowright; Michael Kitchen contributes a tour de force of eccentric charm as the villa's owner. If the film, with its brittle, satiric London scenes and its expansive Italian ones, breaks too distinctly into pieces, the magic of the sunnier locations seals the cracks. The cinematographer, Rex Maidment, captures the enveloping pastoral euphoria of San Salvatore; the movie was shot at the same Mediterranean estate where von Arnim composed her novel.—M.S. (8/10/92) (Angelika Film Center, 68th St. Playhouse, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

Honeymoon in Vegas—A comic zephyr that tickles the back of your neck as it whisks by. Andrew Bergman's ninety-five-minute screwball idyll zigs and zags from New York to Las Vegas to Hawaii as Nicolas Cage and Sarah Jessica Parker lurch from the brink of matrimony to splitsville. James Caan, a pro gambler, shellacks the would-be groom in a welcome-to-Vegas poker game and takes a weekend with Parker as his prize. The movie is about learning how much you want something just when it looks as if you might lose it forever. "Vegas" is also a diverting expression of clashing generational styles. Cage is a nineties boy-man—he's unable to commit. Caan is the traditional manly man who's *too* willing to take on responsibility. No wonder Parker is puzzled. Bergman makes antic hay out of contemporary confusion, and his cast keeps the romantic triangle spinning like a gyroscope. Cage's amorous anxiety gives the film a charge, Caan epitomizes male hubris, and Parker is a great all-around responder. It's weirdly right that the music of Elvis Presley comments on the action, not only in a Vegas crawling with Elvis impersonators but in Kauai, too. (Willie Nelson sings "Blue Hawaii.") America's pop god of self-creation belongs in a movie about lovers bopping their way to the altar by trial and error. With a risible cameo by Peter Boyle.—M.S. (9/7/92) (19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, New York Twin, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, 62nd & Broadway, and Embassy 1.)

Howards End—James Ivory's movie version of the 1910 E. M. Forster novel is a handsome and intelligent piece of work: a faithful, well-paced, and carefully crafted dramatization of a very good story. The heroine, Margaret Schlegel (Emma Thompson), is a thirtyish Englishwoman of German ancestry who lives with her sister and her brother in a London town house. The plot brings the cultured and rather high-minded Schlegels in contact with a very different sort of family, the Wilcoxes, who appear to represent English values at their most infuriatingly solid and complacent. The emotional core of the movie is the brief, unlikely friendship that develops between Margaret and conservative Ruth Wilcox (Vanessa Redgrave), a woman who inhabits a narrow world so profoundly, and with such enormous feeling, that she transforms it. Redgrave is at her most radiant in this role. And Thompson, whose character is meant to be seen as the heir to Mrs. Wilcox's thoroughly English kind of spirituality, comes through with a thrilling, original performance; she carries the movie. These luminous performances go a long way toward putting Forster's ambitious ideas across on the screen. (Anthony Hopkins, as the no-nonsense businessman Henry Wilcox, is awfully good, too.) The story holds us for the full two hours and twenty minutes that the movie takes to tell it; Ivory and his screenwriter, Ruth Prawer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Jhabvala, have done a skillful and sensitive job of adaptation. All that's missing, really, is the elusive quality that makes Forster such a brave, moving writer: his constant striving to see beyond the story, to see through it, to transcend it. Also with Helena Bonham Carter, Samuel West, James Wilby, Nicola Duffett, Prunella Scales, and Adrian Ross Magenty.—T.R. (5/4/92) (Fine Arts.)

Ava Gardner in "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman"

Husbands and Wives—With Woody Allen, Blythe Danner, Judy Davis, Mia Farrow, Juliette Lewis, Liam Neeson, and Sydney Pollack; directed by Allen. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, Beekman, Orpheum VII, and 84th Street Sixplex; starting Sept. 18.)

Key Largo (1948)—The soporific Maxwell Anderson play is an unlikely subject for John Huston but he steers a shrewd course, bailing Anderson out in order to stay afloat. What the play was supposed to be about—which was dim enough in the original—is even more obscure in the script that he and Richard Brooks (then a screenwriter) prepared, but the movie is so confidently and entertainingly directed that nobody is likely to complain. Huston fills the rancid atmosphere of the setting—a hotel in the Florida keys—with suspense, ambiguous motives, and some hilariously hammy bits, and the cast all go at it as if the nonsense about gangsters and human dignity were high drama. Humphrey Bogart plays a Second World War veteran—a major who goes to the hotel, which is run by the widow (Lauren Bacall) and father (Lionel Barrymore) of one of his men. The most memorable image is that of Edward G. Robinson, as the head racketeer, chomping on a cigar while soaking in a bathtub; he has, as Huston said, "the look of a crustacean with its shell off." For diversion, this homegrown Hitler humiliates his aging, drunken mistress, played by Claire Trevor, who packed such a load of pathos into her role that she won the Academy Award for Best Supporting Actress.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 23.)

A League of Their Own—Penny Marshall's fictional account of the All-American Girls Professional Baseball League has no mind of its own. Marshall directed it with both eyes on the audience. She and the screenwriting team of Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel slap together a bare-bones narrative (about the league's 1943 début season) and dress it up with set-piece gags and sentimental ploys. All they want is for people to come out saying that they laughed and they cried. The lead characters are Dottie Hinson (Geena Davis) and her kid sister, Kit Keller (Lori Petty), who catch and pitch, respectively, for the Rockford Peaches and act out their sibling tensions on the baseball diamond and in the locker room. Tom Hanks mugs ingratiatingly as Jimmy Dugan, the Rockford coach and an alcoholic former slugger, and Madonna sashays through the supporting role of All the Way Mae, a ballplayer who tests the league's deportment code. This movie aims for the tear ducts and the funny bone as ruthlessly as the summer's big action-fantasy hits go after the viscera. It unfolds in field-of-dreams land—complete with cornstalks.—M.S. (7/13/92) (Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and Festival.)

Maurice (1987)—The director, James Ivory, painstakingly reproduces the limp, drawn-out construction of E. M. Forster's novel, written in 1913 and 1914 but not published until 1971, a year after his death. It's about a young man's struggle to come to terms with his homosexuality. Forster wants to show that homosexuality is natural, and so Maurice (pronounced Morris) is an average Edwardian stockbroker who lives in the suburbs—a proper hale-and-hearty fellow, narrow-minded and snobbish, like others of his (middle) class. And then Forster tries to demonstrate that Maurice's full physical commitment to his homosexual drive is his redemption—that it burns away his snobhbery and turns him into a more perceptive man, a better man. The trap for both the novel and the film is Maurice's blandness; the actor who plays him—tall, blond James Wilby—comes across as passive and slow. (You'd think being gay was tantamount to being retarded.) Ivory has a fine, trained eye for light and composition, but when it comes to capturing the feel of repression and of bursting desire he isn't there. The movie is suffocatingly discreet, with classical music in the clinches. Hugh Grant plays Maurice's upper-class Cambridge friend Clive Durham, with whom he experiences three years of platonic frustration, and Rupert Graves is Durham's under-gamekeeper Scudder, with whom Maurice finally experiences physical love. Also with Billie Whitelaw as Maurice's mother, Judy Parfitt as Durham's mother, and Peter Eyre, Denholm Elliott, Ben Kingsley, Simon Callow, and Helena Mitchell and Kitty Aldridge as Maurice's sisters. The screenplay is by Kit Hesketh-Harvey and Ivory; the dark-toned cinematography is by Pierre Lhomme.—P.K. (8th St. Playhouse; Sept. 18-19.)

One False Move—Skillfully performed and welcomely unpredictable, this low-budget crime film, made by actor-turned-director Carl Franklin, starts out as a herky-jerky exploitation piece, then turns into something better. After a jolting series of execution-style killings, a trio of crooks go on the lam from Los Angeles to Star City, Arkansas, where two L.A. lawmen and a local sheriff lie in wait. What saves the opening sequences is the inspired pairing of a black sociopath (Michael Beach) and a white psychopath (played by Billy Bob Thornton, who co-wrote the script with Tom Epperson). Beach's inhuman brilliance and Thornton's edgy earthiness make them deadly companions. Cynda Williams, as Thornton's African-American lover, hits on marvellous combinations of ingenuousness and amorality, even when the script plays peekaboo with motivation. Meanwhile, Star City's sheriff (Bill Paxton) tries to persuade the visiting metropolitan cops (Jim Metzler and Earl Billings) that he's ripe for big-time law enforcement. Paxton lays on the hick ingratiation, but midway through he shows how this good ole boy grows into a good ole man. Like Paxton, the movie improves as it goes along; it leaves hokum as well as wholesale carnage far behind.—M.S. (7/27/92) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Sutton; through Sept. 17.)

Pandora and the Flying Dutchman (1951)—Certifiably one of a kind. Albert Lewin, who produced, directed, and wrote the story and screenplay, shows more visual feeling than common sense. James Mason, in his gloomily romantic period, is, literally, the doomed sailor, and Ava Gardner (looking unspeakably luscious) is an American playgirl in evening clothes who wanders through exotic, poetic landscapes before sacrificing herself to save him. Lewin's direction is static, yet his staging is so luxuriantly mad that it's easy to get fixated on what, if anything, he could have had in mind. Sally Bowles might have called it divinely incoherent—it's as nutty-fruity as another Ava Gardner film, "The Barefoot Contessa," but without as much talk. The English production, shot in Spain, has a mostly British cast—Nigel Patrick, Pamela Kellino (Mason), Marius Goring, and John Laurie. Cinematography by Jack Cardiff.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; Sept. 20-21.)

The Player—The title character of Robert Altman's new movie is a young Hollywood studio executive named Griffin Mill (Tim Robbins), who, for no very good reason, murders an aspiring screenwriter. The picture is a brilliant dark comedy about the death of American filmmaking. It's like a documentary about a mirage: the world it shows us is sunlit and shimmering, and the people have the thin presence of holograms. Altman is doing one of his specialties here—exploring an odd American subculture—and when his idiosyncratic realism is applied to the insular, constantly self-regarding community of Hollywood "players" it has an almost hallucinatory effect. The movie has the exhilarating nonchalance of the director's seventies classics, and its tone is volatile, elusive: with breathtaking assurance, it veers from psychological-thriller suspense to goofball comedy to icy satire. Altman turns the self-reflective world of Hollywood into a fun house in which every grotesque distortion somehow appears to us as a newly discovered, paradoxical truth. Robbins gives a layered, richly suggestive performance—the sort of performance that Altman's style, at its best, produces without obvious effort. At sixty-seven, Altman still seems like the youngest filmmaker in America. The script, by Michael Tolkin, is adapted from his own novel.—T.R. (4/20/92) (Village East Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Cinema 3.)

Prizzi's Honor (1985)—Adapted from Richard Condon's prankish satire of American corruption, this John Huston picture has a ripe and daring comic tone. It revels voluptuously in the murderous finagling of the members of a Brooklyn Mafia family, and rejoices in their scams. It's like "The Godfather" acted out by The Munsters. Jack Nicholson's average-guyness as Charley, the clan's enforcer, is the film's touchstone: this is a baroque comedy about people who behave in ordinary ways in grotesque circumstances, and it has the juice of everyday family craziness in it. Everything in this picture works with everything else—which is to say that John Huston has it all in the palm of his big, bony hand. With William Hickey as the shrunken old Don Corrado, ghouly and wormy, with tiny, shocking bright eyes; Anjelica Huston as the don's scheming granddaughter, a high-fashion Vampira who moves like a swooping bird and talks in a honking Brooklynese that comes out of the corner of her twisted mouth; Kathleen Turner as Charley's ravishingly pretty bride; John Randolph as Pop, the Prizzis' *consigliere* and Charley's beaming, proud father; and Lee Richardson and Robert Loggia as the Don's two sons, and Lawrence Tierney as a corrupt cop, Tomasina Baratta as an opera singer, and Alexandra Ivanoff as the soprano in the wedding scene. The script is by Condon and Janet Roach; the cinematography is by Andrzej Bartkowiak. Alex North's score, with its lush, parodistic use of Puccini, and some Rossini, a little Verdi, and a dash of Donizetti, too, actively contributes to the whirling texture of the scenes.—P.K. (Tribeca Cinema; Sept. 21-22.)

Raising Cain—Brian De Palma has created a convoluted black comedy about an unhinged child psychologist, played by John Lithgow. He is obsessive about the upbringing of his little daughter, and approaches breakdown at roughly the same time that his wife (Lolita Davidovich) falls into the arms of her ex-boyfriend (Steven Bauer). De Palma is devil-may-care about subjects that are usually treated with deathly seriousness, and he's audacious in his dislocation effects, turning what are normally flaws in a thriller—withholding information and jumping ahead of the plot—into narrative ruses that take the ground out from under a viewer's feet. But some of these flaws remain flaws. And the movie, for all its goofiness, lacks the soul of abandon that helped make De Palma's earlier suspense films wild sprees. The only way to enjoy the film is to identify not with the characters but with De Palma himself, as he raises and confounds expectations, and scatters bits of other movies (especially Michael Powell's "Peeping Tom") into a headlong pastiche. De Palma heaps everything on except his sensibility; it's like the shoot-the-works special at a pizza joint. In the best scenes, Lithgow (who plays multiple roles), Gregg Henry, Tom Bower, Barton Heyman, and Frances Sternhagen spark off each other with the casual, skit-comic humor that De Palma mastered more than twenty years ago.—M.S. (8/24/92) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Single White Female—The movie collapses so thoroughly between its promising introduction and its Grand Guignol conclusion that the audience exits muttering about stupidity and waste. Mainly, what's wasted is the talent of two fresh, still-growing stars, Bridget Fonda and Jennifer Jason Leigh, in the roles of twentyish out-of-towners scrambling to survive in New York City. Leigh answers Fonda's ad for a roommate and immediately charms her way into a rent-controlled Upper West Side apartment. Virtually from the start you guess that Leigh's character plans to become Fonda's identical twin. It's merely a matter of time before this unformed young lady tries on Fonda's clothes, bearing, and hairdo, and wipes out any competition for Fonda's attention. The actresses are compelling; Leigh is particularly adept at furtive, inchoate emotions. But when the climax of a movie is inevitable, the director shouldn't delay it as long as Barbet Schroeder does. The movie is mostly just a tiresome tease.—M.S. (8/24/92) (Village Theatre VII, Bay Cinema, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and National Twin. . . . ¶ Beekman, and 84th Street Sixplex; through Sept. 17.)

Singles—With Bridget Fonda, Campbell Scott, Kyra Sedgwick, Sheila Kelley, Jim True, Bill Pullman, and Matt Dillon; directed by Cameron Crowe. (See illustration on page 22.) (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center; starting Sept. 18.)

Sister Act—Whoopi Goldberg stars as a Reno lounge singer on the lam from her murderous mobster ex-lover (Harvey Keitel). Disguised as a nun in a San Francisco convent, she manages to bring new music into the choir, fresh street faces into the pews, and a social-activist spirit into the revitalized congregation. The plot and the characters are almost insultingly perfunctory (the pseudonymous Joseph Howard is credited with the script), and when there isn't any rock on the soundtrack the moviemaking is listless. Still, the director, Emile Ardolino, who made "Dirty Dancing," knows how to use sixties hits for an over-all bounce that jumps audiences past dead patches. Goldberg maintains her gruff tone, which helps keep the film from stagnating with sappiness. If Maggie Smith glowers ineffectually as the Mother Superior, a couple of actresses—Kathy Najimy and Mary Wickes—imbue their nun roles with the euphoria of inspired farceurs. (Najimy defines "overjoyed.") The film isn't a divine comedy, and it's not satisfyingly profane either. But it generates a few laughs. It's got a good beat, and you can dance to it.—M.S. (6/15/92) (Village East Cinemas, Cinema 3rd Avenue, and Worldwide Cinemas . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex. Matinées only.)

Sneakers—With Robert Redford, Dan Aykroyd, Ben Kingsley, River Phoenix, Sidney Poitier, David Strathairn, and Mary McDonnell; directed by Phil Alden Robinson. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, Coronet, Paris & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Regency, and National Twin.)

Thérèse (1986)—Shot in a diorama in a richly austere visual style—the actors appear against a mottled, opaque backdrop—this Alain Cavalier film is undoubtedly a feat of some sort. (But perhaps it's no more than an art curiosity.) It concentrates our attention on the bare, masterly images (lighted by Philippe Rousselot) that come out of the darkness, and on tiny sounds and whispered bits of conversation. The script, by Cavalier and his daughter, Camille de Casabianca, is a minimalist version of the story of the young girl who at fifteen got permission to enter the Carmelite order; she died of tuberculosis in 1897, at twenty-four, and was canonized and became popular as St. Theresa of Lisieux, the Little Flower of Jesus, and the model of the pure woman. (This is at least the fourth French movie she has inspired.) What Cavalier's version gives us is the beaming eagerness of a girl (Catherine Mouchet) who seems born to be a nun. She takes completely literally her marriage to Christ, and burns with love for her bridegroom. For Thérèse, carnal passion and spiritual passion seem fused. But Cavalier's formal, noncommittal style is too measured for you to get any sense that you're observing life in a convent. He walls off Thérèse's inner struggle, and since nothing happens to her outwardly, she becomes only an aesthetic or possibly erotic object. And after a while the film's austerity may begin to seem as repressive as the cloistered life. In French.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Sept. 20-21.)

Thief (1981)—Grandiloquent masochism of the kind an adolescent boy might fantasize. With rain outside and smoke inside, this Chicago-set movie is almost a parody of film noir: it's the underworld movies of the forties and fifties made volcanic and abstract and existential. This is the first theatrical feature by the writer-director Michael Mann, and he has designed it like a choo-choo train to the box office. James Caan is the big-time safecracker who wants to take his bundle and retire, marry, have a nice house, and raise a family. But the corrupt System won't let him. The film is hyper-animated by this conception of existential tragedy: the thief—a loner in pain, the embodiment of a macho mystique—must learn that he's free only when he doesn't care about life and has nothing to lose. The film sets up an improbable character in a series of rigged situations and then leaps to universal despairing conclusions. Mann belongs to the pressure-cooker school of filmmaking: Tangerine Dream's synthesized electronic music pulsates like mad, and the cinematography (by Donald Thorin) is so snazzy it overwhelms the action. (Maybe because of all this high-powered look-at-me filmmaking the picture was a box-office failure.) With Tuesday Weld as the dazed, burnt-out woman whom Caan marries; Willie Nelson, oozing sincerity as Caan's only friend, who dies; and Robert Prosky and James Belushi.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 22.)

Unforgiven—Set in eighteen-eighties Kansas and Wyoming, this engrossing, moody Western is the sixteenth film Clint Eastwood has directed, and by far the best. The canny script, by David Webb Peoples, revives the old story about the retired gunfighter (Eastwood) who picks up his firearms again for one last score. But there's no easy resolution, and the movie is stronger because of its loose ends: the filmmakers acknowledge that the bloody chaos of an outlaw's life can't be settled in two hours and eleven minutes. The action begins when a cowboy slashes the face of a prostitute, and her co-workers pool their money to offer a reward for the murder of him and his partner. Jaimz Woolvett is the upstart who enlists Eastwood in the bounty hunt. Morgan Freeman plays Eastwood's longtime partner, Gene Hackman a megalomaniac sheriff, Richard Harris a flamboyant English gunslinger, and Saul Rubinek a dime novelist. This is the finest set of performances ever to grace a Clint Eastwood movie, and this time Eastwood even does a good job directing Eastwood. Every bullet in this movie matters; under its leathery hide is a genuine compulsion to de-romanticize Western gunfighting.—M.S. (8/10/92) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, Orpheum VII, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ New York Twin, and 84th Street Sixplex; through Sept. 17.)

Whispers in the Dark—The writer-director, Christopher Crowe, grapples feebly with women's sexual desires. The heroine is a shrink, played by Annabella Sciorra, and the plot is tinged with topicality: Sciorra dates and beds a ruggedly handsome aviator (Jamey Sheridan) who happens to be connected to one of her patients—a voluptuous woman named Eve (Deborah Unger). In therapy, Eve details increasingly dangerous episodes of bondage, and her stories get Sciorra so hot that she goes back into therapy herself, with her university mentor, Alan Alda. The movie's pompous trappings make its inept, desperate attention-grabbing stand out. Crowe flubs maneuvers that true horror directors know instinctively, like how to stage the heroine braining a man and not provoke the wrong kind of laughter. Unger is a good actress and a ripe sexual presence. Seasoned moviegoers will be able to spot Crowe's ace in the hole just from reading the credits.—M.S. (8/24/92) (19th Street East 6, and Orpheum VII.)

Wind—With Matthew Modine and Jennifer Grey, directed by Carroll Ballard. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Village Theatre VII, Gemini, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

TAXES—a big theme of every Presidential election since 1980—are big once again this year. To President Bush and his advisers, no problem looms as too large to be solved by a tax reduction, a tax credit, a tax-free zone, or some other rejiggering of the tax code; the President's economic program resembles one of those recipe books that tell you a hundred and one things you can do with chicken. In a different way, taxes are at the core of Bill Clinton's plans: on welfare, health care, and a host of other issues, he has chosen, from all the available proposals, those most artfully constructed to avoid making obvious claims on the public purse.

At the Republican Convention last month, Bush asserted that Clinton had "raised taxes and fees a hundred and twenty-eight times" as governor of Arkansas. The columnist Michael Kinsley, who first looked into this figure, pointed out that it was based on a preposterous accounting that included such things as an extension of the dog-racing season and a one-dollar court-costs fee for convicted criminals. Though it is true that Clinton has increased some taxes, he has decreased others, and Arkansas is still one of the lowest-tax states in the country. But the record shows something more than the falsity of a much-repeated statistic: Arkansas, poor and backward though it may be in some respects, has been a sophisticated training ground for the politics of taxes, and Clinton, like Bush, has mastered the curriculum. One of the defining moments in Clinton's political career occurred in 1980, when he was swept out of office on a tide of voter anger over increased automobile-license-plate fees. Ever since, he has been consistently wary of the tax sensitivities of the Arkansas electorate, and he has tried to build support in the business community and among Republicans in the legislature for his spending initiatives.

The *Times* reported last week, under the headline "CLINTON PAINTED AS TAXER BUT ISN'T TARRED," that the Bush attack "has failed—so far, at least—to resound through the electorate as in past Republican campaigns." One important reason for that failure is that Clinton (unlike the Democratic Presidential candidates of 1984 and 1988, and unlike his major rivals for the 1992 nomination) entered the campaign knowing how far-fetched and overwrought—and how dangerous—such assaults could be. And he was prepared to respond in kind. Accused, inaccurately, of proposing "the biggest tax increase in history," he has countercharged that if Bush is reëlected he will cut Social Security benefits. Like the President, he has focussed his attention increasingly on matters of immediate financial relevance to the voter blocs on which his victory scenario depends—people whose tolerance for change is assumed to stop short of actions that would cost them anything.

Since the tax revolts of the late nineteen-seventies, American politics has been dominated by the idea that the greatest concern of the greatest number of voters—the "contented majority," in John Kenneth Galbraith's phrase—is to guard what they have. Americans have been sold on the notion that government is a hopeless instrument for solving problems, and from that idea we have been propelled into a prolonged state of denial about conditions, such as urban ghettos and homelessness, for which the marketplace holds no plausible remedies. Historians looking back on these years will probably find it odd that a country as rich as ours could, like some crotchety millionaire, get so worked up over taxes, and that we could blind ourselves to the experience of other nations, which have managed to make investments that we regard as beyond our means. Of all the major industrialized nations, we have the lightest tax burden, and yet, as the economist Robert Heilbroner has observed, Americans act as if they were "the most heavily taxed people in the world."

While the endless repetition of phrases like "tax and spend" may no longer be a surefire formula for Republican control of the White House, the tax issue has not lost its capacity to drive bold ideas and discussion of some of our deepest problems from the political debate. But last week, when President Bush vowed once again not to raise taxes ("BUSH DOIN' THAT TAX PROMISE THING" was the headline in the *Post*), there was a feeling of creakiness about the attack—a sense that the old machine didn't have much oomph left. According to the *Times*, voters have actually been paying some attention to the Bush/Clinton tax colloquy, and a significant number of people realize that the accusations against Clinton are essentially a fabrication. A recent CNN/*USA Today* poll shows that Americans tend to believe that, of the two candidates, Clinton is the one "more likely to raise taxes" (and people should believe that, since he has not hesitated to propose a tax increase for Americans earning more than two hundred thousand dollars a year), but are not necessarily disposed to vote against him on that basis. Perhaps the day is not far off when taxes will revert to being an annoyance rather than a mania.

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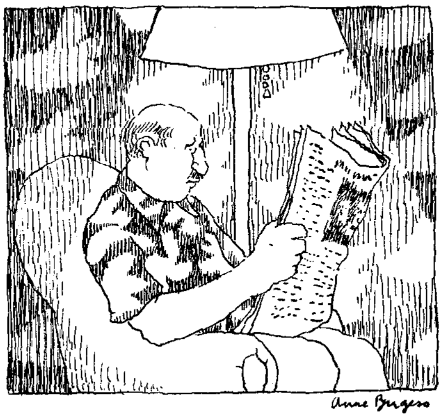
Hallelujah

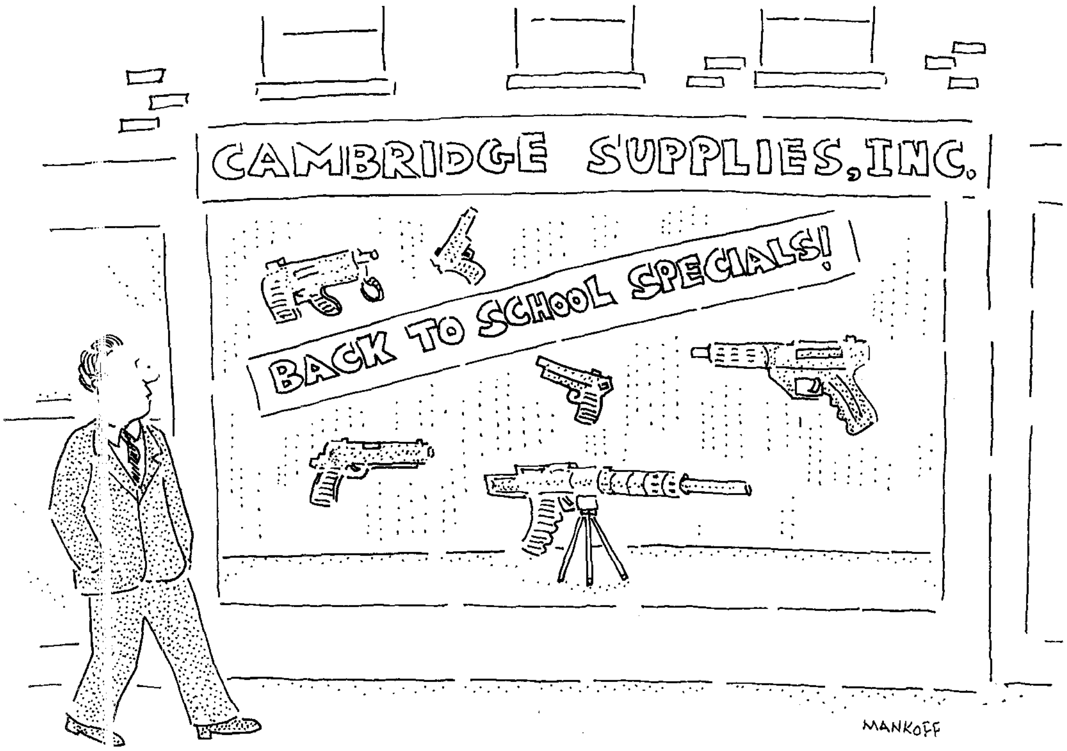
THE other day, we noticed a new record label—Nannerl Recordings, from Louisville, Kentucky—and made a few calls to find out who had named a record company after Mozart's sister, Maria Anna, known as Nannerl, and why. At first, all we reached was Susan Reigler's answering machine and its outgoing message, which seemed to be wolves howling in the Phrygian mode. When Ms. Reigler called back, she told us that she is a trumpet player with the Ars Femina Ensemble, a Louisville chamber-music group, whose members recently founded Nannerl Recordings and are practicing "guerrilla musicology." In the past several years, she went on to say, Ars Femina has searched out, and performed for the first time for modern audiences, the works of about fifty women which were composed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. She reminded us that Nannerl Mozart, like her brother, was a talented child composer and concertizer, but that their father devoted himself to fostering Wolfgang's career and married off Nannerl to a minor nobleman. Although Nannerl became a celebrated music teacher, she never composed or performed after the age of eighteen or so. "We named the label after Nannerl as a memorial to her and to all the women composers whose work has been lost or overlooked," Ms. Reigler said. "My favorite part of all this is that a lot of people who have been drawn to us just because we're doing music by women come up to me after a concert and say, 'Wow, I really like this kind of music. What other composers do this stuff?' I tend to recommend Vivaldi and Bach."

Seven years ago, Ms. Reigler and some friends were to play at a historic home where a woman harpist had once lived, and they thought it would be appropriate to include some eighteenth-century music composed by a woman. One of the friends, William Bauer, who is now the artistic coördinator of Ars Femina and a violist with the Louisville Orchestra, told us when we rang him up, "We just wanted to find one piece. We wrote to the major music companies, and they said there were no such works. Well, we suspected they were wrong and we set out to unearth and reëstablish the music." Mr. Bauer made one of the first finds. One day, when he was in the Bibliothèque Nationale, in Paris, he stumbled across a number of pieces by Elizabeth-Claude Jacquet De La Guerre. It turned out that as a child she re-created and improvised tunes on request nearly a century before Mozart did, and that she became a star during the reign of Louis XIV. On her death, in 1729, a medal was struck in her honor by Louis XV. She was something of a feminist herself. When the Sun King traded in one mistress, Mme. de Montespan, for another, Mme. de Maintenon, Jacquet De La Guerre wrote an oratorio about Semele and Zeus which was a scantily disguised comment on the shabby way the unflatteringly portrayed king had treated Mme. de Montespan.



Ms. Reigler, who is also the restaurant critic for the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, often uses the name Elizabeth Jacquet when she goes out incognita to eat. She calls the Ars Femina enterprise "guerrilla musicology" because of the extemporized and sometimes very circuitous paths that members of the group have taken in the course of their research. At the British Library, not knowing what else to do, they simply started with "A" in the music catalogue and stopped at every woman's name. (In doing so, they came upon some of the works of one woman presumably too genteel to claim credit: Mrs. Philharmonica.) In the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts at Lincoln Center, looking through the works of the eighteenth-century violinist Maddalena Lombardini Sirmen, they came across some sheaves of paper that had slipped between the Lombardini Sirmen folders and the wall. What they found turned out to be the only extant manuscript of one of her trios; it had never been catalogued. If finding the music is a challenge, getting a copy can be even more of one, owing to the persnickety attitude of some archivists. They seem unable to cope with requests they've never received before, Ms. Reigler said, adding, "I won't tell you the name of the place in Europe where we had to smuggle in a tiny stub of a pencil and a scrap of an envelope to copy out a Dutch carol."

Bill Bauer told us that besides the fifty composers whose pieces Ars Femina has performed (and performance has required not only locating the works and getting copies of them but also translating them from seventeenth- and eighteenth-century composers' shorthand into music for current performers) there are about a thousand other Baroque women composers whose works the group is investigating. Ars Femina's strategies for making sure that the best of these works are heard today include an agreement it reached recently with a national distributor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MANKOFF

called Ladyslipper, which will make the group's recording "Non Tacete!" ("Don't Be Silent!") available in stores around the country this fall. The group is also touring, and it is planning to mount one of the earliest operas ever written—"The Liberation of Ruggiero," composed in 1625 by Francesca Caccini, who was a highly paid musician at the Medici court.

"There's all this great stuff in it," Ms. Reigler said. "People being turned into plants, Neptune emerging from the sea, a shipwreck, an Inferno scene, in which the enchantress Alcina transforms herself into a winged monster. There's also an extremely sexy aria that we've recorded—and that would be banned by Jesse Helms if he knew Italian. It's all about the lovely things Alcina is going to do to her captive, Ruggiero, on her island. Caccini also wrote a ballet for horses, which took place while the sets were changed. The audience would get up and rush over to a balcony and look down into a courtyard where the horses were performing. I think we may have to skip that in Louisville. The Medicis had a significant disposable income, and we do not."

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Real Dogs

IN the past, the only recourse for a dog who craved fame was Hollywood. A dog was either a movie dog or a house pet, end of discussion. While a few dogs became celebrities, the vast majority passed through life unknown, leaving behind no more than a handful of memories scattered like bones across back yards and living rooms. Then, in 1990, Chuck Svoboda and Frank Simon, two men working the Southwest border for the United States Customs Service, decided that something had to be done to get some less flashy dogs a little more attention. They discussed the problem with their immediate supervisor, and, as a result, the United States Customs Service issued nine baseball-style trading cards, each picturing a drug-detecting dog and listing the dog's age, breed, seizure record, and most notable achievement. The cards, which are distributed to schoolchildren, show canine agents sniffing tires, standing in pickups, and straining in the glare of the midday Texas sun. Real dogs solving real problems.

We learned all this from Morris Berkowitz, who is a canine-program manager with the Customs Service and is determined to improve the image of the working dog. "These dogs may not play ball," he likes to say, "but they can do a little trick called 'stop crime.'"

Last April, Milk-Bone Dog Biscuits, part of a division of Nabisco Foods, took the dog-card concept a step further: it named two dozen canine agents to an honorary All-Star team, issued a second set of cards, celebrating these dogs, and began putting them inside boxes of Milk-Bones. A dog handler named August King, who is partnered with a sixty-pound yellow Labrador retriever, claims that the cards could actually work as deterrents to drug trafficking. "When dealers get a look at the dogs stacked against them, they just might change their plans," he told us. Nabisco executives speak in more general terms. "The cards put us on the side of the good dog and good dogs everywhere," a company spokesman said.

All told, three hundred and forty-seven dogs are employed by the Customs Service, and police America's airports, seaports, and border checkpoints. It was twenty-four of those dogs that were chosen as All-Stars. Two New York dogs made the squad. "Rufus and Jack—both are legends, but Rufus is an animal I truly respect," Mr. Berkowitz said. Last year, while searching a cargo truck, Rufus, a sad-eyed springer spaniel, uncovered nine hundred pounds of cocaine, and in the course of his career he has found over eighty million dollars' worth of narcotics. "To understand how remarkable that stat is, you should know that Rufus is at least thirteen years old and that most dogs retire at around nine," Mr. Berkowitz explained. "It's not that they lose their desire; their bodies just won't do what they once did. The retired dogs spend their days like civilian dogs—lying in front of a TV or running around some yard. But Rufus is unstoppable. He's like Nolan Ryan."

In their pictures, the dogs look stern and businesslike—all but Corky. Corky, a member of the All-Stars, is a beige cocker spaniel with floppy ears and thick fur, who looks more like a lapdog than like a customs agent. We asked Mr. Berkowitz why a non-active agent (Corky's card reads "Retired") was named to the All-Star team—wasn't that sort of like sending Bill Bradley to the Olympics? "Corky is not an average agent," Mr. Berkowitz replied. "Corky broke a line many people thought unbreakable. He was the first cute dog to work in Customs. Before Corky, all drug-detection canines were big breeds. Labs or shepherds. But some travellers get spooked by big dogs, so we brought Corky on to sniff. He's passive. If he picks up a scent, he doesn't scratch or claw, he simply sits at the suspect's feet. Before Corky, our people thought drug dogs had to look a certain way. Big and tough. We don't think that anymore."

In the light of Corky's historical role, many drug-dog fans consider his card the set's most valuable. "All the cards are going to be worth something," Ann Smith, a public-relations manager for Nabisco, told us. "But if you're going to hang on to just one, hang on to Corky." She added that Corky has appeared on the TV show "Top Cops," reënacting some of his most dramatic cases, among them the discovery of 56.4 pounds of cocaine in an overnight-courier bag at Miami International Airport. "When I was a kid, I collected baseball cards," she said. "My favorite card was Johnny Bench crouched behind home plate. If you want to get my Corky, in addition to Bench you have to give me a Ted Williams and a Babe Ruth."

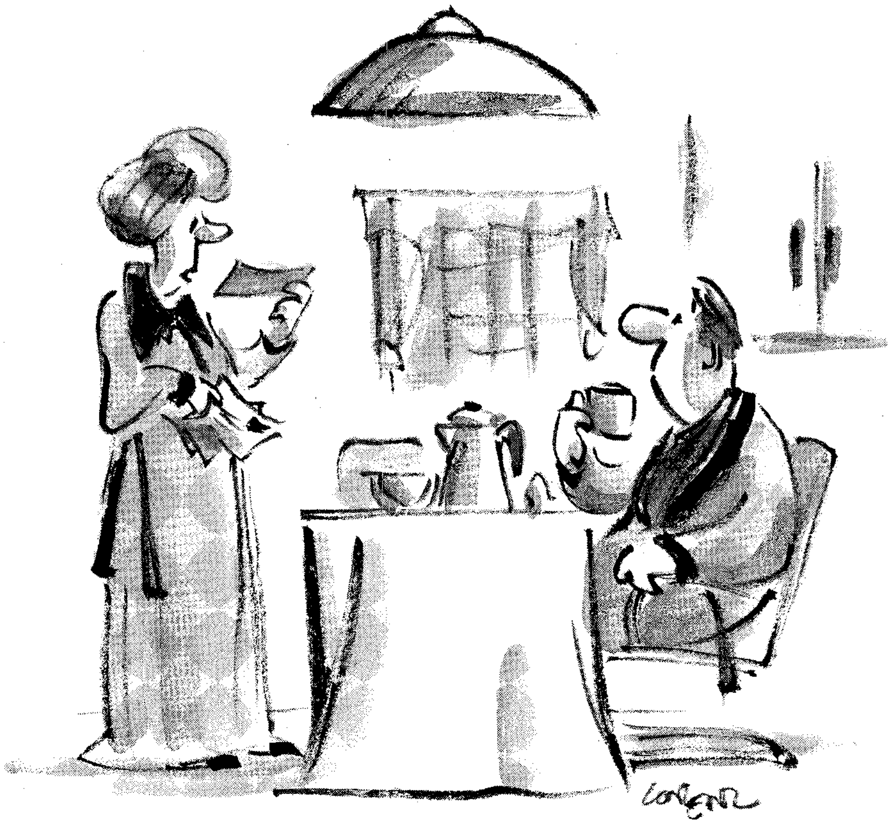
A Hug

GUY KLUCEVSEK is a serious man. You would be, too, if when you played wild accordion variations on beer-hall polkas reviewers complained that you weren't fully exploring the possibilities of the instrument and when you played compositions that were absolutely new and inventive you were accused of ignoring the accordion's tradition. It's a strange time for the accordion. Two of the most famous accordionists ever, Lawrence Welk and Astor Piazzolla, died this year. Welk, the anti-accordionist to several generations, gave the instrument its bad reputation. Piazzolla was the revolutionary who introduced jazz to the Argentine tango, rescuing the tango from rose-in-the-mouth posturing. And now it is finally possible to begin an accordion story without a "Lady of Spain" joke and without the excuse of rock-and-roll crossover trends.

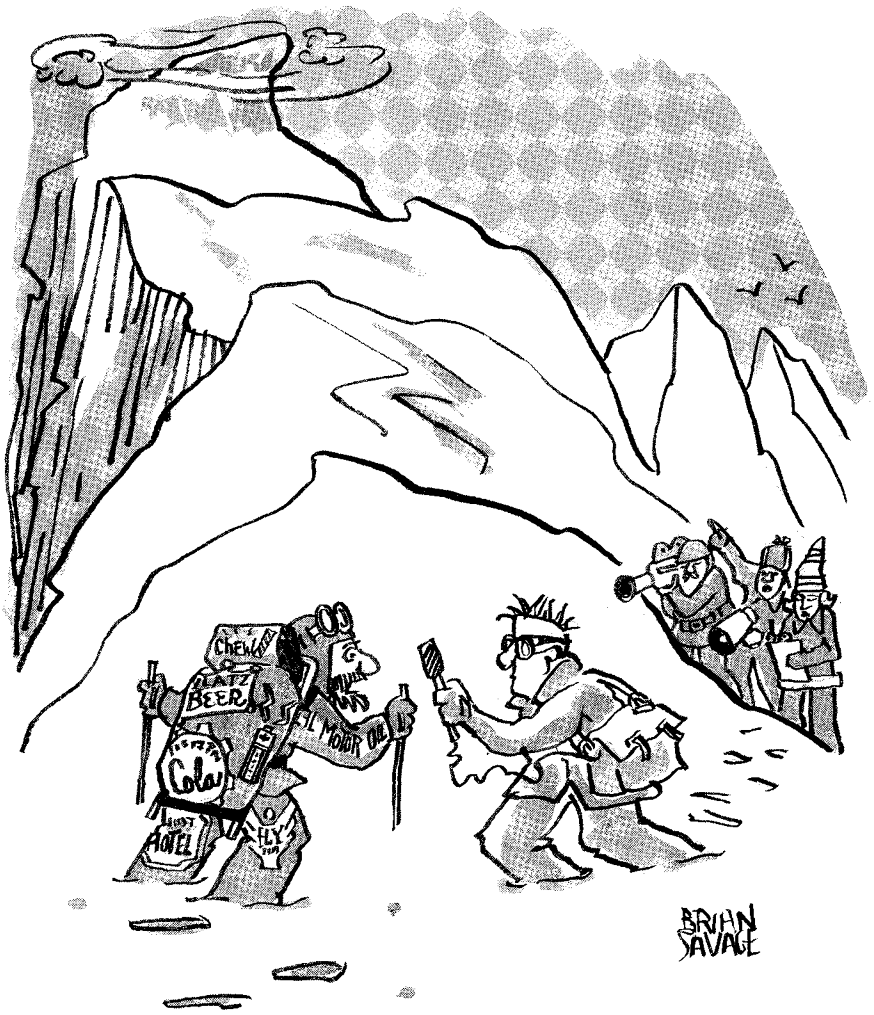
We decided to talk to Guy Klucevsek because, at forty-five, he is a major figure in the accordion world. Guy, who lives, with his wife, on Staten Island, is one of only two or three important accordion composers, and he has worked with such groups as the Kronos Quartet and the Merce Cunningham Dance Company. There has been very little work written with the accordion in mind (Tchaikovsky and Virgil Thomson are among the few major composers who made the attempt), so Guy's project in life has been to build a body of work for his chosen instrument. In addition to writing his own works, he has commissioned about fifty pieces from downtown musicians, most of them under the banner "Polka from the Fringe." Some of them sound like full-orchestra versions of car crashes or sandstorms. But no matter what Guy plays, he always has to fight novelty-act status. When he talks about the dilemma he's in, he takes off his heavy glasses, rubs his eyes, and stares off his frustration.

Guy was patient enough to show us his accordions. He plays the free-bass accordion, on which the left-hand buttons are not locked into specific accompanying chords. The buttons play individual notes, so contrapuntal melody is possible. His accordions—he owns four at the moment—are black and sleek. Once, at a festival in New York full of gaudy, sequinned instruments, he and another concert accordionist walked onstage with their twelve-thousand-dollar Giuletti and Titano accordions, and someone in the audience called out, "Oh-oh! Here come the Harleys!"

But with his latest record, "Manhattan Cascade," Guy seems to have reconciled the polka with the profound. On one of the cuts, the composer John Zorn's cartoon-inspired "Road Runner" sounds like jars full of musical genres being knocked off the kitchen shelf, and on another, "Ping Pong Polka," Guy improvises to a



"My goodness! It's a check from George Bush for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars to fix the screen door."



"Why? Because it's there! That's why!"

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stack of old polka records being spun and scratched by Christian Marclay. The title track, composed by Lois V Vierk, builds on fluttering minimalist mathematics and suggests the mad energy of New York City. "The two sides of my work cross-fertilize each other," Guy says. "Things the composers see in the instrument and in my personality inspire them, and their techniques and ideas slip into my own compositions."

We left with technical notes and lists of recordings, but we wanted more—the *meaning* of the accordion. To get real perspective we needed a different kind of expert, and we thought right away of the accordion-hoarding artist Max Miller. We first heard of Max when a friend showed us the Christmas card he sent out last year. It was a large color photograph of Max in front of a pile of broken-down accordions, and Max was mooning the camera.

Max, who lives in Williamsburg, is a graduate of the Rhode Island School of Design and of Yale, and his art work is in the collections of the Metropolitan Museum, Chase Manhattan, I.B.M., and Edward Albee. We arranged to meet him, and took the L train to Brooklyn. We turned the wrong way at a Polish bar, though, and when we finally got to Max's studio we found him sitting on the curb in big pink shorts. Max is thirty-five, and has a long brown ponytail. He took us up to his loft, showed us some of his new projects—fluorescent encaustic ladled onto metal buckets, two balls of chewing gum a foot and a half in diameter—and then we climbed up to the roof and looked out over Williamsburg. He told us that it was no Left Bank, and that he was moving soon. He had packed most of his hundred and twenty accordions in their cases, he said, and then, looking at them stacked up, had decided that they had even more power displayed that way.

Most of the accordions don't work, but then Max isn't a musician. We unpacked a small black accordion that looked intact and tried to play it, thinking that we could launch right into Piazzolla's "Michelangelo 70." It was hard to concentrate on pressing the keys with one hand and the buttons with the other and to remember to keep opening and closing the bellows. We made the accordion ululate and we made it chirr, and then we just held the air button down and pushed the accordion open and closed, making a breathing sound—our puny John Cage tribute. Max unpacked a few more accordions—some pristine and beautiful, with ivory inlays and Art Nouveau mother-of-pearl flowers, and some derelict, with missing keys suggesting knocked-out teeth.

"To play the accordion, you embrace it," Max told us. "It's a hug, and the instrument becomes a part of your body. You're more intimate with it than with any other instrument, and that's why accordions take on personalities of their own over the years—the funky colors, the finger-stained keys, the duct tape patching up the cardboard-and-canvas bellows. But there's even more than that to it." Piled up there in Max's loft, the accordions seemed like historical documents, evoking boxcars, bar mitzvahs, slapstick vaudeville routines, and Seeing Eye dogs guarding cases full of tossed change.

One thing Max wants to do is make a book of life-size photographs of his accordions, the book's cover to be of speckled faux-tortoiseshell. He plans to use an accordion binding, so that the book can be stretched out and zigzag across a room, and can even be mock-played. An Überacccordion. Another thing Max is going to do, maybe, is learn to play. At the moment, he said, a few crazy squawks go a long way toward entertaining his friends. "The accordion is sad, but it's funny, too," he said. "It's tragicomic. And maybe that's what comes next, after Welk and Piazzolla: a coming together of the silly and the serious—the realization that with the accordion you *have* to build on that split personality."

STALIN, STALIN, AND STALIN

THE first annual meeting of the Stalin's Doubles (Ret.) Association took place in the banquet chamber of the Great Hall of the Unions, Moscow, in the autumn of 1953. An historic occasion. Columns of porphyry and marble flanked the dining space. An electric chandelier bestowed its myriad lights. The long, burnished table was set with gilt-rimmed crystal glasses, stiff napkins monogrammed with the hammer and sickle, and silver caviar dishes. And, of course, occupying one entire wall, looming over us, a larger-than-life full-length portrait of Him.

Since He had passed away only a few months earlier, this was the first opportunity we had had to meet one another in a social setting. Some of us, who had worked in the more isolated regions of the country, had never encountered another Stalin before, and indeed it was not rare for an individual to believe he was the unique specimen in existence (apart from the original, that is).

It should be stressed that we were not literally identical in appearance. After all, His image was known only through idealized portraits and touched-up photographs, plus the occasional blurry news film, so no one expected a Stalin in person to resemble the iconic version too exactly. Besides, several of us had already shaved off the mustache and restyled the hair. To take an extreme example, the lone woman present (Stalin XXVII; real name Olga Kirov, from Vladivostok) would scarcely have been recognizable as a former look-alike at all, now that she had ungummed her mustache and gone in for a blond perm, were it not for a certain squareness about the jaw and coldness in the eyes.

General conversation, first. We mingled. We did our best to work out who was who, and what aspect of His life (military, agricultural, penological, etc.) we had each been involved in. Fortunately a course in mnemonic techniques had been an integral part of our training—it is vital for a double to know whom to shake hands with, whom to salute, whom to kiss on both cheeks, whom to stride by without a glance—so we were able to link names to faces without too much difficulty. Amazing little coincidences kept coming to light: for example, Stalin XI had addressed a conference of five-year-plan-surpassing peasants in Tselinograd at precisely the same moment as Stalin III had favored a similar gathering with his presence in Semipalatinsk!

Time to take our places around the long mahogany table. The organizer of the event, Stalin IV (real name Moshe Segal, from Vitebsk), gave a short speech. He was, it turned out, the only one among us still employed in the old profession. He assured us he was kept busy posing for deathbed scenes, and what with the motherland being perpetually threatened by imperialists and traitors, and given that the succession was disputed between Malenkov and Khrushchev, he had every expectation that the demand for busts, dioramas, and so forth would remain strong for some years to come. While his present work (he conceded) could scarcely be compared with the thrill of standing in for the live Leader, he felt honored to have been and to continue to be of service, and he was confident we all shared in this emotion. (*Applause.*) It was the logic of history that had brought Stalin to the forefront and it was the logic of history that demanded Stalin should have doubles. (*Loud cheers and unanimous cries of affirmation.*)

We rose to our feet. Vodka was distributed; the carafes were passed always to the left. Glasses were raised. "Comrades. To Him!" The toast was drunk; then, as one man, we hurled the crystal over our shoulders, and it smashed against the walls and the pillars and littered the floor with iridescent shards.

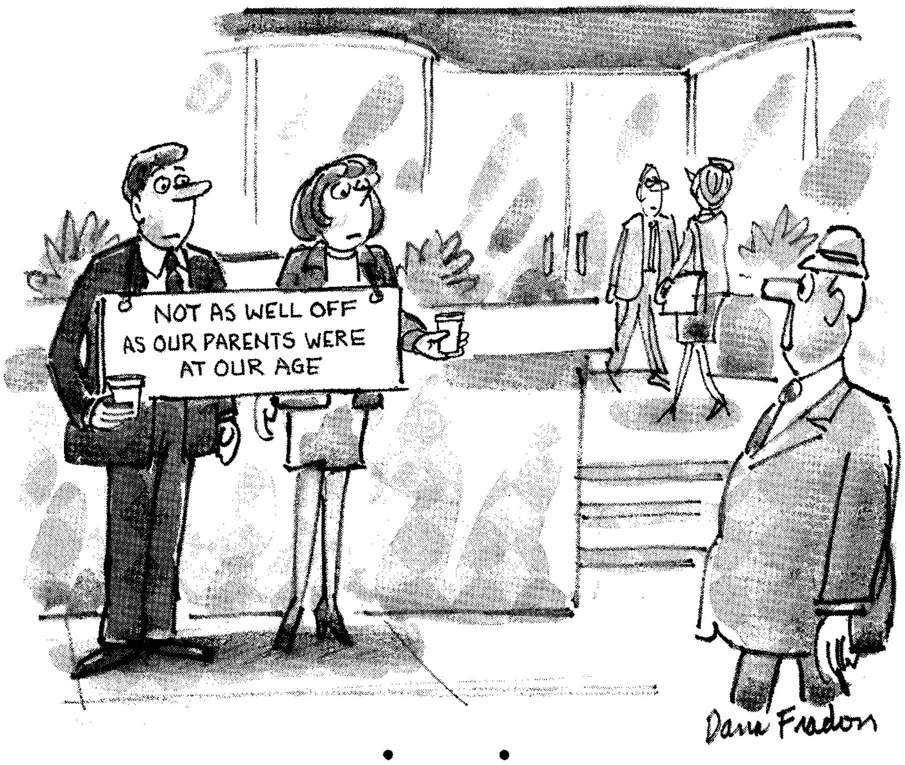
Now we were more at ease. Each of us in turn narrated: My Most Memorable Experience. The Stalin voice (a raspy Georgian accent) was employed by some, while others preferred to use their everyday voices. And in any case certain doubles had been purely visual, such as Stalin XVI (real name Rahim Muhamadov, from Baku), a simple soul, who knew just a few words of Russian: *Hello. Comrade. Thank you.* In many cases the reminiscences were touching. Stalin V had visited a military hospital in the aftermath of the siege of Leningrad: wounded soldiers had cheered him to high heaven; there had been tears in his eyes. Others partook of the comic. Stalin XXI had been patting a baby in a collective-farm kindergarten near Krasnoyarsk when the baby had turned and bit him on the webby part of his hand between index finger and thumb. He had had to restrain himself from crying out, lest an overzealous bodyguard dispose of the baby and its family. Still others shed a novel light on Him. Few people know, for instance, that throughout the Potsdam Conference He suffered from a painful boil on His back (so Stalin IX informed us), or that (according to Stalin XXII) He sometimes chewed His toothbrush. A handful of Stalins seemed to misunderstand the point of sharing these testimonies. Stalin XV sang a little song about the beauties of the birch forest. Stalin XXX told us how much he loved his wife.

Then the organizer recited: "Ode to Iosif Vissarionovich Dzhugashvili." More toasts were drunk: "To the Party!" "To Malenkov!" "To Khrushchev!" "To History!" The caviar was eaten. Georgian champagne fizzed eloquently. A simple but satisfying meal appeared on the table and was consumed.

And at the end the organizer stood up and declared that though originally this meeting had been planned as a one-time event, since it had been such a roaring success, why should we not come back the following year, and the year after that, and so on ad infinitum? (*Resounding applause.*) "His spirit lives on!"

Some of the Stalins who hailed from the more distant republics suggested that the next session should convene outside Moscow. The point was well taken. Where, then? Stalingrad was mooted, as symbolically appropriate. Also proposed were Stalinsk and Stalino. However, the three locations that seemed to command the widest support were the cities known subsequently as Brasov, Varna, and Donetsk, but named at that time, respectively, Stalin, Stalin, and Stalin. After much discussion, it was agreed that we should reconvene the following year in Stalin.

THE 1954 meeting was on a smaller and in some ways more intimate scale than the previous year's. The table was round. A plaster bust of Him was arranged as a centerpiece on a bed of dried ferns and thorny foliage. Hardly



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so many doubles showed up, since the travel distance was prohibitive for some, and others had more pressing engagements. As for those who did come, their resemblance to the original had decreased, partly owing to the aging process (Stalin XIV had developed alarming jowls, and Stalin XIX was halfway bald) and partly to changes in masculine fashions. But such things are only to be expected: if Stalin Himself were alive today, He would not be so very much like Stalin.

The usual toasts were drunk: "To the Party!" "To Khrushchev!" "To Malenkov!" "To Stalin!" "To History!" The lumpfish caviar was much appreciated. The white wine was poured into elegant, slender glasses. For all the air of bonhomie, however, the meeting was not going with quite the swing of the previous year's—it is always a mistake, arguably, to try to repeat past successes—until Stalin XII (real name Sergei Balin, from Moscow), currently employed as a telephonist at the Institute for Agronomical Development, revealed the outcome of his researches. He explained he had been working on a hunch that Stalin surely could not have been the only statesman to have possessed doubles: he had been undertaking an investigation to contact the stand-ins for other world leaders.

We held our breath. We glanced toward the swinging doors: two butlers stood on duty with grenades in hand. At any moment, we fantasized, a score of Churchills and Roosevelts could march in, re-creating the Yalta Conference many times over. Or might there still be some surviving Lenins—even a handful of mock Trotskys hiking in from Siberia?

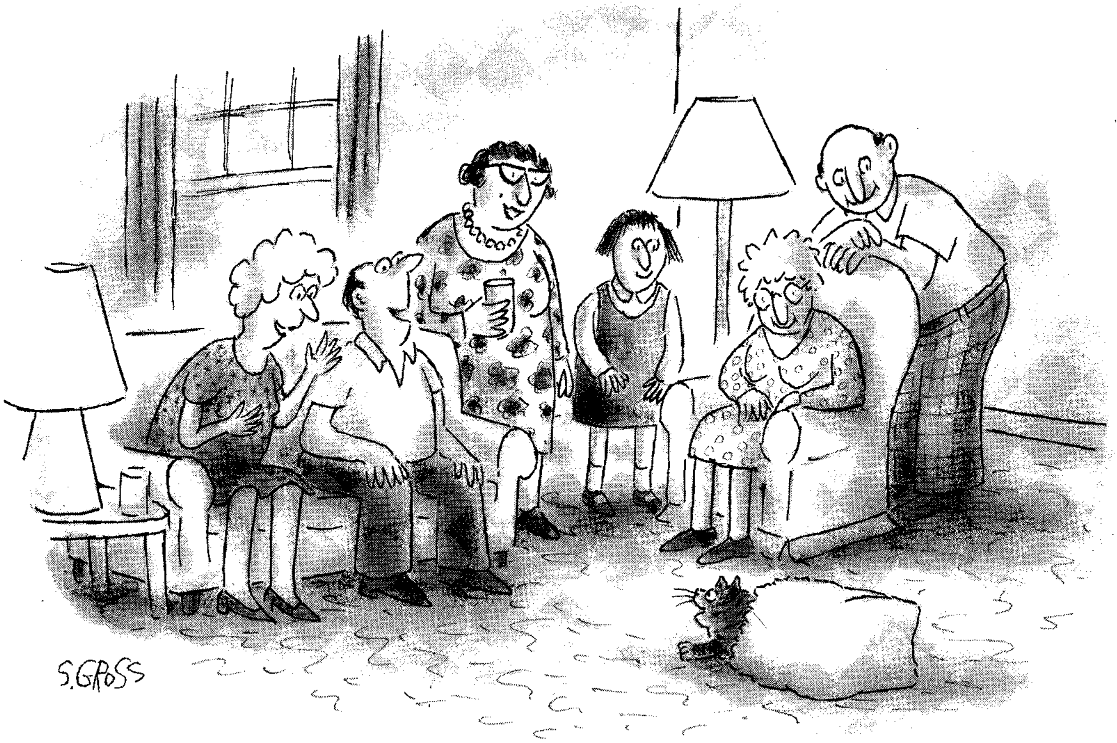
Balin held up his hand. He regretted that, for all his diligence, he had been unable to find evidence of visual doubles, but—and here he switched on a loudspeaker system connected to the International switchboard—he had on the line a certain Norman Jones from London. Jones came over loud and clear for the most part—just a little crackly sometimes, and accompanied by a strange, watery echo. He greeted us in Russian and then announced that he had been a Churchill in his time. Nothing too grand, mind you—he just used to read speeches on the wireless, and record orations previously given by the real Prime Minister, for subsequent retransmission to the United States and the colonies. He delighted us with a medley of his all-time favorites: "Blood, toil, tears, and sweat," "Some chicken. Some neck," "We shall fight on the beaches," and so forth. His "An iron curtain has descended across the Continent" was perhaps not altogether in the best of taste. . . . But even those of us who could not understand English were duly impressed by Jones' immaculate growl and lisp, and his virtuoso imitation of the sucking of saliva through false teeth.

And what about the American? Surely Roosevelt, that poor invalid, must have sent in stuntmen to cope with his more pressing engagements? But apparently not. At least no deutero-Roosevelt had so far come to light. Besides, as Stalin VIII (real name Boris Backev, from Kiev) pointed out, if Roosevelt had possessed a double, the President would never have been permitted to "die" at such an inconvenient moment in 1945—the double would have stood in until the conclusion of the war, at least.

At this suggestion, the same thought ran through all our heads: why did *He* have to die? Surely any one of us in this room could have done a passable job as Chairman of the Party and Leader of the State. We could have carried on the torch. Why, indeed, need He ever die? New generations of doubles could be selected and trained—rendering Him virtually immortal.

The connection from England had been cut, and the wine had run out. It was time for us all to go home.

THE third meeting took place in a back room in the regional Party headquarters at Stalin (not the same Stalin as the previous year's location) in October of 1955. Perhaps it had been poorly advertised, or there were difficulties with the hotel reservations, for only a dozen or fifteen doubles showed up. A color reproduction of Stalin was framed on the wall above the samovar. In some ways, you could say, this was a more friendly, a more confidential occasion. The toasts were repeated several times ("To the Party!" "To Krushchev!" "To Stalin!" "To History!"). Caviar was not available this year, but the borscht was exceptional. Some of the more jovial, not to say rowdy, Stalins participated in an informal competition to imitate His facial expressions—the generous smile, the air of concern at the fate of His people, the jolly-worker-just-like-you chuckle, the grim glare. The prize, supplied by Stalin XIII, was a cut-throat razor still clotted with soap and a few bristles from His chin. It was won by Stalin XV, largely on the strength of the almost frightening



"Thank you. You've been a great audience."

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verisimilitude of his stern stare-into-the-middle-distance.

Stalin XXII (real name Iosif Zaharudov, from Ulan Bator) stood up and cleared his throat. He declared he felt called upon to say a few words lamenting the comparative lack of interest in Stalin among the youth of today. For instance, the heroic acts He performed in His childhood (combatting the hoarder, foiling the incipient capitalist, denouncing the spy) are no longer taught to schoolchildren as paradigms of socialist behavior. Although the spirit of this contribution was in accord with our general thinking, it was felt by many of us that it was perhaps too serious, too melancholy even, for what was, after all, supposed to be a festive occasion.

We departed early.

THE 1956 session was the last. We all knew that. Originally, it had been scheduled for September in a police barracks in one of the cities called Stalin, but the city had changed its name the previous month—a bad omen, surely—and, besides, the prospective attendance was down.

So on a wintry October evening we came, less than ten of us, up the three flights of stairs and along the narrow corridor into the cramped living room of Stalin IV's apartment in a Moscow suburb. We sat on the acid-green sofa and on rickety kitchen chairs; a few latecomers had to slump on the rug. A black-and-white photograph of Stalin was stapled to the side of the bookcase.

What had happened was that in February Khrushchev had denounced Stalin's "crimes" in the course of a long, fiery speech at a closed session of the Twentieth Party Congress. To be sure, this speech had officially remained secret, but everybody knew.

No one wanted to be the first to break the silence. Eventually Stalin IV, who had arranged the first triumphal meeting of our association three years earlier, mumbled, "I never said He was perfect." And we all agreed that everybody is human, and mistakes will happen, and no doubt even He made the occasional error of judgment.

Stalin XII recalled that he had delivered a fiery speech in court denouncing Sirin as a Trotskyite agent, and probably Sirin was innocent after all. Well, it is easy to be wise in retrospect.

And each of us had similar anecdotes. Stalin VI had played his part in several show trials of officers in the vicinity of Vladivostok in 1937-38, knowing full well they could not *all* have been Japanese spies, monarchists, sodomites, and so forth.

Stalin XXX, who had told us three years before how much he loved his wife, had had to denounce his father-in-law.

Stalin XVII had even been responsible for the arrest of another double (Stalin XVIII [deceased]) as a Zinovievite deviationist.

In fact, not one of us could claim to have doubled for only the better side of Stalin's personality. We all were tainted. But it is not as if (we argued) we were individually responsible. Doubtless, had we been acting in propriis personis, we would not have dreamed of behaving so brutally, but we had simply been doing what Stalin Himself would have done, had He been able to spare the time.

But was that really the whole story? Stalin VI recalled how several times, when he had been given only the vaguest instructions—for example, to attend a show trial and give the usual kind of testimony—he had fulminated viciously against the defendant, whereas, in fact, a milder reproof might well have been acceptable. And each of us could think of similar instances from his own experience. Indeed, looking back, we realized we had been given quite a free hand in the construction of the role, and possibly we had exaggerated the bloodthirstiness.

In fact, on reflection, we doubles had been responsible for a number of the more tragic aspects of that sorry era. It might have been that Stalin Himself was reasonably gentle. If only we had not misunderstood!

The bottle of vodka had rolled under the sofa, so it had to be kicked into the open. Shots were poured into glasses and cups and tooth mugs and bowls. Nobody felt like toasting Stalin or Khrushchev or the Party. Finally somebody blurted, "To History!" and we all drank to that. —JONATHAN TREITEL

HOW TO GIVE THE WRONG IMPRESSION

YOU never refer to Boris as your roommate, although of course that's exactly what he is. You're actually apartment mates and you only moved in together the way any two friends move in together for the school year, nothing romantic. Probably Boris would be horrified if he knew how you felt. You're a Psych major, you know this is unhealthy, but when you speak of him you always say Boris, or, better yet, This guy I live with. He may be just your roommate but not everyone has to know.

You buy change-of-address cards with a picture on the front, of a bear packing a trunk. You send them to your friends and your parents. After some hesitation, you write "Boris and Gwen" on the back, above the address. After all, he does live here.

You help Boris buy a bed. This is a great activity for you, it's almost like being engaged. You lie on display beds with him in furniture stores. Toward the end of the day, you are tired and spend longer and longer just resting on the beds.

Boris lies next to you, telling you about the time his sister peed in a display toilet at Sears when she was three. You glance at him sideways. He looks tired, too, although the whites of his eyes are still bright—the kind of eyes you thought only blue-eyed people had, but his eyes are brown.

A salesman approaches, sees you, smiles. He knocks on the frame of the bed with his knuckles. "Well, what do you folks think?" he asks.

Boris turns to you. You ask the salesman about interest rates, delivery fees, assembly charges. You never say, Well, it's your bed, Boris, in front of the salesman.

WHEN your parents come through town and offer to take you and Boris out to dinner, you accept. But this is risky, this all depends on whether you've implied anything to your parents beyond what was on the change-of-address card. You think about it and decide it's pretty safe, but you spend a great deal of time hoping your father will not ask Boris what his intentions are.

Boris, love of your life, goes to the salad bar three times and doesn't stick a black olive on each of his fingers, a thing he often does at home. On the way out, he holds your hand. You are the picture of young love. Boris may make the folks' annual Christmas letter.

You always have boyfriends. You try to get them taller than Boris, but it's not easy. Sometimes after they pick you up, they roll their shoulders uncomfortably in the elevator and say, Gwen, I think Boris is going to slash my tires or something, he's so jealous.

Snort. Oh, please, you say. Later, in a lull in the conversation, you ask casually, Why do you think Boris is so jealous of you? One of your boyfriends says it's because Boris found six hundred excuses to come into the living room while you two were drinking wine. Another one says it's the way Boris shook hands with him. This is interesting. You were still in your bedroom when that happened. Whatever they answer, you file it away and replay it later in your mind.

YOU always encourage him to ask Dahlia Kosinski out.

When he comes back from his Ethics study group and says, Oh, my God, Dahlia looked so incredibly gorgeous tonight, you do not say, I heard she almost got kicked out of the Ethics class for sleeping with the professor. You say, I think you should ask her out.

Noooo, Boris says, drawing circles on the kitchen table with his pencil.

Sure, you say, Just pick up the phone. In fact, you do pick up the phone. You call information and get Dahlia's number. Say, Want me to dial?

Boris shakes his head. Let's go get something to eat, he says. He puts his arms around you and dances you away from the phone. You think that Dahlia Kosinski is probably too tall for Boris's chin to rest on her head like this.

You didn't write Dahlia's phone number down on the scratch pad by the phone when you called information, because you don't need Boris looking at it and mulling it over when you're not around. This whole procedure is nerve-racking, but not to worry—he'll never ask her out, and it's always, always better to know than to wonder.

IN Pigeon Lab, you name your pigeon after him because the two other girls name their pigeons after their husbands. You spend a lot of time making fun of Boris when these two other girls make fun of their husbands. This, as a matter of fact, is not hard to do.

You tell them about how he keeps a flare gun in the trunk of his car. Ask them how many times they think his car is going to break down in the middle of the Mojave Desert or at sea.

You tell them that he has this thing for notebooks. He keeps one in the glove compartment of his car and records all this information in it whenever he fills the gas tank. You say, I mean, there can be four hundred cars behind us at the gas station, honking, and there's Boris, frantically scribbling down the number of gallons and the price and everything.

They are so amused by this that you tell them he has another notebook where he records all the cash he spends. You say, If he leaves a waitress two dollars, he runs home and writes it down. You add, I'm surprised he doesn't also record the serial numbers.

Because this last part isn't even about Boris, it's about your father, worry that you are becoming a pathological liar.

YOU never act jealous in front of Linette, his best friend from undergrad. She spends the day at your apartment on her way to a game she's going to be in. She plays basketball for some college in California.

She is as tall and slender as you feared and not as coarse and brawny as you wanted. You had hoped she would lope around the apartment, pick you up and chuck you to Boris, saying, Well, Bo, I guess we could toss a little thing like her right through the hoop.

Actually, Boris and Linette do go play some basketball, and when they come back, you all sit on the couch and drink beer. Linette puts her hand on Boris's thigh, which is lightly sweating, and you hope it's just from basketball. You resist the urge to put your hand on his other thigh. You imagine yourself and Linette frantically claiming Boris's body parts, slapping your hands on his legs, then his arms, then his chest. Only knowing how much pleasure he would get out of this keeps you from doing it.

Instead, you finish your beer in one long swig, anxious to show that you can drink right along with any basketball player, and you rise. You say, It's been nice to meet you, Linette, but I have to go, I have a date. You don't have boyfriends anymore, just dates.

Yes, you say again, I have to go get ready. You say this so Linette will believe that you are looking the way you normally look around the house, that you are actually about to go make yourself better-looking. She does not need to know that you're already wearing a lot of makeup, that this is about as good as it gets.

THE LAZY GIRL WAS NEVER SCOLDED

Then: New-painted ceilings shed light, in our place,
as if they were living, or holy. That smell was early

spring, with the windows open. Ambition was only
sleeping, or shortly to be awakened, and would not disappear

forever into compliant ambition. One time, I sat down
on the steps of a ladder, holding a cup of black

coffee that nearly woke the world. Paint was spread bright
yellow into the corners. Turpentine curled

from woodwork and settled. I did not sit straighter.
A willow outside the window reeked in the sun of doing

nothing, up in its branches, its leaves whole stories,
all summer. A long blond girl, dark in the backlight,

I seized what is nowadays made to seem
nearly nothing.

—Elizabeth Macklin

• •

YOU pretend you don't want to kiss him. He calls from a bar on Halloween, too drunk to drive, when you are home studying. You drive to pick him up, wearing sweats and your glasses. You only wear your glasses on nights when you don't plan to see him.

He sings on the ride home, pulling on your braid. Wonder why he's in such a good mood. Was Dahlia Kosinski at this bar?

In the kitchen, he drinks your orange juice out of the carton. You say, Put that back.

Boris says, Too late, and holds the carton upside down to demonstrate. Three drops of orangey water fall on the floor.

Damn, you say and throw the sponge on the floor. This is a good indication of how irritable you are, because the floor was already sticky enough to rip your socks off.

I'm sorry, Gwen, Boris says, I'll go get more tomorrow, I promise.

Forget it, you say, rubbing the sponge around with your toe.

If you forgive me, I'll kiss you, Boris says.

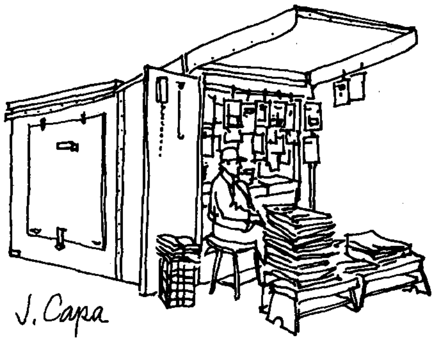
Now you don't even have to pretend you don't want to kiss him, because, you have to face it, that was pretty obnoxious.

Oh, spare me, you say, and cross your arms over your chest. Boris leans over and kisses you on the eyebrow. Don't in any way change your posture, but you can close your eyes.

He touches your lips with his tongue. Wonder why you have to suffer this mutant behavior on top of everything else. He must look like someone trying to be the Human Mosquito. Does this even count as a kiss? This is a very good question, and you will spend no small amount of time pondering it.

Boris cuts himself shaving and leaves big drops of blood on the sink. You approach cautiously; it looks as if a small animal had been murdered.

You consider your options. You could point silently but dramatically at the sink when Boris returns. You could leave him an amused but firm note, "Dear Boris, I don't even want to know what happened in here. . . ." Or you can do nothing and assume that he'll eventually do something about it. That is probably your best option. But what if he thinks you left it there? What if he thinks you shave your legs in the sink or something? Best to clean it up and not mention it. This you do, pushing a paper towel around the sink with a spoon.



YOU take Boris home for Thanksgiving dinner. All goes smoothly except for your grandmother glaring at him after the turkey is carved and announcing, The one thing I will not tolerate is this living together, and I say that aloud for all the young people to hear.

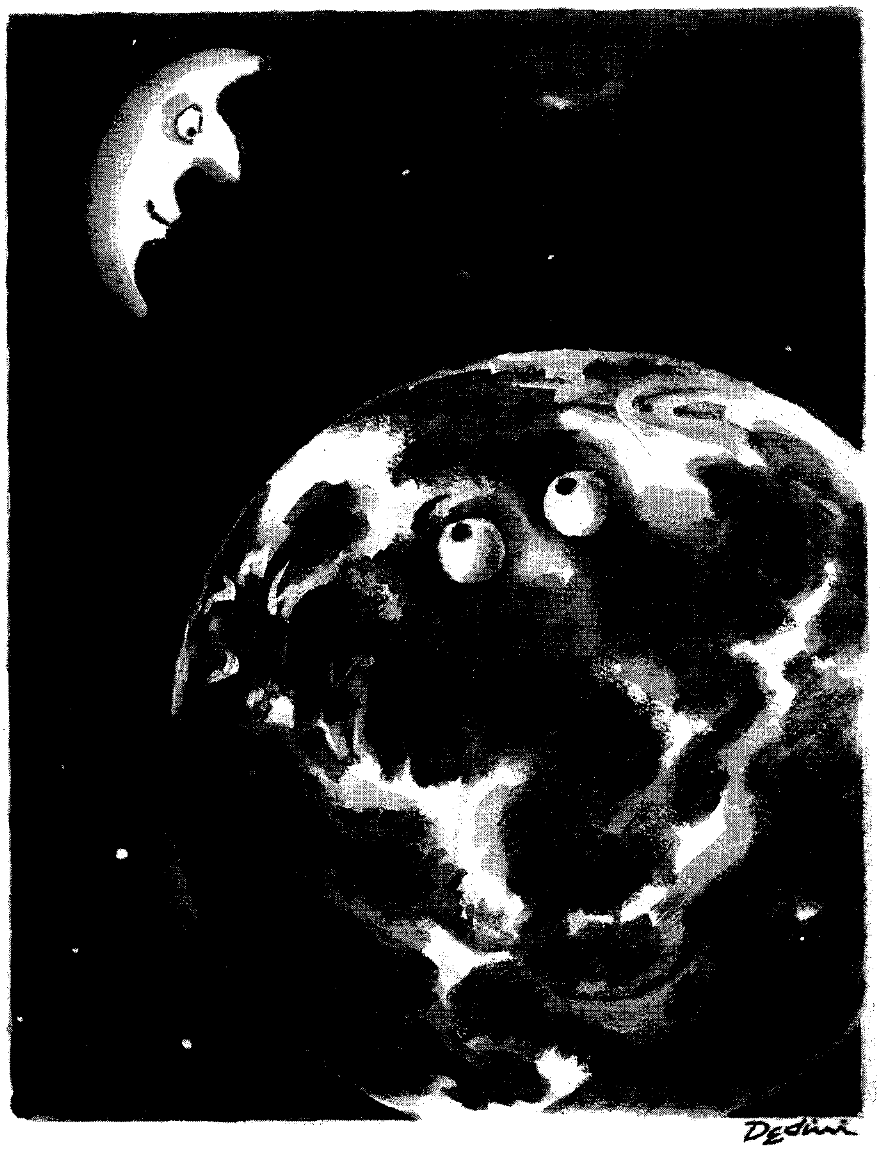
Boris looks up from his turkey drumstick like a startled wolf cub, a spot of grease smeared on his cheek.

Later, when you are walking back toward the train station, he says, What did your grandmother mean by that?

Hoot. You say, I don't know, but the way she said "all the young people" made it sound like there were a whole group of young people, drinking beer or something.

Boris is not to be distracted. The thing is, he says, we aren't living together in *that* way.

You try not to wince. You do shiver. You take Boris's hand as he bounds along on his long legs, your signal that he either has to slow down or pull you along. He tucks both your hand and his hand into the pocket of his jacket. You look up at his face out of the corner of your eye. In the cold, you watch him breathe perfect plumes of white that match the sheepskin lining of his jacket. You think how happy you



"I'm beginning to think I need a three-million-year sabbatical from humankind to recover my health."

• •

would be if Boris thought you were half as beautiful as you think he is at this moment.

You walk this way for a few minutes. Then he tells you that your hand is sweating, making a lake in his pocket, and gives you his gloves to wear.

YOU take to going out with Boris for frozen yogurt almost every night at about midnight. You are always the last people in the yogurt place, and the guy who works there closes up around you. Tonight Boris says, Gwen, you have hot fudge in the corner of your mouth, and wipes it away, hard, with the ball of his thumb. Wonder if you feel too comfortable with him to truly be in love.

But then he licks the fudge off his thumb and smiles at you, his hair still ruffled from the wind outside. He is the love of your life, no question about it.

For Christmas, you buy Boris a key chain. This is what you had always imagined you would give a boyfriend someday, a key chain with a key to your apartment. Only it's not exactly a parallel situation with Boris, of course, in that he's not your boyfriend and he already has a key to your apartment, because he lives there. O.K., you admit it, there are no parallels other than that you are giving him a key chain.

Still, you can tell the guy in the jewelry store anything you like. Go ahead, say it: This is for my boyfriend, do you think he'll like it?

For Christmas, Boris gives you a framed poster of the four major food groups. You amuse yourself by trying to think of one single more unromantic gift he could have given you. You amuse yourself by wondering if you can make this into an anecdote for the girls in Pigeon Lab.

When people ask you what Boris gave you for Christmas, you smile shyly and insinuate that you were both too broke to afford much.

THE girls in Pigeon Lab have a Valentine's Day party and invite you and Boris. Probably you shouldn't show him the invitation, since his name is on it and he might wonder why you and he are invited as a couple. Just say, Look, I have a party to go to, want to come?

Sure, Boris says, and the best part of the whole thing is that this way you know without asking that he doesn't have plans with someone else.

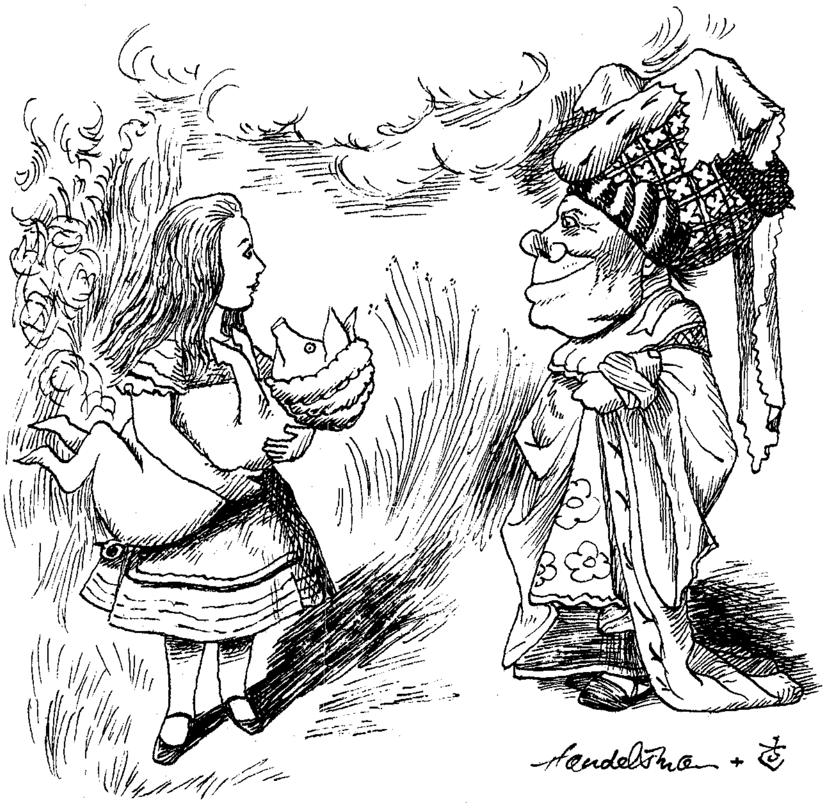
You don't have boyfriends anymore, and these days you don't even have dates. You tell Boris this is because you have too much work to do, and often on Saturday nights you make a big production of hauling your Psychology of Women textbook out to the sofa and propping it on your lap, even though it hurts your thighs and you never read it.

Instead, you talk to Boris, who is similarly positioned on the other end of the sofa, his feet touching yours. Sometimes he lies with his head in your lap and falls asleep that way. You never get up and leave him; you stay, touching his hair, idly clicking through the channels, watching late-night rodeo.

One night Boris wakes up during the calf roping. Oh, my God, he says, watching a calf do a four-legged split, its heavy head wobbling, This is breaking my heart.

THIS thing with Dahlia Kosinski reminds you of a book you read as a child, "Good News, Bad News."

The good news is the Ethics study group has a party and Boris invites you to go. The bad news is that Dahlia Kosinski is there and she's beautiful in a careless, sloppy way you know you never will be: shaggy black hair, too much black eyeliner, a leopard-print dress with a stain on the shoulder. You know that her nylons have a big run



"I think it is most admirable," said Alice, "that you gave up a thriving law practice to be with this lovely child."

• •

somewhere and she doesn't even care. The good news is that Dahlia has heard of you. Hello, she says, Are you Gwen? The bad news is that she makes some joke about a book she read once called "Gwendolyn the Miracle Hen," and Boris laughs. The good news is that Dahlia has what appears to be a very serious boyfriend. The bad news is that they have a fight in the bathroom, so maybe they're not really in love. The worse news is that in the car on the way home Boris says, I don't think Dahlia will ever leave that boyfriend of hers. Everyone I've talked to says they're very serious—which means that he's looked into Dahlia's love life, he's made inquiries. Wonder how there can be a bad news followed by a worse news. Does that ever happen in the book? Bad news: you're pushed out of an airplane. Worse news: you don't have a parachute?

BORIS tells you that one night he stopped by the frozen-yogurt place without you and the guy behind the counter made some sort of pass at him and wanted to know if you were Boris's girlfriend.

Ask, What did you tell him?

What choice did I have? Boris says in a tone that crushes you like a grape.

Linette stops by again. This time she spends the night, disappearing into Boris's room with a six-pack. You hear them laughing in there. Whatever else you do, call someone and go out that night.

When you are in the kitchen the next morning, Boris wanders out. You ask him how he feels. Tired, he says. Linette kept me up all night talking about whether she should go to grad school or not.

Wonder if he's telling the truth. Say, Should she?

God, no, Boris says, She's such a birdbrain.

Oh, you say loudly, over the banging of your heart.

YOU clean the bathroom late one night after Boris has gone to bed. You wear a T-shirt and a pair of Boris's boxer shorts that you stole out of a bag of stuff he's been planning to take to the Salvation Army. It gives you immense pleasure to wear these boxer shorts, but you only wear them after he's gone to bed, and you never sleep in them. You do have some pride.

Your cleaning is ambitious: you wipe the tops of the doors, the inside of the shower curtain; you even unscrew the drain and pull out a hair ball the size of a rat terrier. It is so amazing that you consider taking a picture with your smiling face next to it for size reference, but in the end you just throw it out.

You are standing on the edge of the tub, balancing a bowl of hot, soapy water on your hip and swiping at the shower-curtain rod with a sponge when Boris walks in and says, Well, hello, Mrs. Clean.

You smile. He yawns. Do you need some help? he says.

You let him hold the bowl of water while you turn your back to him and reach up and run the sponge along the shower-curtain rod.

I never knew you had to clean those, Boris says. I can't believe it's one in the morning. I feel like we're married and this is our first apartment or something.

Your throat closes. Until this moment you had not thought about the fact that this *was* your and Boris's first apartment, that once the lease is up there might not be a second apartment, and you might not see him every day.

Hey, says Boris, You're wearing my boxer shorts. He puts the bowl of water on the sink and turns the waistband inside out so he can read the tag. They are! he says, delighted.

You freeze. Clear your throat. Yeah, well, you say.

Even standing on the edge of the tub, you are only a few inches taller than Boris, and he slides an arm around your waist. He brushes your hair forward over your shoulders and traces a V on your back for a long moment, as though you were a mannequin and he were a fashion designer contemplating some new creation.

Then you feel him kiss the back of your neck above your T-shirt. You remember Halloween and think about saying, Boris, are those your lips? but you don't. You don't do anything. You still haven't moved, your arms are over your head, hands braced against the rod.

You're so funny, Gwen, Boris whispers against your skin.

Really, you say. A drop of soapy water lands on your eyelid, soft as cotton, warm as wax. Me?

—KATHERINE HEINY

ANNALS OF THE FORMER WORLD

ASSEMBLING CALIFORNIA—III

THE Napa Valley is thirty-five miles due west of the University of California, Davis—an easy run for a field trip, a third of it flat and straight. The occasions have been several, not to mention spontaneous, when the geologist Eldridge Moores and I have made westering traverses from Davis, collecting roadside samples of rock and wine.

After the level miles of field crops and fruit trees and almond groves, the ground suddenly and steeply rises in oak-woodland hills, so brown and dry for much of the year that geologists working among them can accidentally start fires with sparks from their hammers. Putah Creek, the stream that has spread its fine silts to Davis, is here a kind of door to the Coast Ranges, spilling forth their contents, coarsely bedded. Among the stream's cutbank gravels are layers of air-fall tuff that descended from the coast-range volcanoes of the Pliocene, and conglomerates that contain serpentine pebbles, peridotite pebbles, chert pebbles, graywacke pebbles, volcanic pebbles—the amassed detritus of several geologies, suggesting the commotion in the rock to come.

As we go up the stream valley and arrive at the shore of Lake Berryessa, we pass through huge roadcuts of sedimentary rock whose bedding planes, originally horizontal, have been bent almost ninety degrees and are nearly vertical. Reaching for the sky in distinct unrumpled stripes, the rock ends in hogbacks, jagged ridges. Cretaceous in age, these are the bottom layers of the Great Valley Sequence, bent high enough to resemble the bleaching ribs of a shipwreck. They are some of the strata that were folded against the Franciscan mélange when it rose (or was pushed) to the surface as the latest addition to the western end of the continent. In the heat and pressure of the Farallon Trench, the Franciscan sediments had been metamorphosed to varying extents, with the result that when they ultimately appeared on the surface they were miscellaneous and heterogeneous well beyond the brink of chaos. This lithic compote is the essence of the Coast Ranges. You leave the precise bedding planes and jagged ridgelines of the Great Valley Sequence and enter a country of precipitous nobs and rootless outcrops resting in scaly clay. In its lumpiness it resembles a glacial topography magnified many times. If the Great Valley Sequence can be compared to regimental stripes, the Franciscan is paisley.

"Look at this munged-up Franciscan glop!" Moores exclaims.

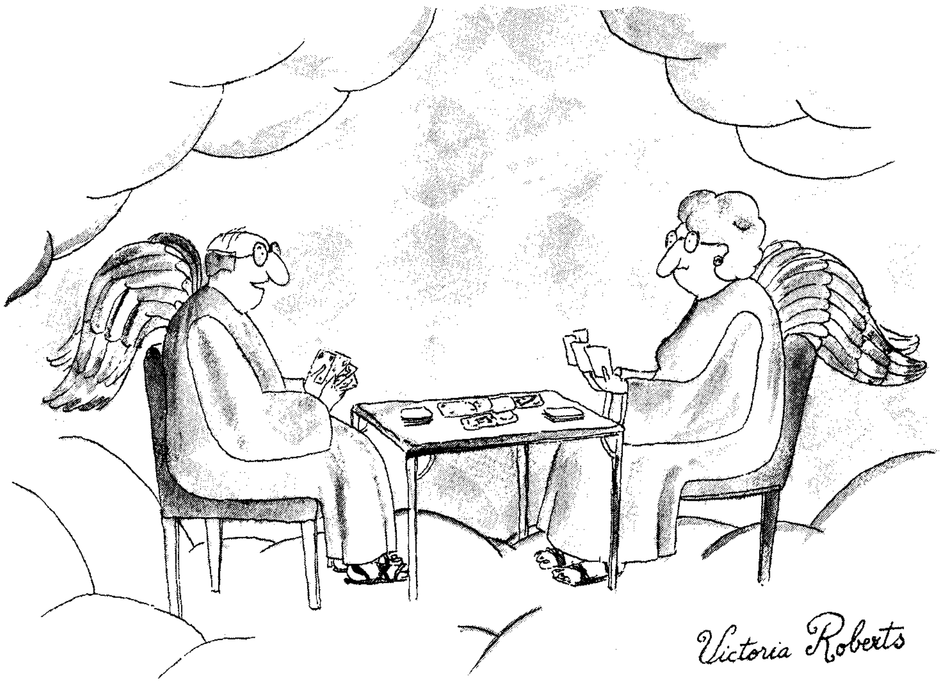
Narrow thoroughfares twist among the giddy hills. Ink Grade Road. Dollarhide Road.

"Look at that mélange! Holy moly, look at the lumps!"

Between the grinding lithospheric plates, the rock of this terrain was so pervasively sheared that a roadcut in metabasalt looks like green hamburger. We clearly see its contact with the scaly clay.

"That clay is the matrix of the Franciscan, in which blobs of various material are everywhere contained, and that is the guts of the Coast Range story. The metabasalt is a tectonic block in the matrix. You can see why people who tried to map stratigraphy went crazy. Imagine—before plate tectonics—the aching problems that this fruitcake, this raisins-in-a-pudding kind of stuff, produced. It doesn't fit the stratigraphic rules we all grew up on. It was assumed that you had a stratigraphic sequence here, and for years people tried unsuccessfully to explain these places in terms of eroded and deformed stratigraphies. In 1965, Ken Hsü proposed the mélange idea. But he suggested that the mélange had come here by gravity—that it had slid off the Sierra. No one had the idea of underthrusting—what we now see as the subduction of one plate beneath another, with all this miscellaneous material being scraped together and otherwise accumulating at the edge of the overriding plate. In 1969, Warren Hamilton, of the U.S.G.S., published a paper on the underflow of the Pacific crust beneath North America in Cretaceous and Cenozoic time. He presented the paper at the Penrose conference on the new global tectonics. Suddenly, people had a new view of the Franciscan. They said, 'Oh, that must be a berm resulting from subduction.' And the whole story broke open."

The Franciscan mélange contains rock of such widespread provenance that it is quite literally a collection from the entire Pacific basin, or even half of the surface of the planet. As fossils and paleomagnetism indicate, there are sediments from continents (sandstones and so forth) and rocks from scattered



"I guess this is as good as it gets."

marine sources (cherts, graywackes, serpentines, gabbros, pillow lavas, and other volcanics) assembled at random in the matrix clay. Caught between the plates in the subduction, many of these things were taken down sixty-five thousand to a hundred thousand feet and spit back up as blue schist. This dense, heavy blue-gray rock, characteristic of subduction zones wherever found, is raspberried with garnets.

In a 1973 paper by Kenneth Jingwha Hsü appears a sentence describing the Franciscan mélange—this five-hundred-mile formation, the structural nature of which he was the first to recognize—in terms that could be applied to almost any extended family sitting down to a Thanksgiving dinner:

> These Mesozoic rocks are characterized by a general destruction of original junctions, whether igneous structures or sedimentary bedding, and by the shearing down of the more ductile material until it functions as a matrix in which fragments of the more brittle rocks float as isolated lenticles or boudins.

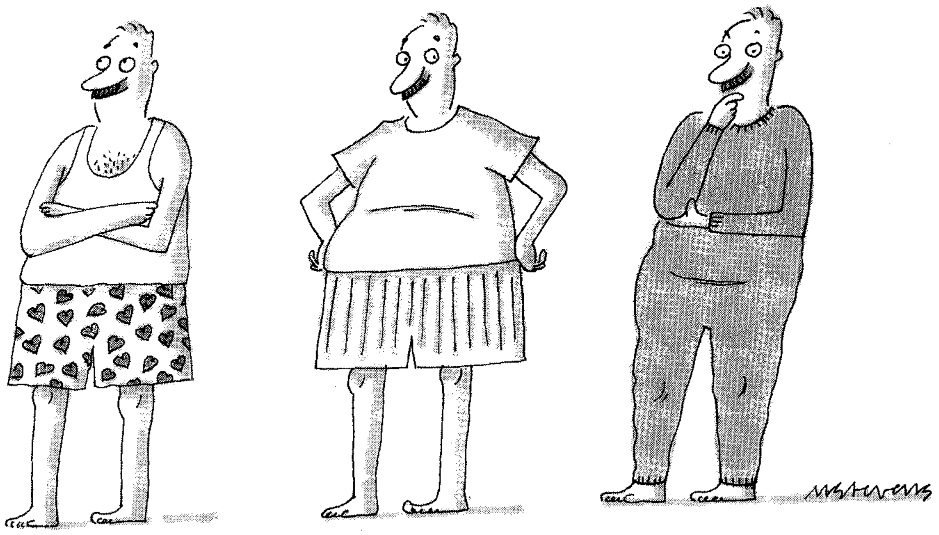
Hsü was born in China and has acquired his umlaut as a tenured professor at the Swiss Federal Institute of Technology.

The mélange above Auburn, which collected against North America before the arrival of the Smartville Block, tells the same sort of story as the Franciscan, with the difference that the rock in the Sierra mélange has been almost wholly recrystallized, as a result of the collisions that completed California. Kodiak Island and the Shumagin Islands are accretionary wedges, too—shoved against Alaska by the northbound Pacific Plate. The Oregon coast is an accretionary wedge (the Juan de Fuca Plate versus the North American Plate), complicated by a chain of seamounts that have come drifting in, making, among other things, Oregon's spectacular sea stacks. The outer islands of Indonesia are accretionary berms like the California Coast Ranges (the Australian Plate versus the Eurasian Plate), not to mention the Apennines of Italy, the north coast of the Gulf of Oman, and the Arakan ranges of Burma.

Now and again in the Coast Ranges you see ophiolite pillows on top of the mélange—a typical relationship, since the mélange forms at the edge of the overriding plate and the ophiolite is already on the overriding plate, having been previously emplaced there. Ocean-crustal detritus is widespread and prominent among the rocks of the Franciscan, but the Coast Range Ophiolite, in more concentrated form, is in the eastern part of the mountains, where it has been bent upward with the overlying Great Valley sediments, and pretty much shattered. Between Davis and Rutherford is a block of serpentine—disjunct, floating in the Franciscan—that underlies the bowl of a small mountain valley. The serpentine has weathered into soil, now planted to vines. These are some of the few grapes in California that are grown in the soil of the state rock. Moores is predisposed toward the wine. To him, its bouquet is ophiolitic, its aftertaste slow to part with serpentine's lingering mystery. To me, it tastes less of the deep ocean than of low tide. The stuff is fermented peridotite—a Mohorovičić red with the lustre of chromium.

"This guy bothering you, pretty lady?"

The winery is in the deep shade of redwoods on a tertiary road. It makes only ten thousand gallons and has been in one family for a hundred years. The cave is in Franciscan sandstone. The kegs, tanks, and barrels are wood. Outside the cave, we stand on a wooden deck looking into a steep valley through the trunks of the big trees. Passing a glass under his nose, Moores remarks that the aroma is profound and reminds him of the wines of Cyprus. There is an intact ophiolite on the side of Mt. St. Helena, at the northwest end of the Napa Valley, he tells me—an almost complete sequence, capped with sediments but lacking pillows. There's a complete sequence on the east side of Mt. Diablo. "If you mapped the Coast Range Ophiolite, it would go from Oregon all the way down, in discontinuous blobs, plus the shards you see around San Francisco and elsewhere—rocks of the ophiolitic suite that just lie around as broken pieces, like the block that is under these grapes, and cannot be read in sequence." When Moores was first in California, he happened upon a report about mercury deposits at the north end of the Napa Valley. It mentioned "gabbro . . . along the contact between serpentine and vol-



SELECTIONS FROM THE "VICTOR'S SECRET" CATALOGUE

canics." Moores got into his van, went to the Napa Valley, and looked. He then interested Steven Bezore, a graduate student, in working there. Bezore's master's thesis was the first demonstration of an ophiolitic complex in California, and led to the recognition of the Coast Range Ophiolite. After the winery, we stop at a crossroads store, Moores explaining that he requires coffee "to back-titrate the wine."

The descent is deep to the floor of the Napa Valley, which is flat. For a Coast Range valley, it is also spacious—as much as three miles wide. Vines cover it. Up the axis runs the two-lane St. Helena Highway, which seems to be lined with movie sets. This road is the vague but startling equivalent of the Route des Vins from Gevrey-Chambertin to Meursault through Beaune. The apparent stage sets are agricultural Disneylands: Beringer's Gothic half-timber Rhine House, Christian Brothers' Laotian Buddhist monastic château, Robert Mondavi's Spanish mission. Most offer tours and wines to sip. As a day progresses, tongues thicken on the St. Helena Highway, where the traffic begins to weave in the late morning and is a war zone by midafternoon. The safest sippers are in stretch limos, which seem to outnumber Chevrolets.

Most valleys in the Coast Ranges are smaller and higher than this one, their typical altitude at least a thousand feet. The southern end of the Napa Valley, being close to the San Francisco bays, is essentially at sea level. The valley floor rises with distance from the water, but not much. St. Helena, in the north-central part of the Napa Valley, has an elevation of two hundred and fifty-five feet. It is surrounded by mountains that are comparable in height to the Green Mountains of Vermont or the White Mountains of New Hampshire. Why this deep hole in such a setting?

The San Andreas family of faults is spread through the Coast Ranges, and outlying members are beneath the Great Valley. Where a transform fault develops a releasing bend—which is not uncommon—the bend will pull apart as the two sides move, opening a sort of parallelogram, which, among soft mountains, will soon be vastly deeper than an ordinary water-sculpted valley. In the Coast Ranges, most depressions are high and erosional. Some are deep tectonic valleys that are known in geology as pull-apart basins. In the Napa region, Sonoma Valley, Ukiah Valley, Willits Valley, and Round Valley are also pull-apart basins. Lake Berryessa lies in a pull-apart basin, and so does Clear Lake.

Where pull-apart basins develop—stretching and thinning the local crust, drawing the mantle closer to the surface—volcanic eruptions cannot be far behind. In the Pliocene, after the Farallon Trench at this latitude ceased to operate and the San Andreas family appeared, the Napa basin had scarcely pulled itself apart before the fresh red rhyolite lavas and air-fall tuffs poured in. The Coast Ranges were aglow with sulphurous volcanism, its products hardening upon the Franciscan. The nutritive soils derived from these rocks prepared the geography of wine.

The rocks are known in geology as the Sonoma Volcanics. Napa and Sonoma are Patwin Indian names: "Napa" means house; "Sonoma" means nose or the Land of Chief Nose. The rocks are the Land of Chief Nose Volcanics. Chief Nose was a Tastevin before his time. The heat of the volcanics lingers in the mud baths and hot springs of Calistoga. The heat lingers under cleared woods near Mt. St. Helena, where small power stations dot the high ground like isolated geothermal farms.

Robert Louis Stevenson—aged thirty, newly married, consumptive—spent the summer of 1880 in a cabin near Calistoga. He wrote that Calistoga "seems to repose on a mere film above a boiling, subterranean lake." He counted fifty vineyards in the Napa Valley. Farmers had been in the valley for nearly half a century. The Beringers—in approximate replication of their ancestral home—built Rhine House in 1883. The stretch limos park there now, beside wide lawns under tall elms. Off the jump seats come people who go inside and lay down forty dollars for the magnum opus "Beringer: A Napa Valley Legend." Leafing through the book, Moores picks up the information that the foundation and first story of Rhine House are limestone. He goes outside and squints at the house through his ten-power Hastings Triplet. "Jesus Christ!" he says. For Moores, this is new ground. He has never before seen limestone that came out of a volcano. "It's poorly welded volcanic ash with lots of big vesicles, pumice lapilli," he goes on. "It's friable volcanic ash! A welded tuff! An ignimbrite!"

Louis Martini's cement-block roadhouse, south of St. Helena on the way to Rutherford, is a low, clean-lined, postroad-modern building that lacks windows and has a long portico and a few wrought-iron lamps. Its archi-

THE RESURRECTION

(Piero della Francesca)

In the 1550s a lantern-maker, Marco, testified
That as a child he had "led Piero by the hand"
Through the streets of Borgo San Sepolcro.
Piero, blind, and following a child guide along

The chessboard of his native city's streets
To the Civic Palace, within the tumbled walls
Of the Town of the Holy Sepulchre. Piero, blind—
Who once, with earth imported from the Black Sea,

Had dusted pinhole pricks on tracing sheets,
To trace "The Dream of Constantine" on the wall,
And the serf who leaned against his shovel
Awaiting Helena's command to dig for the Cross,

And Pilate, impassive, hooded in the Judgment Seat,
And the beautiful Jew who was tortured in a well—
Piero, white-gowned, a cataract prisoner, now
Shuffles with outstretched hands, while far-off bales

Of straw, in fields ignited by the sunset,
Smolder behind him, setting a broken wall on fire.
The hem of a mantle of tree roots flames up,
Like a patch of ancient sewing work littered

With those pearls for which Duke Federigo paid
A great price back in the old life, stitched
With silver leaf, in luminous embroiderings,
Lying tossed like a discarded shroud over

Kindling sticks in the hedge of thorns
The goldfinch once inhabited, her nest
A torch's head fallen from its stick
Beyond the curb of the marbly dream-town,

Where towers, knocked down across the countryside,
Half crumble like sugar-cube constructions
For a wedding, or dissolve like knocked-over
Buckets of sand for children's battlements,

For a city left behind in the wake of the earthquake
Of 1352, or the quake at Christ's death,
Since history is behind Piero now, and
The goldfinch is saved, circling ecstatically

Above Piero's head as he climbs a cement staircase
Step by step. *When you were young, you girded*
Yourself and walked wherever you would. But
When you are old, you will stretch forth

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tectural statement is upper-middle prime rib. Among the building's tiled rooms are showcases of Martini wines and a long dark bar. No one hurries anyone away, and in the cool quiet we sample half a dozen bottles, talking geology with our noses in the outcrop. Louis Martini's wines are straightforward, stalwart, allusive, volcanic. They are prepared to travel—like the terrane they derive from, and like the first Martini (who emigrated from Italy in 1894), and, according to Moores, like Italy itself, which departed from Europe in the Jurassic but later went home. Italy became a prong of Africa, he says, cupping his hand and orbiting a cabernet sauvignon. Italy left Europe, joined Africa, and later smashed back into Europe in the collision that made the Alps. The quarried Tuscan serpentines in the walls of the Duomo and the Giotto campanile are particles of the ophiolites that underscore this story.

Martini's Pinot Noir has the brawny overtones of an upland Rioja, the resilient spring of an athletic Médoc. Moores wonders if I have noticed that "the claret coast of France" and the Cantabrian coast of northern Spain seem to suggest an open bivalve, with Bordeaux at the hinge. In the early Cretaceous, when the Atlantic was young and narrow, there was no water between western France and northern Spain; the hinge was closed. The whole of Iberia got caught up in the spreading, and was perhaps yanked by Africa as Africa moved northeast. A rift opened, and widened, and became the Bay of Biscay. In a comparatively short time, the Iberian Peninsula swung ninety degrees and assumed its present position.

During the zinfandel, Moores summarizes the United Kingdom as "the remnants of a collision that occurred at the end of the Silurian." Mélanges resembling the Franciscan were caught in it, he says—for example, Caernarvonshire and Anglesey, in Wales. Collisional ranges appeared, later to be dismembered by the opening of the ocean. In France, the Massif Central is actually a continuation of the northern Appalachians. The southern Appalachians go up to New Jersey and then jump to North Africa as the Atlas Mountains and then to the Iberian plateau and to the Pyrenees, which were later enhanced by compressions that developed as Spain swung around.

During the Napa Valley Reserve Petite Sirah, I mention the Brooks Range, where I have recently been.

The Brooks Range, Moores says, is a sliver of exotic continental material that came in from above Alaska, hit a subduction zone, and put ophiolite sequences along what is now the south slope. In the collision that followed, the exotic sliver was folded into mountains.

"When was that?"

"I forget. In the Jurassic, probably, or the early Cretaceous."

The Seward Peninsula—where Nome is, in west-central Alaska—is a piece of Jurassic blue schist surrounded by ophiolitic rock, but no one knows where the Seward Peninsula came from. For that matter, he adds, there is no certainty about where any of Alaska came from. It seems to consist entirely of exotic pieces that drifted to North America in Mesozoic time. South of the Denali Fault, which runs east-west and is close to Mt. McKinley, is the huge terrane that geologists call Wrangellia. It was an island arc, developed over an ocean plateau. Moores describes Mt. McKinley as "a bit of

Your hands, and another will gird you
And carry you where you would not go.
Halting in the streets of Holy Sepulchre,
Grown old in the town of his nativity,

Taken by the hand to the Civic Palace,
He stops at the site of "The Resurrection,"
And lifts his outstretched hand from Marco's shoulder,
As if he groped for the lip of a stone coffin

From antiquity set only inches away from where
The blind man appears to be staring in fright
Into God's face. Behind him the pink twinkle
Of twilight is a banner moist with one drop

Of Jewish blood; before him, the distant
Blue mountain of Purgatory. His fingertips touch
Only picture-shadowing earth from the Black Sea.
Once he could squint at "The Resurrection" through

An ever-smaller pinhole of light, like
A pinhole pecked for him by the finch's beak,
Through which he sifted powder for his drawings—
She whose nest had fallen when the mowers

Burned away the branches, she who had let
Piero approach, but only so far, and then

Warned him off with her gaze of terror,
When he would have bent on his knees in the grass

To stroke her anxious, silky head with
A fingertip, touching the scarlet cap
That stained it like a tiny, bloody drop,
But he'd backed away, not wanting to scare her—

But the pinhole he had peered through closed.
Now his shoes press against the plaster wall
Of blind old age, backed up by the empty place
Brick walls depict, where paint is a scent

That still could conjure the belfries of papier-mâché
He had painted for an important Duke,
A famous humanist he'd once depicted travelling
At twilight in a straw-wagon with angels

Conversing in seraphic languages
Along the outskirts of a shining thunderstorm
Before the distant prospect of Rome-Jerusalem-Urbino.
Now he stands sightless with his empty hand

Outstretched at the rough edge of the sepulchre
Recently broken open, before which
Jesus has turned to Piero, holding out to him
Death's unravelled, pitiful bandages.

—GJERTRUD SCHNACKENBERG

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granite" that came up into Wrangellia after it arrived. Not long ago, Japan was attached to Asia. It drifted away. Japan is coming toward North America one centimetre a year. It may be a part of Alaska in eight hundred million years.

There is a shift change at Louis Martini's. One hostess replaces another. The new one says to her departing colleague, "Be careful out there. It's intense. They're driving all over the road."

THAT conversation in Louis Martini's winery occurred in 1978, when the theory of plate tectonics was ten years old and people who talked the way Moores was talking were widely considered daft. I may have thought it was the wine, but I was not in a position to know. Over the years, Moores and I have returned so often to the subject of world ophiolites and global tectonics—as they have recorded and described the changing face of the planet— that what follows is a sampling of all such dialogues, which I have compiled in the hope of reflecting, through his remarks, some of the geologic thinking of the nineteen-seventies, eighties, and nineties.

In order to move from place to place and let time float free, it would be well to bear in mind that the plate-tectonics narrative of the past fifteen hundred million years principally describes the assembling and disassembling of two supercontinents—Protopangaea and Pangaea. Of the mountain ranges of Protopangaea we have nothing today but evidential roots, attended by some ophiolites that speak of the collisions that built those Precambrian mountains. After Protopangaea breaks up, about six hundred million years ago, its fragments result in a map of the world so different from the present one that it could be a map of a different planet; Kazakhstan, for example, is contiguous with Norway and New England. By two hundred and fifty million years before the present, the scattered continents and microcontinents have reassembled as Pangaea, whose sutures are today expressed in dwindled but palpable topographic relief (the Urals, the Appalachians). While Pangaea in turn disassembles, in the Mesozoic, not only is the Atlantic Ocean born but all over the world recognizable pieces of dispersing land move in the direction of the present map.

Wherever tectonically emplaced ophiolites happen to be, they lead to local geographic histories within the general story of the successive supercontinents. The presence of an ophiolite is a notation that while something is added to a continental margin an ocean basin of unknown size disappears. It could be Pacific-size. Moores is planning a book relating ophiolites to their origins. Chapter 1 might develop his analogy between the great complexity of islands north of modern Australia and the loose landmasses that once cluttered the Farallon ocean off western North America and are now consolidated as California and other additions to the continent. North of modern Australia is a confused piece of the globe, made so by the encroaching motions of the Australian, Eurasian, and Pacific Plates. They have broken the crust between them into microplates that look like the results of severe impact on a hard-boiled egg. The small pieces continue to be rigid, and remain in place, but the shell is shattered. The Philippine Plate, largest of the microplates, is surrounded by ocean trenches six and seven miles deep. On the east, Pacific crust is going under the Philippine Plate. On the west, Asian crust is going into the Manila Trench, where melting has produced the West Luzon arc and where Taiwan is docking with mainland China. That much is straightforward compared with the many smaller microcontinents and minor ocean basins that are also in the region, where a subduction zone is apparently in the process of flipping over, another is bending back upon itself, and another has curled around almost far enough to meet itself in a circle. This is a carnival of plate tectonics—of numerous island-arc-to-island-arc collisions and continent-to-island-arc collisions. As in the story of western North America, some arcs seem to be joining one another before attaching to a continent.

Ocean crust of the Australian Plate descending into the Java Trench has resulted in the arc from the Andaman Islands to the Banda Sea: Sumatra, Java, Bali, others. Where the Australian continental shelf has already jammed the trench and has picked up the Papuan ophiolites, it has buckled its own Australian sediments sixteen thousand feet into the air, making most of New Guinea. Moores thinks that the subduction zone will flip over now, and the Pacific Plate will begin to slide *under Australia. In that event, he says,* "Australia will keep going and will pick up the Philippines and every intervening island and then go after Japan on Japan's way east."

"You're saying that a north-dipping subduction zone will swing like a pendulum and become a south-dipping subduction zone? That is possible?"

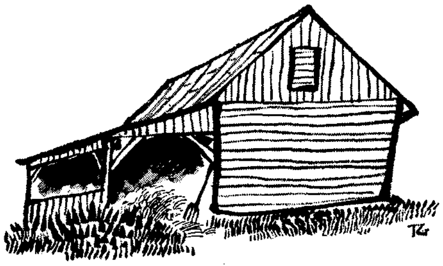
"That seems to be what's happening. That's what you see in the seismicity. There's nothing magical or indelible about the present plate margins. Consuming margins, especially, can change their nature very readily."

In the Sierra Nevada near the Mother Lode, where the geology suggests to plate theorists that a pair of ocean trenches came together in the Jurassic, evidently there was no spreading center, and the trenches just ate up the crust between them, leaving undigested the accretionary phyllites, cherts, argillites, and limestones that lie uphill from Auburn. To many people, the idea of unspreading seafloor being consumed from two sides by converging trenches has seemed especially farfetched. In the late nineteen-seventies, however, a pair of active trenches doing exactly that was discovered in the Celebes Sea. They are moving toward each other. The intervening crust is disappearing. With depth finders and seismographs, geologists can see this happening, but they can't explain it.

Tracing a finger northward on a geologic map of the world, Moores follows ophiolites from Beijing to Siberia. There are several parallel strings of them, connecting two Precambrian continental blocks. The place-names on his map are written in Cyrillic characters, because it is a Russian map, but the rocks are readable, in the international colors and symbols of the science. "These sutures tell you that China used to be separated from Siberia by two or three oceans," Moores says. "They disappeared in the Paleozoic."

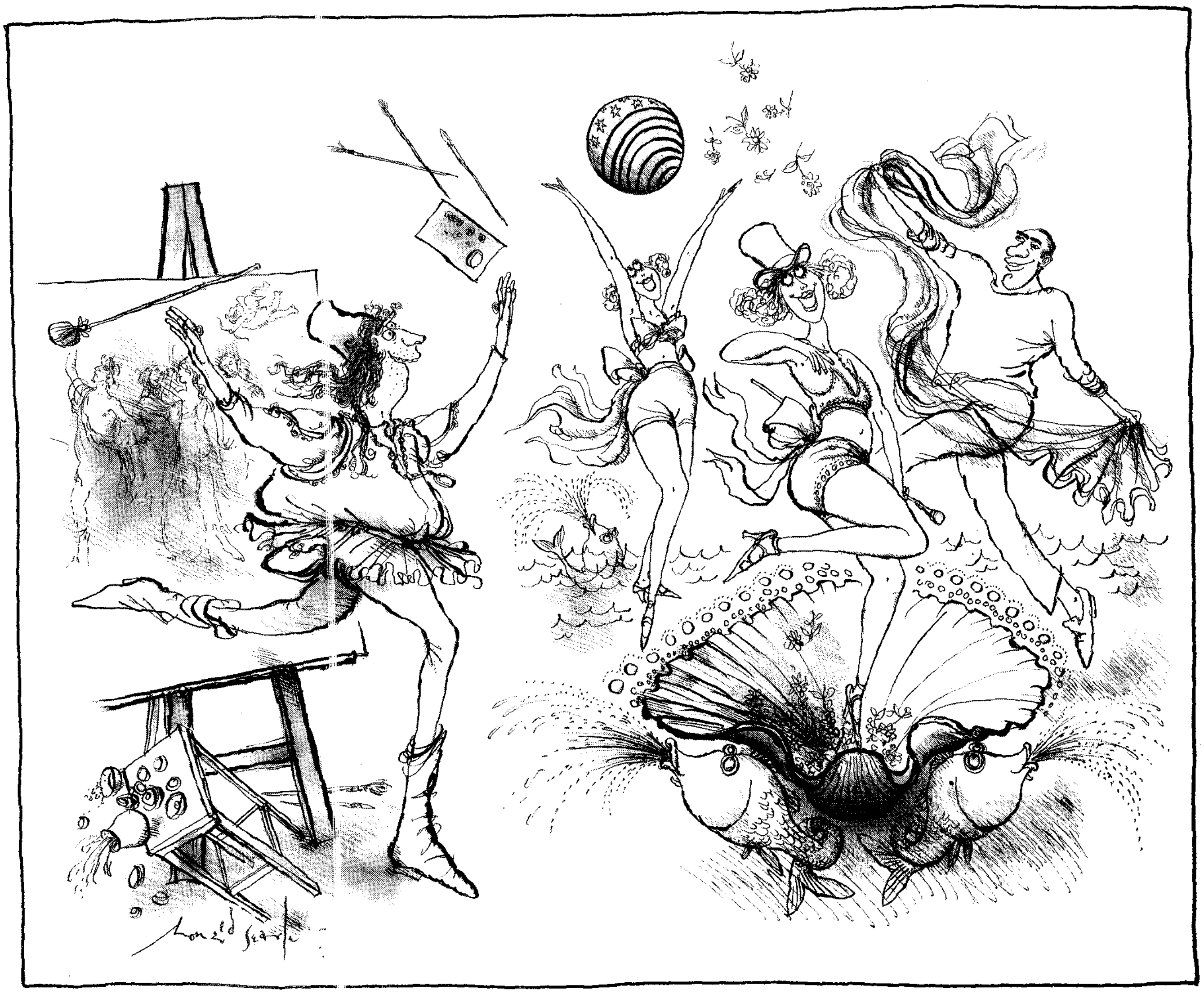
North of China, the Verkhoyanski Mountains make a sinuous track through Siberia to the Arctic Laptev Sea. Landmasses extend two thousand miles east of the Verkhoyanskis and four thousand west, yet the mountains contain rocks derived from a spreading center in a vanished ocean. The Verkhoyanski ophiolites are lower Cretaceous in age—at least a hundred million *years younger than the sutures in China,* which were involved in Pangaea's assembling. The Verkhoyanski collision occurred after the supercontinent started to break up. As the Atlantic Ocean widened and the North American Plate moved west and the Eurasian Plate moved east, the two landmasses eventually touched each other, nearly halfway around the world, and made the Verkhoyanski Mountains. This was the plate boundary where Asia and North America actually came together. The Chukchi Sea and the Bering Sea, which separate Alaska and Siberia, are merely water lying on the North American continent.

Moores moves west to the Urals, which are flanked with ophiolites emplaced in Silurian time, in the middle Paleozoic, at the edge of the ocean that separated Asia from Europe. The ensuing collision did not begin until the Mississippian Period, a hundred million years later. The fact that so much time passed between the emplacement of the ophiolites and the continent-to-continent collision means that a lot of seafloor was consumed, at least enough for an ocean a thousand miles wide. Russian geologists call this the Paleoasian Ocean. When the collision finally came, it completed Pangaea, two hundred and fifty million years ago.



Putting my hand on Spitsbergen and the rest of the Svalbard archipelago—ten degrees from the North Pole—I ask him, "What are they?"

With a sweeping move down the Atlantic he connects their story to Alabama. Among the various ocean basins that disappeared while Pangaea coalesced, the most intensively studied is the one that geologists have named for Iapetus, the father of Atlas: the ocean basin—or group of ocean basins—that lay between continental landmasses that are now substantial parts of Europe, Africa, and North America. Iapetus appears to have been larger than the modern Atlantic. Five hundred million, four hundred million, and three hundred million years ago, as Iapetus gradually closed, the lands on either side in no way resembled the modern configurations of Europe and North America, but they were composed of rock we see in those places now. In the Iapetus Ocean, or oceans, were arcs and trenches, spreading centers, microplates, subduction zones, strike-slip faults, a mess of islands. Much of this seems to have resembled the Farallon ocean off California in Mesozoic time, and the southwest Pacific today. The collisions that eradicated Iapetus and made a kind of headcheese of the intervening islands began more or less at Spitsbergen, and—roughly, sporadically—crunched their way south. In the terms of the old geology, this was the series of mountain-making episodes that were known as the Caledonian, Taconic, Acadian, and Alleghenian Orogenies. The trail of these events was blazed with ophiolites. Ophiolitic emplacements in Newfoundland, Quebec, and Vermont, for example, signal the docking of an island arc—the event long known as the Taconic Orogeny. The consequential mountain-



CROSSED PATHS

Botticelli Meets Busby Berkeley

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building in New England and much of eastern Canada was thought—in the early days of plate tectonics—to be the result of a continent-to-continent collision. "The Taconic Orogeny is a collision of ophiolitic terrane with the North American continent, full stop," Moores says. "It is an oceanic terrane—and not yet Europe—colliding with North America." In the assembling of New England, at least two more arcs followed. These Paleozoic additions to the eastern seaboard are remarkably analogous to the assembling of California an era later.

When continents collided, Africa docked with, among other places, the Old South. About a hundred and fifty million years later, when Africa departed, it apparently left a large piece of Florida, which is now covered with what Moores calls "a lot of modern limestones that developed on top of the Appalachian suture, which can be traced seismologically under northern Florida and off into the continental shelf."

Hesitating, I say to him, "Florida is covered with marine sand on top of limestone on top of Paleozoic rocks. The Paleozoic rocks derive from Africa. That is what you are saying?"

"That's right. Southern Florida is a piece of Africa which was left behind when the Atlantic opened up."

"People in Florida say that southern Florida is Northern and northern Florida is Southern."

"Civilization reflects geology."

Southeastern Staten Island is a piece of Europe glued to an ophiolite from the northwest Iapetus floor. Nova Scotia is European, and so is southeastern Newfoundland. Boston is African. The north of Ireland is American. The northwest Highlands of Scotland are American. So is much of Norway.

While the Atlantic continues to open, the western Tethys, or Mediterranean Sea, is closing like a pair of tongs, hinged in the Atlantic crust roughly a thousand miles west of Casablanca. During the initial spreading of Tethys and later in the narrowing and even the lengthening of Tethys as effects of the forces that opened the Atlantic, the Mediterranean seafloor has been such a battleground that ophiolitic pieces of it are scattered around the basin like shell cases. Introducing chapters of the Mediterranean story, they are all through the Alps, Corsica, the Apennines, the Carpathians, the Dinarides, the Balkans, the Hellenides, Crete, the Cyclades, and the western part of Turkey.

The Mediterranean is full of tectonic rubble, no other single example being as large or as destructive as the Italian microcontinent, also known as the Adriatic Plate. Its western boundary is a subduction zone off the Campanian coast whose melt has become Vesuvius, and whose compressional distortions have become the Apennines. The boundaries of the Italian microcontinent run north into Switzerland, northeast down the Rhine to Liechtenstein, east to include the Austrian Alps and Vienna, then south through Zagreb and Sarajevo and past the Vourinos Ophiolite in Macedonia to the central Peloponnesus, and back to the boot of Italy. In the Jurassic, the Italian microcontinent made its attempt to become a permanent part of Africa. As Africa moved northeast with the opening of the Atlantic, it returned Italy to sender, picking up the Tethyan ocean crust that became the ophiolites of the Alps. The Alpine collision began in the Eocene, about fifty million years ago, and has not completely stopped.

Muscat, in Oman, sits at the base of peridotite cliffs and is the only capital city in the world hewn into rock of the earth's mantle. Almost all of northern Oman is ophiolite, lifted by the shelf of Arabia in the closing of Tethys.

Four large parts of Africa, dating from the Archean Eon, are more than three thousand million years old. They are called the West African Craton, the Congo Craton, the Zimbabwe Craton, and the Kapvaal Craton. Long defined in geology as continental basements, continental shields, or continental cores, cratons are the ancient fundament to which younger and more legible rocks adhere. Plate tectonics now suggests (not to everybody) that the older parts of continents were themselves assembled much as the younger parts have been. For example, the African cratons are separated by belts of deformation that occurred after the Archean Eon but still in deep Precambrian time. Perhaps the deformed rocks are suture belts where preëxisting oceans disappeared. If plate tectonics was functioning then as it functions now, the crusts of those vanished African oceans consisted of rocks of the ophiolitic sequence. There are late Precambrian ophiolites in the Kalahari Desert of southwest Africa, in Sudan, in Egypt, in Arabia, and at Bou Azzer, in the western Sahara. Moores says that Sudan, Egypt, and other parts of Africa are full of exotic terranes—island arcs that were, as he puts it, "crunched in there in the late Precambrian." He continues, "Geologists have long seen Africa as having developed in place, but the story must be wrong. Little is known about the mobile tectonics there in Precambrian time. I think it's kind of an unknown frontier of the ophiolite story."

The mobile tectonics of more recent years are a good deal easier to see. If you look on a world map at Antarctica, South America, Africa, and Australia, you virtually see them exploding away from one another. You can reassemble Gondwana in your mind and then watch it come apart. In the Cretaceous, Africa and South America start to separate from Antarctica, and from each other. India is still part of southern Africa, but soon it breaks away. Australia remains attached to Antarctica until the Eocene, when it breaks away, forms its own plate, and heads north. India and Australia move separately for a time but then weld themselves together to become a single plate.

Madagascar begins to separate from Africa soon after India does, but India leaves Madagascar far behind. The Seychelles move away from Africa in the same manner—rifting obliquely, opening a small ocean basin with an active spreading center whose stairlike geometry (as in the Gulf of California) consists of short ridges connected by long transform faults. When the spreading stops, Madagascar and the Seychelles rejoin the African Plate.

I ask Moores why transform faults, like the San Andreas Fault, are so few and far between on land, whereas ocean floors are full of them.

He says, "They are rare on land because when they do appear in such a setting they rapidly take the land away and turn into marine transform faults. A transform fault carried India away from Africa. Look at the east coast of Madagascar. It's a long straight line, where India departed. Look at the corresponding part of India, the Malabar Coast below the Western Ghats. It's a long straight line. The Salinian Block, in California—with San Diego, Los Angeles, and so forth—will go on out to sea to the northwest, away from North America. The fault-divided halves of New Zealand's South Island, which were once apart, will come apart again. Equatorial Africa and northeast Brazil slid away from each other and developed an intervening sea."

I ask him why spreading centers and subduction zones take up most of the length of the world's plate boundaries and transform faults take up so little.

"Because the earth is a globe," he answers. "The curves of the spreading centers and the curves of the subduction zones will meet, or nearly meet. Where they don't meet, as in California, you find a transform fault."

When India separated from Africa, India's geographical center was more than a thousand miles farther south than the present position of the Cape of Good Hope. Three thousand miles of Tethys Ocean separated India from Tibet. India moved northeast as rapidly as any drifting continent in the calculable history of plate motions. At least one island arc lay in its path, and maybe several. There were microcontinents, too.

In and around the Himalaya are well-preserved ophiolitic sequences that describe the disappearance of that part of Tethys. These include ophiolites of Pakistan. Until the 1971 war, they were known in geology as the Hindubagh Complex. They are now called the Muslimbagh Complex. They run from the Indus Gorge east along the Indus River and the Tsangpo and Brahmaputra Rivers for two thousand kilometres, acquiring other local names along the way. This continuous belt of ophiolites consists of ocean crust that formed at a spreading center late in the Cretaceous and was emplaced on the northern margin of India in Paleocene time, when India had completed about half of its journey north. India evidently reached a trench with an island arc behind it, choked the trench, and picked up the ocean crust from the peripheries of the arc. That, in any case, is how Moores tells the story. He likens the ophiolite to a cow on a cowcatcher in front of an old Western train. When those ophiolites were emplaced and India swept up the island arc (about sixty million years before the present), Australia was still on its own plate. After the two plates joined, in the Eocene, the whole enterprise that geologists now refer to as the Australian Plate continued to move northward, gathering islands, for a few tens of millions of years. Then, with India as its hammerhead, it struck the Asian mainland. Moores thinks that the collision has scarcely begun.

This most emphatic of all contemporary continent-to-continent collisions is often described as a head-on crash, as if it had occurred within the ticks of human time. As India moved north, its highest rate of speed was a hundred and twenty-six miles per million years. The present rate of compression is about a quarter of that, or two inches a year. If this could be recorded in stop-action photography, like the boiling swirls of cumulus clouds or the unfolding of a rose, it could indeed express itself kinetically. But two inches a year is an encounter so slow that a word like "collision" distorts its scale.

While India was closing with Tibet, it buckled the intervening shelf, raising from the sea a slab of rock more than a mile thick which consisted almost entirely of the disintegrated shells of marine creatures. From the depths of lithification to the rock's present loft, it has been driven upward at least fifty thousand feet. This one fact—as I noted some years ago—is a treatise in itself on the movements of the surface of the earth. If by some fiat I had to restrict all this writing to one sentence, this is still the one I would choose: The summit of Mt. Everest is marine limestone.

In the tectonic history of the globe, we have no idea how many times something of this proportion has happened. The probability is that it has happened often.

"Right now I'm seeing my first wife."

The boundary between the Eurasian Plate and the plate that carries India and Australia seems pretty obvious, but actually it cannot be narrowly defined. It is not as simple and precise as the Indus suture, where ophiolites are embedded along the northern slopes of the higher mountains, and it cannot be limited to the Great Himalaya Range itself, though that appears to be a clear partition between the hitter and the hit. Across two thousand miles, from the Ganges River north to Lake Baikal, the boundary between the Australian Plate and the Eurasian Plate is indistinct. It was once described as a separate plate, and was unfortunately named the China Plate. The whole zone is seismically active. It contains the highest large plateau in the world. The Indian collision has produced additional mountain ranges north of the Himalaya that are comparable in altitude to the Andes. Included also is the Sinkiang Depression, where collisional downbending has put the ground below sea level. Essentially, all of China is a part of the plate boundary, and in all of China there are very few rocks that are undeformed. Chinese geologists travelling in America incessantly snap pictures of simple flat-lying sediments—a geological basic that they have seldom seen. The crust under the Tibetan Plateau is twice as thick as most continental crust. The Australian Plate, pressing northward, seems to have caused this. To accommodate two inches of relentless annual advance, various things have to bulge or give way. The mountains have risen. The plateau has thickened. But these two changes have not been enough to account for the total compression. A growing number of geologists, following work that is being done by a group of French tectonicists, are beginning to agree that a large part of Southeast Asia has also been forced to one side. Where Burma meets India, the high ranges bend almost at a right angle and go off to the southeast. This is the Burma Syntaxis (the term refers to a bend in a mountain chain), and near it are the beginnings of a whole series of great rivers—the Brahmaputra, the Mekong, the Irrawaddy, the Salween—initially in parallel valleys, veining Southeast Asia from the Bay of Bengal to the South China Sea. Controlling these valleys are long strike-slip faults, in motion like the San Andreas. The French tectonicists are proposing that Vietnam, Laos, Thailand, Cambodia, Burma—the whole of Indochina—slid southeastward among those strike-slip faults, like a great terrestrial hernia. On a relief map you can see India ramming Asia and squeezing all that country out to the southeast. As the mechanism has gained acceptance among tectonic theorists, it has become known as continental escape.

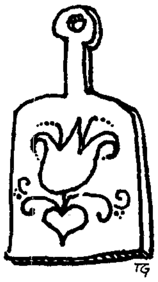
I ask Moores if he thinks there's a chance that plate tectonics may someday seem to have been a rational fiction, as the geosynclinal cycle does now.

"For parts of the world, maybe so," he says. "Whatever is going on in central Asia is no one's idea of plate tectonics. But as an explanation for eighty per cent of the surface processes of the earth, plate tectonics is in, firm." Repeating the words of the volcanologist Alex McBirney, he says, "Remember, 'In the next ten years, our confusion will reach new heights of sophistication.’ ”

(Or, as Mark Twain put it, “Researchers have already cast much darkness on the subject, and if they continue their investigations we shall soon know nothing at all about it.”)

The thought occurs to me, not for the first time, that I am following a science as it lurches forward from error to discovery and back to error. In my effort to describe some of the early discoveries of plate tectonics, I must also be preserving some of the early misconstructions.

“Inevitably,” Moores agrees. “That is the nature of science, and geology is surely no exception.” His mentor Harry Hess, a combat veteran with the rank of rear admiral in the Naval Reserve, once told him, “Geologists make better intelligence officers than physicists or chemists, because they are used to making decisions on faulty data.”



The data that sketch departed geographies are actually numerous. Where pictures are clearest, the data cross-check with confirming frequency. For example, the ophiolitic narrative will conform with ancient latitudes preserved in the remanent magnetism of rock. The fossil record must not disagree. Where strike-slip faults have sliced a landscape and carried two sides apart, matchups can be traced in time and space. Sedimentary sequences, blue-schist belts, batholithic belts, thrust belts, and mélanges will orchestrally tell what happened. If they are not synchronous, it didn’t happen.

That Asian plate boundary two thousand miles wide untidies the theory of plate tectonics more than any other place in the world with the probable exception of the American West. Moores is among the growing number of geologists who believe that Salt Lake City is on the eastern side of a muddled and dishevelled boundary between the North American and Pacific Plates. Not long ago, when the boundary was utterly different—when an ocean trench off North America was consuming the Farallon Plate—the Rocky Mountains appeared, from Alaska to Mexico. In a major way, they defy explanation. As you look at the world map and see India hitting Asia, with the Himalaya and all the additional deformation to the north to show for it, you might begin to wonder why there is no India against the west coast of the United States. Obviously, the Smartville Block and the other accreted arcs added something to the mountains’ compression, but the impact of those terranes could not have been sufficient to deform a third of a continent. Force from the west evidently made the mountains. But what force? If it was a colliding landmass, where has it gone?

If you run your eye up the coast a couple of thousand miles, you see protruding from North America a body of land at least as conspicuous as India. Staring at the map one day, I ask Moores if he is ready for some academic arm-waving on a windmill scale.

“Shoot,” he says.

“Why isn’t Alaska the missing India of North America?”

“It is.”

“Why didn’t Alaska—not all at once but in parts and in successive collisions—strike North America at the California latitudes and then take off on transform faults and slide north to where it is now?”

“That’s exactly what Alaska has done. When the Brooks Range swung into place, none of the rest of Alaska was there. Below the Brooks Range, all of Alaska consists of exotic terranes. They seem to have come from the Southern Hemisphere, and even from the western Pacific. Where each and every part originated we have no idea, but a lot of it collided down here in California and then went north on transform faults. Sonomia, Smartville, and so forth are probably fragments of terranes that in large part broke away and went north.”

From radiometric dating, paleomagnetism, matching fossils, and connectable orogenies, George Gehrels, of the University of Arizona, and Jason Saleeby, of the California Institute of Technology, have proposed that the Alexander Terrane of southeastern Alaska, which includes Juneau and Sitka, drifted ten thousand miles from eastern Australia to Peru and then north to its present position. Vancouver Island seems to have followed; its paleomagnetism indicates that it came from the latitude of Bolivia and arrived in the Eocene.

Such travels seem modest in comparison with a vision that Moores has of the world half a billion years earlier. In 1991, he published a paper claiming that Antarctica and western North America were once conjunct. This was during the existence of Protopangaea. Tectonicists have for some time agreed that something must have rifted away from western North America in latest Precambrian time—that the craton cracked and separated, much as the Nubian-Arabian Craton is rifting now and making the Red Sea. In proposing Antarctica as the other side of the rift, Moores traces Precambrian lithologies of eastern Canada down through Alabama, Texas, and Arizona into Queen Maud Land, East Antarctica. Ian Dalziel, of the University of Texas, who had made a field trip with Moores to Antarctica in 1989, took Moores’ proposal and extended its Precambrian juxtapositions, reconstructing the whole of Protopangaea. According to Dalziel and Moores, if you had journeyed due north from Morocco you would have crossed western Africa and gone into Venezuela and through Brazil and Chile to West Virginia and on through Arizona into Antarctica, beyond which lay Australia. When they published their conclusions, *Time*, *Science News*, the New York *Times*, the Los Angeles *Times*, the San Francisco *Chronicle*, the Washington *Post*, and countless other publications adorned the story with maps beside which the cartographic efforts of the fifteenth century seem to be precision documents.

Running a finger down through Mexico and into Guatemala almost to Honduras, Moores says that an east-west fault zone there is laced with ophiolitic rock and seems to have been the southern extreme of Paleozoic North America. After Protopangaea dispersed, what lay beyond Guatemala was open ocean. When Pangaea later coalesced, north and south touched there.

One of the places where the breaking up of Pangaea may have begun, in the Mesozoic, was not far away. If you reassemble the Triassic terranes around the Atlantic, the dikes radiate from a point in the Bahamas—suggesting that a hot spot that was centered there broke open a large part of Pangaea. As the supercontinent rifted, a large oceanic gap reopened between North and South America—in effect, a western extension of Tethys. It contained no Antilles, Lesser or Greater—none of the present island arcs or subduction zones of the Caribbean. It was blue, abyssal ocean. Its bottom was ocean crust-and-mantle—the ophiolitic sequence. Evidently, the Caribbean Plate, bringing arc sequences with it, came drifting in from far to the west to take up the position it holds today. It appears to have collided with the Bahama Platform, and perhaps with the shelf of North America, in latest Cretaceous time. Ocean crust chipped off its edges as it fitted into place. All around the basin, island arcs came up above sea level, and fragments of ocean crust came up with them, as the ophiolites of northern Venezuela, of Cuba, of Hispaniola, of western Puerto Rico. The island of Margarita, near the Venezuelan coast, appears to be one large ophiolite. Off the Cayman Trench, in mid-Caribbean, the ocean crust is thicker than ocean crust commonly is. Thick basalts seem to have poured out over the original ophiolitic sequence in some sort of mid-plate volcanic event. "The only other place we know about where that sort of thing occurred in that time is out in the western Pacific, in the Nauru Basin," Moores continues. "Some people have suggested that these two things may be related. If you do a reconstruction of the East Pacific Rise and the plates in the Pacific, you can bring the Caribbean back into contact with the Nauru Basin in early Cretaceous time." If that is where the Caribbean Plate came from, the distance that it travelled eastward is eight thousand miles.

The gap between the Americas was subsequently filled in two stages. Not long after the arrival of the Caribbean Plate, Honduras and Nicaragua drifted in from who knows where. Ultimately, Panama came in from the Pacific, about seven million years ago. The collision calls to mind a cork going into a bottle, but was not so neat a fit. Panama was a part of an island arc, and the ophiolite that preceded it runs from Costa Rica to the Colombian Cordillera Occidental and on down to the Gulf of Guayaquil, indicating that the Choco Terrane, as the arc is called, was nearly a thousand miles long.

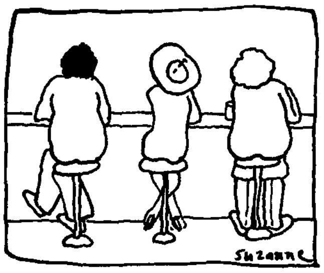
In Colombia's Cordillera Central, one range east of the Choco Terrane, are older ophiolites that report like a tree ring the continent's growth in successive laminations. Moores has been in Brazil among Precambrian ophiolites that seem to describe the basement of the continent collecting. In southern Patagonia, he has traced a line of ophiolites, called the Rochas Verdes Complex, from the fiftieth parallel to Tierra del Fuego.

Down the high Andes from Ecuador to fifty degrees south are no known ophiolites. This is a surprising interruption in a story that touches every other plate-boundary mountain range or former-plate-boundary mountain range in the world. After being tucked into the tectonics all the way from Alaska to Ecuador, ophiolites disappear. The gap in which they are missing is equal to the distance from the equator to Seattle. In ophiolite tectonics, perhaps the largest question at present is: What has happened in the central Andes?

In his office in Davis, with the Americas spread out on paper before him, Moores greets the question laconically. He says, "It makes you wonder."

I remark, "It's the one place on the western margin of the Americas where you don't find ophiolites providing some sort of story about exotic terranes—about the Smartville Block joining California, about Caribbean crust coming several thousand miles to its present position. Your intuition must be telling you something."

Moores says, "There are two possibilities: one, it is different from everywhere else that we know of; two, the evidence is hidden or is not preserved. My guess—this will make Andean geologists cringe—is that much of the Mesozoic volcanics one sees in the western Andes and the coastal ranges of Chile and Peru represents something that was at one time exotic to South America. My guess is that there's a suture. We just haven't found it. It may well be on the Chilean-Argentine frontier."



"So you're talking about an ophiolite announcing a terrane that came drifting in from wherever to fill the four thousand miles from the equator to fifty south, and you don't even know where the ophiolite is?"

"That's right."

"So you're . . ."

"Doing violence to the geology as it's known."

"The understanding of plate-tectonic history as it appears to be developing for the Pacific margin of the two Americas from Alaska to Tierra del Fuego includes lots of evidence for such terranes attaching themselves all the way, with the single exception of . . ."

"Zero to fifty south."

"And you think that . . ."

"Chile is exotic terrane."

"Chile and western Peru are from somewhere off in the South Pacific?"

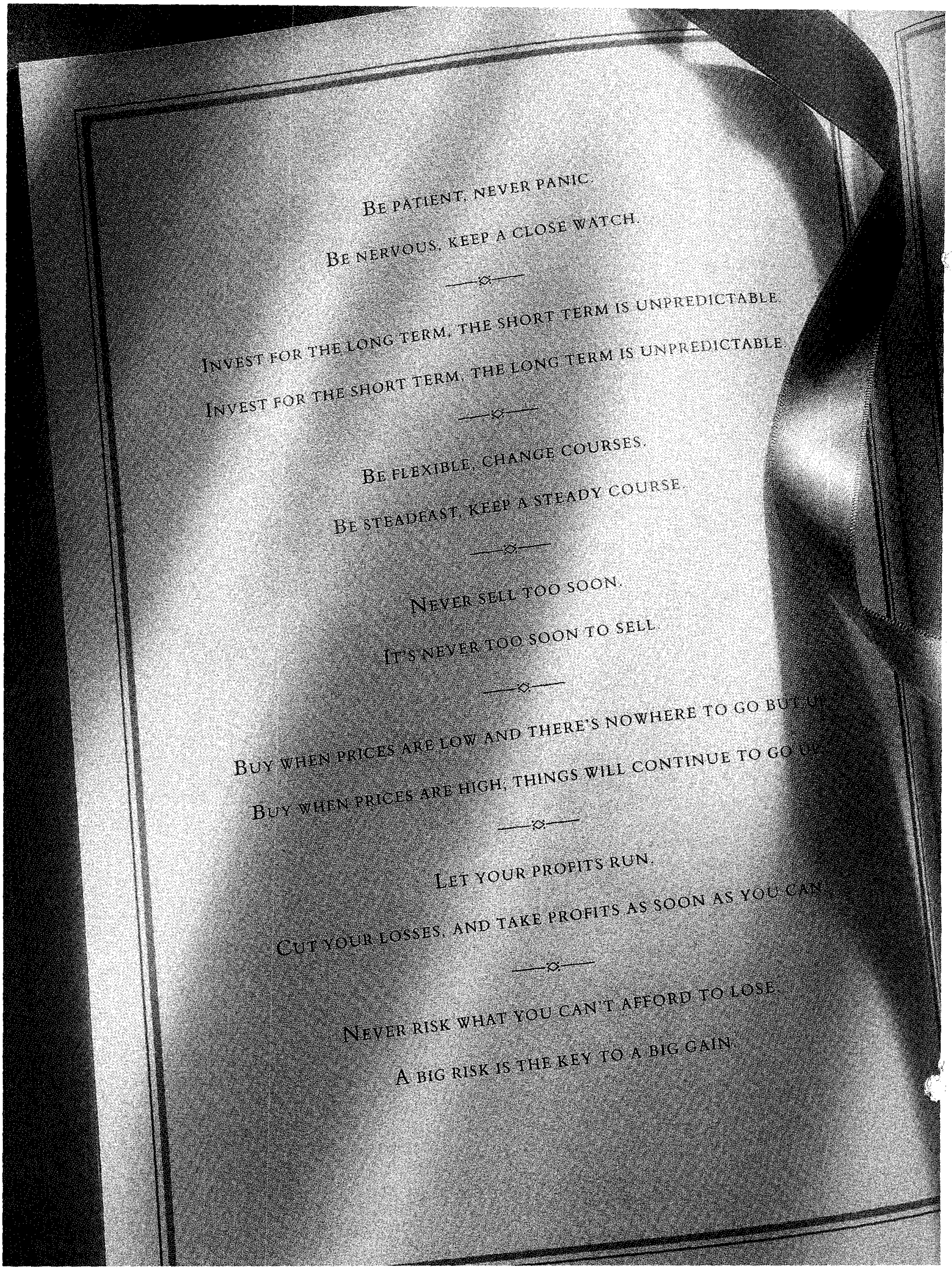
"It's not a credible position to defend. But that's what I think."

"Where are the ophiolites on the east side of the Andes?"

"They haven't been found."

WE go out of Davis one morning past a sign that says "OPEN TRENCH," and head for San Francisco on I-80. The geology along the interstate west-southwest of Davis recapitulates the traverse to the Napa Valley, but in less obvious fashion, for the hills are lower; the delta and the bays are in a structural depression. In the swells of the oak woodland, the bent-upward sediments of the Great Valley are under the straw-brown grass. Where the grass is thin, you can see the bedding. Between Suisun and San Pablo Bays, we cross Carquinez Strait and immediately pass through the soft marine sediments of the largest roadcut on Interstate 80 between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Its vertical dimension is three hundred and six feet, but the sediment is so weakly cemented that the two sides lie open like butterfly wings and are thus immense. After the Farallon Trench quit, these marine deposits settled upon the Franciscan mélange. Throughout the Coast Ranges, the mélange has an icing of sediment, acquired while it was still underwater.

Running through Richmond over landfilled marshes beside San Pablo Bay, we cross the Wildcat Fault and, moments later, the close and parallel Hayward Fault. Off to our left, southeast, runs the long escarpment of the Berkeley Hills. Their steepness breaks at the Hayward Fault, below which is gently sloping ground. The obeliscal Berkeley Campanile, of the University of California, stands like a marker close by the fault, whose itinerary on the campus goes right through Memorial Stadium. The Hayward



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Be nervous, keep a close watch.

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Invest for the short term, the long term is unpredictable.

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Never sell too soon.

It's never too soon to sell.

◆

Buy when prices are low and there's nowhere to go but up.

Buy when prices are high; things will continue to go up.

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Let your profits run.

Cut your losses, and take profits as soon as you can.

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Never risk what you can't afford to lose.

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Fault is like one of the yard lines.

The road veers west, and we are suddenly high above water, on the upper deck of the San Francisco–Oakland Bay Bridge. Left and right of us are fifty miles of safe anchorage, waters that are in places twelve miles across. It strains credulity that in two centuries of nautical exploration this most prodigious harbor in North America did not reveal itself to a single ship. So far as is known, no ship passed through the Golden Gate until 1775—a modern date, even in California time.

As a geologic feature, the bay is the youngest thing in sight—younger than the rivers that feed it. During the glacial pulses of the Pleistocene, when so much water rested on the continents as ice, sea level was lower than it is now by a couple of hundred feet, and shorelines worldwide were far outboard of present beaches. Past New York City, the Hudson River kept on going nearly a hundred miles east before it reached the shore of the Atlantic. Similarly, the Sacramento–San Joaquin went out through the Golden Gate and forty or fifty miles west before it emptied into the sea. When the ice melted, the sea came up, and drowned innumerable river valleys—drowned the Susquehanna and made the Chesapeake, drowned the Delaware to Trenton, drowned the Hudson to Albany, drowned the Sacramento–San Joaquin from the Golden Gate through the Coast Ranges and into the Great Central Valley, filling the Bay Area's bays.

If Alcatraz, Angel Island, Yerba Buena, and so forth were elsewhere in the Coast Ranges, they would be the summits of mountains, and not islands in a bay. Something has depressed the bay region, incidentally allowing the rivers to get out of the Great Valley. In breadth and depth, the depression is unlike any other among the mountains of the California coast. Asked to explain, Moores can only speculate. Possibly the depression is just a system of erosional valleys, at the business end of the state's great watershed. Maybe it's a synclinal fold—a compressional trough, made as a side effect of San Andreas motion. Maybe it's a huge pull-apart basin. Maybe it's all three. Of his guesses, he likes best the pull-apart basin.

"What's under the bay?"

"Volcanics, conglomerates, glaucophane schist, sandstone, serpentine, chert—Franciscan. This is the place it was named for, and this is the tectonic product. The Franciscan is under the city of San Francisco and is the basement of the bay. Franciscan rocks in the Bay Area are from more parts of the subduction complex than you are likely to find in such concentration anywhere else on the coast."

The bridge arrives at Yerba Buena Island, and a tunnel runs through it: through sandstone of the Franciscan, outcropping above the entrance and derived from some continent somewhere, perhaps from our own—indurated American sediment that slid down the slope to the trench and there became incorporated into the Franciscan. In the light again and on the western span of the bridge, the run is short to the white city.

Not just any city is the topic of a serious tourist guidebook called "A Streetcar to Subduction," a copy of which Moores and I have with us. Written by the geomorphologist Clyde Wahrhaftig, of Berkeley, it is a shining little book of geological field trips on public transportation.

Not just any city can claim to have formed in a trench where the slab of a great ocean dived toward the center of the earth, where large pieces of varicolored country came together, and where competent rock was crushed to scaly clay. After the churning stopped and the whole mixture was lifted into the weather, the more solid chunks very soon stood high and the softer stuff washed down. In Ina Coolbrith Park, we climb to the top of Russian Hill. Lining the path are large sharp pieces of red Franciscan chert, but Russian Hill is sandstone and the chert is decorative. It has come in trucks. Moores trains his binoculars on Alcatraz. He has read the geology of Alcatraz. He says it is a sequence of quartzofeldspathic sandstone and shale. In the compote of the Franciscan, Alcatraz is lying on its side. From Russian Hill he can see that—in the bedding planes. The rock of Alcatraz is continental in origin. There is no telling what

THE PATERNAL SIDE

1840: bespectacled,
balding, hands quivering from too much coffee
as you sell peppermints in Larvik, Norway,
to Kirsten, the grammar-school girl on her way

to the wharf with her grandfather's lunch
of kippers and goat's milk. You keep shop,
mildly educated, mind shadowed
by your God

and the thick black
hymnals on Sunday and the too little sugar
in your mother-in-law's apple pastry after
roasted snow goose and bitter ale. Your name

is Tomas, Edvard, Karl, and Henry. You want
to travel to America and have a little more
land to raise your apprehensions, some new water,
diseases, smells to record

in your leaden book lying open
like the breast of a grave in snow,
a deep rectangle of relief before spring
in the short days of imperially taxed

whale oil and tooth decay. You want to come
to Iowa to open a little grocery,
to be someone with a little power over destiny
and cheese as the sun illuminates

the lumber wagons, the stone crosses, the immaculate cash drawer.

—Rustin Larson

• •

continent, or when it escaped. The hill we stand on is also quartzofeldspathic sandstone and is believed to be of the same provenance as Alcatraz. Behind us is the summit of Nob Hill. Russian Hill and Nob Hill are actually the mammary climax of the same small mountain. Some tectonicists look upon this sandstone as being so discretely integral that it deserves nomenclatural distinction. They see it as a picocontinent that drifted into the Franciscan. In their terminology, Nob Hill is part and parcel of the Alcatraz Terrane.

Because the mélange contains rocks from all over the Farallon rim, it lends itself to reclassification by those who prefer to describe it not as a tectonic unit but as a boneyard of exotica. To them the Bay Area is not so much the type locality of the Franciscan as a tessellation of six miniterranes. Over the water past Alcatraz we see Angel Island and the southern tip of the Tiburon Peninsula, which, with scattered bits along the Hayward Fault in Richmond, Berkeley, and Oakland, have been called the Yolla Bolly Terrane. The Marin Headlands Terrane includes not only southern Marin County but much of the city of San Francisco. There is a San Bruno Mountain Terrane, a Permanente Terrane, and, where doubt retains a foothold, an Unnamed Terrane.

We cross the Golden Gate, take the first exit, and curl downhill in overshadowing roadcuts of radiolarian chert. Radiolaria are creatures that live near the tops of warm oceans and look like microscopic sea urchins. After they die, their external skeletons go to the bottom to be radiolarian ooze, which lithifies as a very hard, very beautiful rock—a wine-red cryptocrystalline quartz of arrowhead quality. In fifty per cent of the world ocean, radiolarian chert lies like an enamel on the ophiolitic sequence. Where the sequence goes, so goes the chert.

Where you find chert from the open ocean, if you keep going downsection, basalt will soon follow, Moores remarks. Walking downsection, he finds the contact of red upon black. He says that the basalt was a seamount, one of the countless submarine volcanoes that ride the ocean floor.

In the early nineteen-thirties, the north pier of the Golden Gate Bridge was sunk two hundred feet through the red chert and into the basalt below it. At the north pier, the competence of the rock was never a problem. Support

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for the south pier, in San Francisco, was a good deal less promising. The south pier had to stand, in water, on sinuous, slippery serpentine, the state rock. Also under the ocean, two miles away, was the San Andreas Fault. The serpentine was thought to be potentially unstable, so it was hollowed out, like a rotten molar. The hollow was a little more than an acre, and ten stories deep. It was to be filled with concrete to anchor the bridge. While it still lay open and dry, within coffering walls thirty feet thick, the structural geologist Andrew Lawson, of Berkeley, was lowered in a bucket to inspect the surface of the bedrock. With his pure-white hair, his large frame, his tetragrammatonic mustache, Lawson personified Higher Authority. The stability of the serpentine had been called into question and made a public issue not only by a mining engineer but by the world-renowned structural geologist Bailey Willis, of Stanford, who predicted disaster. Lawson regarded Willis's assessment as "pure buncomb." Getting out of his bucket a hundred and seven feet below the strait, Lawson found that "the rock of the entire area is compact, strong serpentine remarkably free from seams of any kind." He wrote in his report, "When struck with a hammer, it rings like steel."

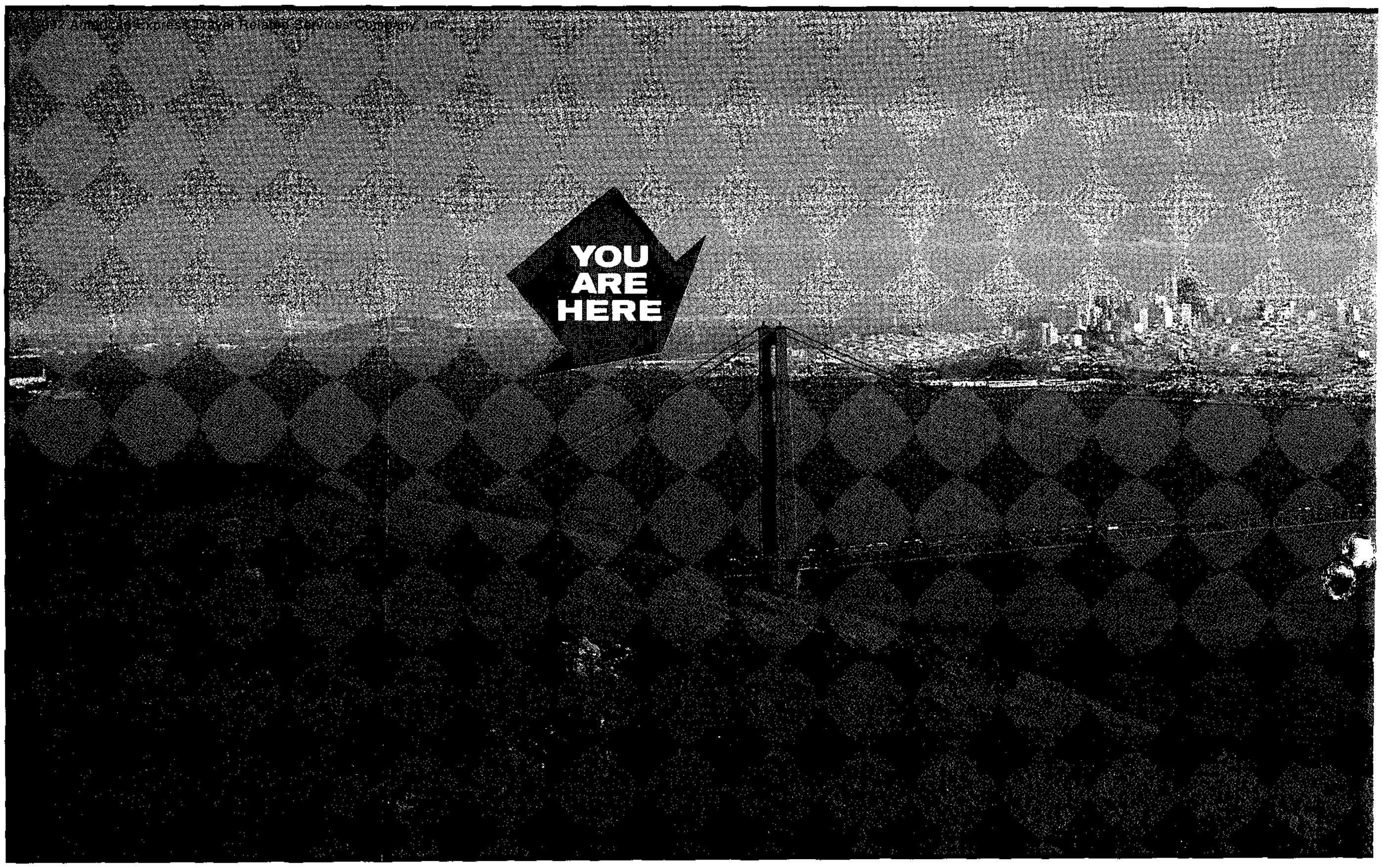
About the proximity of the great fault Lawson had realistically observed (during the design phase) that an earthquake strong enough to knock down the bridge would also raze the city. He went on to say, "Though it faces possible destruction, San Francisco does not stop growing and that growth necessarily involves the erection of large and expensive structures."

In June, 1935, when the south tower stood nearly complete—seven hundred and forty-seven feet high, with no cables attached—it began to sway in a middle-energy earthquake. A construction worker named Frenchy Gales continues the story:

> It was so limber the tower swayed sixteen feet each way. . . . There were twelve or thirteen guys on top, with no way to get down. The elevator wouldn't run. The whole thing would sway toward the ocean, guys would say, "Here we go!" Then it would sway back, toward the Bay. Guys were laying on the deck, throwing up and everything. I figured if we go in, the iron would hit the water.

The iron did not hit the water. Charles Ellis, the chief designer, had likened his developing bridge to a hammock strung between redwoods. Addressing the National Academy of Sciences in 1929, he said, "If I knew that there was to be an earthquake in San Francisco and . . . this bridge were built at that time, I would hie me to the center of it, and while watching the sun sink into China across the Pacific I would feel content with the thought that in case of an earthquake I had chosen the safest spot in which to be."

Moores and I recross the bridge. South of the south pier, we go down a steep trail to the Pacific beach that comes up from Point Lobos. There are serpentine outcrops above the beach—large blocky hunks in the scaly Franciscan matrix. The closer we come to the pier of the bridge the more serpentine we see. "It could be part of the basement of the Marin Headlands Terrane," Moores says. "The seamount, with this serpentine as a basement, is a really far-travelled piece. It's old and equatorial. It began life way out in the central ocean. What a pile of hash-mash to put a bridge on!" The serpentine is massive, soft and soapy, threaded



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with asbestos, and below the great bridge it stands up in cliffs. In high positions are concrete gun emplacements built for five-inch pillar-mounted rifles, for six-inch disappearing rifles. There are nudes on the beach. Other men on the beach are sitting upright in little pillboxes that shelter them from the wind. The traffic on the bridge hammers the expansion joints and sounds like the firing of distant guns.

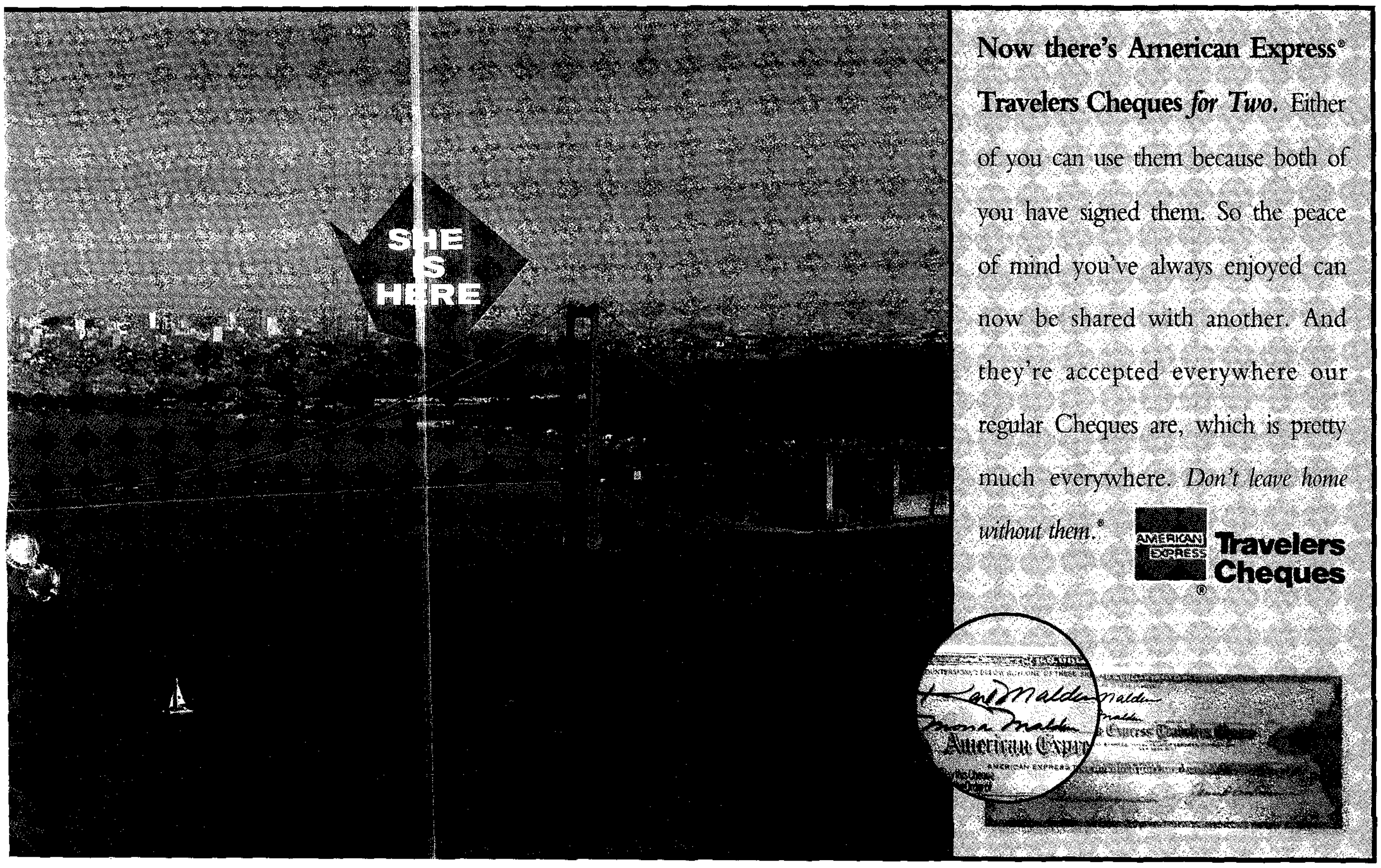
In section more than a mile wide, the serpentine traverses San Francisco from the Golden Gate Bridge to the old naval shipyard on the bay. It underlies all or parts of the Presidio, the University of San Francisco, the Civic Center, Mission Dolores, Haight-Ashbury, Pacific Heights, Hayes Valley, Bayshore. Potrero Hill is serpentine. On Candlestick Hill, near the naval shipyard, we find pillow lavas and red chert. Climbing Billy Goat Hill, above Thirtieth and Castro, we see more pillows under more red chert. Behind a grammar school in Visitacion Valley, at the south end of the city, we scramble up a dark hill of gabbro. Around a pond in McLaren Park, nearby, are diabase boulders.

Chert, pillow lavas, diabase, gabbro, serpentine—item for item, the city seems to be in part composed of the ophiolitic sequence. But here in the Franciscan it is not a sequence. "These rocks are not necessarily from one ophiolite," Moores comments. "They are probably from all over the globe—bits of ocean crust, of varying age and provenance, collected in the mélange."

It was Andrew Lawson who, in 1895, named the rocks Franciscan. He assumed that they were a conventional formation with traceable stratigraphy—with an eroded structure that could nonetheless be deciphered and spatially reconstructed. One might as well empty a cement mixer and try to number the pebbles in the order in which they entered the machine.

There are hillsides in downtown San Francisco that are too steep for cars, cable cars, or human locomotion short of rope-and-piton climbing. If you look at a street map, you will see a hiatus in Green Street near the Embarcadero. A few feet west of Sansome, Green ends at the edge of a vacant lot. No one can build there, because the vacant lot is vertical, a cliff of solid rock. "Grungy-looking sandstone," Moores remarks, glancing upward. "Can't see any bedding. It's marine sandstone that went into the trench." Houses line the top of the cliff. An apartment building with cantilevered balconies seems to hang over the edge. Somewhere up there, Green Street continues west.

Filbert Street, a couple of blocks away, is similarly interrupted. The escarpment is a little less sheer. A roadway is out of the question, but the street turns into a staircase. Houses are on both sides of the steps, some of them dating from the mid-nineteenth century. A few are hutlike, with stovepipe chimneys and sagging windows. It is reported that in April, 1906, when the temblor destroyed the municipal water system and the helpless city was being razed by fire, these houses were saved by sheets, blankets, tablecloths, and bedspreads soaking wet with wine. The pale painters and coughing poets who once lived here are gone now, replaced by readers of *Barron's Weekly*. Their cliff dwellings are charming past the threshold of envy,



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vho sometimes see the world a bit differently.

and they look ten miles over water.

We climb three hundred and eighty-seven risers, not to mention intercalated terraces and ramps. We are climbing, actually, Telegraph Hill. Moores refers to it as "a single large thick turbidite bed." In the rock behind the stairway, marine sandstones are interbedded with shales. The sands and muds probably derived from North America but slid out far enough to get into the trench.

At the summit of the hill is Coit Tower, and we go on up that as well—for a dollar, in an elevator. Coit Tower is two hundred and ten feet tall, and its observation terrace is five hundred feet above the sea. The view incorporates the city, the bays, the shoreline suburbs. We look down upon absurdly straight thoroughfares roller-coasting the precipitous hills. Moores says, "The hills have risen rapidly and have therefore eroded steeply. They're still rising rapidly. San Francisco streets were drawn on paper, without regard to geology or topography. There is one reaction. You laugh."

Skyscrapers ascend the apron of Nob Hill. South, from the tower, the view passes over them as if they were stalagmites. The eye is stopped by the San Bruno Mountain ridgeline, altitude thirteen hundred feet, fencing off the peninsular city. San Bruno Mountain, like Telegraph and Nob and Russian Hills, is a large loose piece of marine sandstone within the Franciscan mélange. In the opposite direction, the view crosses the Golden Gate, passes over the Marin Headlands, and is again stopped, this time by Mt. Tamalpais, another block of float sandstone, twice as high as the San Bruno ridge. Francis Drake, the English pirate, two years shy of being knighted by the queen, spent the winter of 1579 camped beside a Pacific beach close to the base of Mt. Tamalpais. Neither he nor anyone in his crew went up the mountain to look around, to discover the three hundred and fifty square miles of protected water close to their encampment. The probable explanation is fog: the cold and almost quotidian sea fog that will overlap the coastal land when the air of California is otherwise cloudless; the fog that fosters the growth and survival of redwoods; the fog that conceals the Golden Gate Bridge and brings out the sounds of tubas.

In the summer and fall of 1769, sixty-four Spanish soldiers walked north

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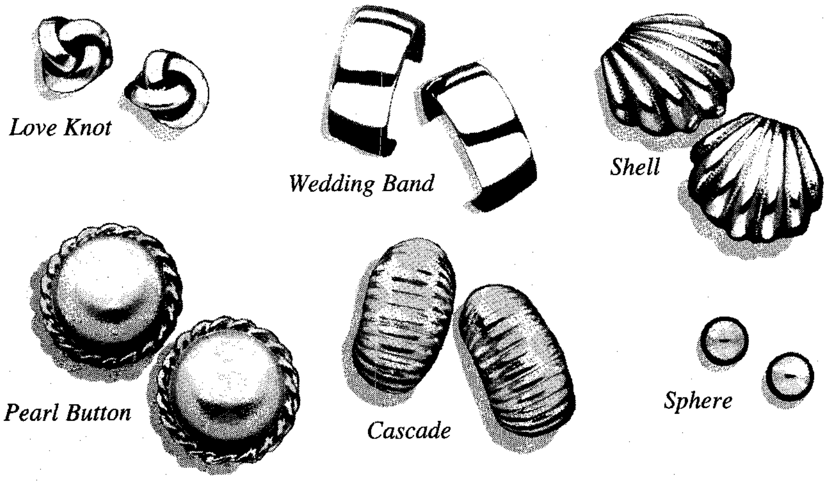

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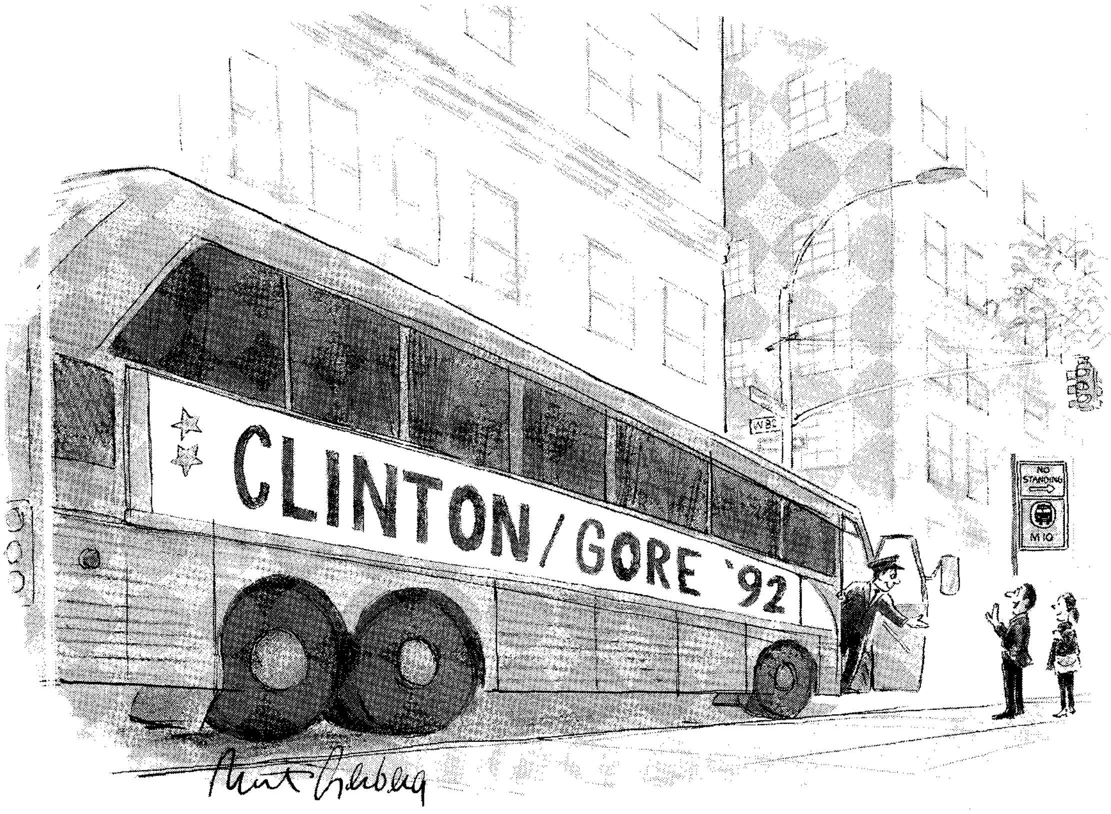
four hundred miles from San Diego in search of Monterey Bay. Having no more to go on than a navigator's description a hundred and sixty-six years old, they failed to recognize Monterey Bay; and they kept on walking, another hundred miles, until they came up against a large coastal mountain. On a clear day, they climbed it. They were fourteen miles from the Golden Gate, but they could not see water there. All they could see was the ocean to their left and, ahead of them, an endless reach of mountains. Forty miles up the coast they could see Point Reyes. Several soldiers were sent ahead to blaze a trail to Point Reyes and prove that it was not Monterey. Their exact route is not clear. It is more than probable that they went far enough to be stopped by the deathly currents of a narrow strait set against unfriendly cliffs, and that—from one of the numerous hills—they became the first Europeans to look upon San Francisco Bay. Soldiers back at the main encampment, nearly starving, climbed San Bruno Mountain hunting deer, and saw the bay.



"Thanks so much for stopping, but we're just waiting for the M10."

We, on the tower, have the city of San Francisco spread around us, whereas the soldiers, from similar positions, looked out upon a confused topography of deep swales, creased gullies, and high dunce-cap hills. The hills were all but treeless. They were matted with bush monkeyflowers, woolly painted cups, coffeeberries, Christmasberries, bush lupine, and poison oak. In the swales and gullies were wax myrtle, arroyo willows, coast live oaks, creek dogwood. Large parts of the future city were covered with marching dunes, restrained by dune tansy, coyote shrubs, and sand grass. The scouts probably shrugged. In any case, their mission had failed.

Seven years after the discovery of the bay, thirty-three families with the intent of settling beside it trekked eight hundred miles north from the part of Mexico that now is Arizona. Their leader, Juan Bautista de Anza, went ahead of them and examined the terrain. On top of the serpentine cliffs quite close to what is now the southern approach of the Golden Gate Bridge, he erected a cross. This was to be the site of the citadel (*presidio*). He erected another cross a few miles away, beside a small lake. This was to be the site of the mission. When the settlers arrived, they pitched their tents by the lake. Their seventh day of residence was the Fourth of July, 1776.

SAN FRANCISCO is on the North American side of the San Andreas Fault, barely. The fault comes in from the ocean at Mussel Rock and goes straight down the San Francisco Peninsula, southeast. It runs close beside Skyline Boulevard above South San Francisco, San Bruno, Millbrae, Burlingame. The "skyline" is one of several Coast Range ridges that are separated from others by the depression of the bay. Five miles south of the city proper, Moores and I left Skyline Boulevard one December day and climbed through a subdivision to an elevation that was close to a thousand feet. We walked a hundred yards or so to a lookoff above a finger lake. It was three miles long and a tenth as wide, very straight, trending north forty degrees west. It lay in what resembled a small rift valley. Called San Andreas Lake, it lay in the trace of the fault. Here, actually, was where the fault was given its name—by Andrew Lawson, in 1895, who thought he was describing a local feature when in fact it extended more than seven hundred miles. Rock of the fault zone, frequently mashed, erodes easily, and the erosion leaves a groove in the terrain. The groove ran on as far as we could see, and included a second and much longer lake, called Crystal Springs Reservoir. Both lakes were man-made—a term, in this milieu, that women might be pleased to accept. In California, the San Andreas Fault is used as a place to store drinking water. In ditches and pipes the water travels a hundred and fifty miles from Hetch Hetchy Reservoir, in the Sierra Nevada, which lies in a valley adjacent to and equal to Yosemite. In 1913, environmentalists led by John Muir lost America's first great conservation battle when the valley of the Hetch Hetchy was dammed. Above San Andreas Lake, we could see over a flanking ridge and down through a deep pool of sky to San Francisco

International Airport, at the edge of the bay. One after another—up through the pool slowly—747s were rising.

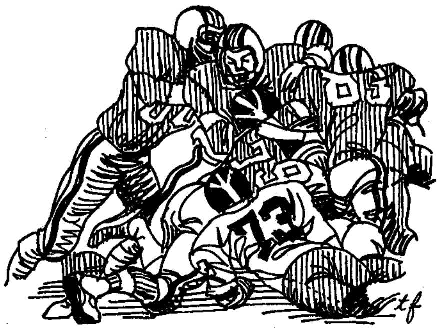
The San Andreas and Crystal Springs reservoirs were built before the turn of the century. On April 18, 1906, when the fault-zone surface in northern California was ruptured for nearly three hundred miles, the parallel sides of the reservoirs slid in different directions. The motion here was eight feet. The Pacific side moved north. The rupture went straight up both lakes, but the dams did not break. Nor have they since. They held in March, 1957, when a 5.5 temblor epicentered near Mussel Rock tore open a smaller reservoir. And they held in the Loma Prieta earthquake, of October, 1989.

"There's a seismic gap in here that did not get filled by that last event," Moores remarked. He meant that in 1989 in this stretch of the San Andreas Fault—well north of the epicenter—the two sides did not move.

The idea of the seismic gap first occurred to the seismologist Akitsune Imamura, in Tokyo, more or less at the time of the great San Francisco earthquake of April, 1906. As he studied Japanese earthquake records, which went back hundreds of years, Imamura arranged them graphically in zones of time and place. Where he found quiescent stretches—unfilled areas of his charts—he could see that they had been temporary, as pressure built to fill them. He could see that Tokyo—for what was then the time being—was in a large quiescent zone. In 1912, he began warning the public that the Tokyo gap was soon to be filled. He said that its size suggested to him a severe shock. Essentially, no one was interested. Imamura repeated his warnings for eleven years. The response remained as empty as the gap. In 1923, a hundred and forty thousand people died as Imamura's gap, in a couple of minutes, closed.

In 1906, when fewer than a million people lived near San Francisco Bay, an estimated three thousand died as a result of the earthquake. The population now exceeds six million, and the much publicized fact that the region is traceried with active faults—that the San Andreas system is not just one trace but a whole family of faults in a stepped and splintering band a great many miles wide—has done nothing to discourage the expanding populace from creating new urban shorelines and new urban skylines and so crowding the faults themselves that the faults' characteristic landforms are obscured beneath tens of thousands of buildings and homes. In addition to troughs and sag ponds, the motion of transform faults produces scarps, scarplets, saddles, notches, kerncols, kernbuts, and squeeze-up blocks. Streambeds are offset. Alluvium is ponded. Undrained depressions form, and parallel ridges and shutter ridges. Springs appear, and oases. Scarce has the geology made these features afresh when earthmovers move in to move them out, preparing the ground for structures even less permanent. One has to travel to remoter parts of the San Andreas Fault to see its full range of geomorphic features. In San Mateo County, the first county south of the city, nearly all such features have been obscured or destroyed by housing since 1945. Greater San Francisco, the most beautiful urban landscape in the United States, just will not be inconvenienced by a system of sibling faults. Less than a year after the major earthquake of 1989, a modest (fourteen-hundred-square-foot) two-bedroom house in the Marina, the most devastated residential district in San Francisco, could be had for five hundred and sixteen thousand dollars, a fall of barely ten per cent from pre-earthquake prices.

Visiting California after the 1906 earthquake, Harry Fielding Reid, of Johns Hopkins University, conceived the theory of elastic rebound, which is also known as the Reid mechanism. It describes the mechanics of fault motion. It preceded by sixty years the larger story of where such motions can lead. In a couple of hundred miles of the San Andreas fault trace, nature's hints to Harry Reid were not faint. He saw offset crop rows, tree lines, and fences. He found tunnels, highways, and bridges misaligned. Reid decided that elastic strain must have accumulated for years in the rock below until a moment came when the strain surpassed the strength of the rock, causing an abrupt slip, which released the stored energy.



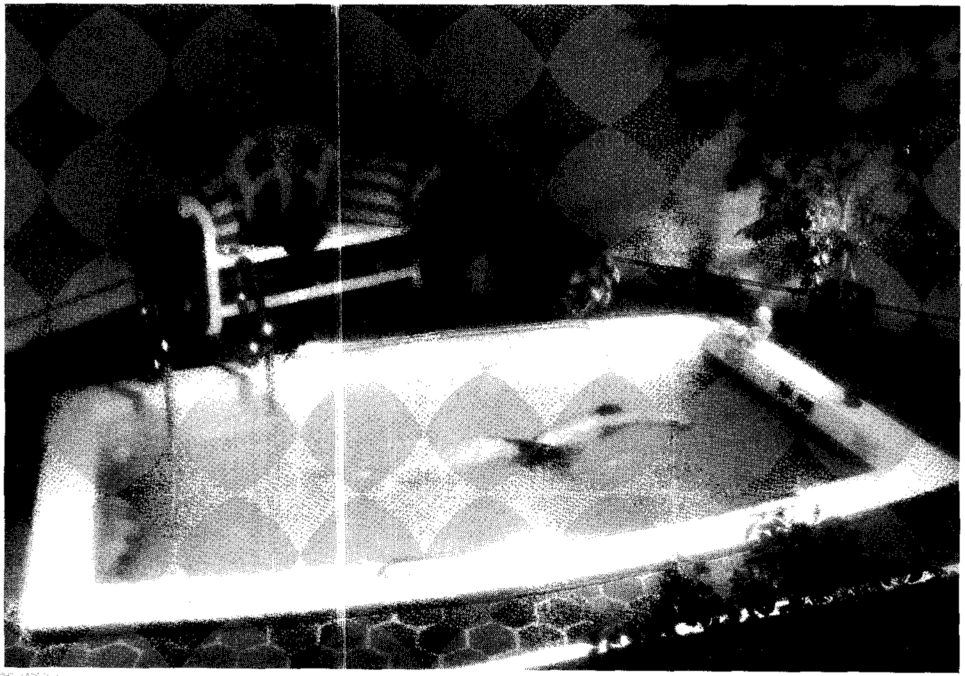
Because the slip followed the direction—the strike—of the rupture, the San Andreas was a strike-slip fault. It was also known as a wrench fault. Not until the discovery of plate tectonics would it also be called a transform fault. The magnitude of the slip—the jump—diminishes with distance from the epicenter. In Marin County in 1906, a dirt road was severed where it crossed the Olema Valley at the head of Tomales Bay. It sprang apart twenty feet. That, or something near it, was the earthquake's maximum jump. The epicenter was underwater, not far away. The shaking lasted a full minute in 1906—four times as long as the shaking in the event of October, 1989, which released about one thirty-fifth as much energy.

Tomales Bay, long and narrow, resembles San Andreas Lake, and is also in a trough directly on the fault. Standing on its shore, you are impressed not only by its fjordlike dimensions but even more by the complete dissimilarity of the two sides. A tan cotton sock on one foot and a green wool sock on the other could not represent a greater mismatch. On the east side of Tomales Bay are bald unpopulated hills, straw brown in most seasons, and a scatter of lone oaks. Over the west shore of the bay—above the small riparian towns—is a dark-green vegetated ridge, a comparative jungle, which expresses the geology beneath it. The rock of the east shore is Franciscan mélange, and presents at its surface a typical Coast Range demeanor. The west side is, for the most part, granite. In age, the two formations are millions of years apart, but, more to the point, they are different in provenance as well. The granite on the west side of Tomales Bay, like the granite under the sea off Mussel Rock, broke away from the southern Sierra Nevada and has travelled north along the fault at least three hundred miles, an earthquake at a time.

Similar offsets line the great fault. A Cretaceous quartz monzonite on the east side of the fault in San Bernardino County mirrors a Cretaceous quartz monzonite on the west side of the fault near San Luis Obispo. An Eocene sandstone on the east side of the fault near San Luis Obispo appears to be the same as an Eocene sandstone on the west side of the fault in the Santa Cruz Mountains. The volcanics of Pinnacles National Monument, on the west side of the fault at the latitude of Monterey, evidently broke away from a basalt flow that remains on the North American side of the fault some two hundred and fifty miles south. (Wedged into a tight canyon at Pinnacles with his entire family one day, Moores found himself intoning, "Fault, don't move now.") A Cretaceous gabbro on the east side of the fault in Santa Barbara County closely matches a Cretaceous gabbro on the west side of the fault in Mendocino County, three hundred and sixty miles away. Included in the gabbros in both places are bits of rare purple amygdaloidal andesite. In the nineteen-sixties, as the theory of plate tectonics was emerging and all this motion was beginning to be understood as the steady movement of the Pacific and North American Plates sliding past each other, a foundation hole was dug for a nuclear power plant exactly in the trough of the San Andreas Fault at Bodega Head, fifty miles up the trace from San Francisco. Half the hot fuel rods would have ended up in the Tropics and the other half in Alaska, but environmentalists halted the project. The Salinian terrane, sliding past North America with San Diego aboard—and Big Sur and Salinas and Santa Cruz—will, in time, carry Los Angeles to San Francisco. Meanwhile, a part of northern Salinia is the Point Reyes Peninsula—the granite west of Tomales Bay. Looked at from the air, the Point Reyes Peninsula seems about as disjunct from the rest of California as Saudi Arabia is from Africa, and for the same reason: a boundary of lithospheric plates.

Along the San Andreas Fault, the average annual rate of slip is enough to transport something one nautical mile in sixty thousand years. Locally, the jump in 1906 represented roughly two hundred years. In some parts of the fault system, the motion assumes an almost steady creep, but, over all, most of the slip is staccato in time and occurs in elastic rebounds. The strain is essentially constant as the Pacific Plate tugs northwest. In response, earthquakes occur annually in the tens of thousands, most of them below the threshold of human sensitivity. Where the two sides of the fault are most tightly locked, the strain builds highest before it goes. The event of 1906 was what is now known as a large plate-rupturing earthquake. Vertically, the earth broke all the way down to the lower crust. Laterally, it opened the surface like a zipper—from the epicenter northward, where the fault trace for the most part lies just offshore and parallel to the coast, and southward, throwing up what appeared to be a plowed furrow through the rifted hills of Marin, tearing the seafloor where the fault passes west of the Golden Gate, opening the cliff at Mussel Rock, splitting the San Francisco Peninsula, and stopping near San Juan Bautista, east of Monterey Bay. Only once in the historical record has a jump on the San Andreas exceeded the jump of 1906. In 1857, near Tejon Pass outside Los Angeles, the two sides shifted thirty feet.

Kerry Sieh, a San Andreas specialist at Caltech, has dug trenches in numerous places across the fault zone near Los Angeles in order to examine the evidence in the exposed sediments. He has established that twelve great events



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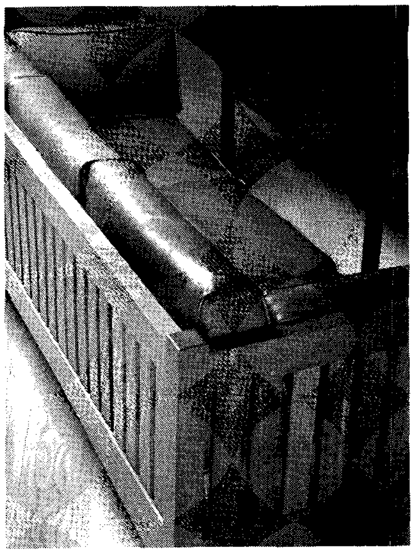

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have occurred on the south-central San Andreas Fault in the past two millennia, with intervals averaging a hundred and forty-five years. The Tejon event of January 9, 1857, is the most recent. One does not have to go to Caltech to add a hundred and forty-five to that.

In 1992, the United States Geological Survey completed a series of studies of the fault segment near San Francisco, and concluded that earthquakes on the order of magnitude of the 1906 event—it has been estimated at 8.3—probably recur every two hundred and fifty years. To the human eye, such a number appears in dim light. In a country where people get up in the dead of night to see what has happened on the Tokyo market, who is worried about two hundred and fifty years? When your complete range of concern begins with *your grandparents and stops with your* grandchildren, one of your safest bets is elastic rebound. In the prodigious roster of earthquakes on the San Andreas Fault, nearly all of them affect no one. The plates drift, the people with them. Fourteen times a year, an earthquake on the order of the 1989 event near Loma Prieta in the Santa Cruz Mountains occurs somewhere in the world. That might seem to thicken the risk. But not much. In California, only seven events have occurred at that *level since 1800. So why not move in,* spread out, build up, lay back, occupy this incomparable terrain?

It is said that if a cow lies down in California a seismologist will know it. In Iceland, which is seismically one of the most active countries in the world, there are fewer than twenty seismographs. In California, there are seven hundred. Among countries of the world, only Japan has more seismographs than California. To track plate motions on both a large and a local scale, geologists also use very-long-baseline interferometry, in which the arrival times of noise from quasars at widely separated stations on earth are used to measure distances (even very long distances) with an error margin of less than a centimetre. (They can measure the actual distance that Africa and South America move apart in one calendar year.) The seismographs, the V.L.B.I.s, and other devices enabled Lynn Sykes and Stuart Nishenko, of Columbia University's Lamont-Doherty Geological Observatory, to predict in 1983 that "the segment of the San Andreas fault from opposite San Jose to San Juan Bautista, which ruptured less than 1.5 m in 1906 and which probably also broke in 1838, is calculated to have a moderate to high probability of an earthquake of magnitude 6 ¾ to 7 ¼ during the next 20 years." In 1989, after that particular stretch of the San Andreas Fault produced a magnitude 7.1 temblor, television interviewers rolled their eyes toward soundproof ceilings when geologists told them that predictions could not be more exact than a time frame of twenty years. This was too much for the anchor flukes, who think in airtime. But a ratio of one moment to twenty years actually represented an amazing juxtaposition of human time and geologic time. To predict a major earthquake within twenty years was like shooting out a candle flame at five thousand yards.

Sykes and Nishenko also noted that the segment of the San Andreas Fault between Tejon Pass and the Salton Sea was another place quite likely to experience a major event. In the lower part of that region, east of Los Angeles and San Diego, there has not been a great earthquake—8.0 and larger—in historic time. A loud announcement that such an event may be forthcoming was made by the Joshua Tree, Landers, *and Big Bear earthquakes of 1992,* which occurred fairly near that part of the San Andreas and effectively increased the stress upon it. The combined power of Landers and Big Bear, which came on the same day, caused oil to flow heavily from mountain seeps a hundred and fifty miles west, further endangering the endangered threespine stickleback (a fish). Astonishingly, the Joshua Tree, Landers, and Big Bear earthquakes—and one that occurred at Cape Mendocino, also in 1992—rank among the nine largest earthquakes that have happened in California in the twentieth century. In fact, six of the nine occurred within thirty-three months—from October, 1989, through June, 1992. With three earlier and lesser earthquakes, Joshua Tree and Landers form a straight line pointing north. They have broken open a new fault. Like a river seeking a straight path, the San Andreas seems to want to shift direction and go north through the Mojave Desert and up the east side of the Sierra Nevada (a probability mentioned in this space by the geologist Kenneth Deffeyes more than a decade ago). The Landers earthquake, as if to emphasize the significance of the new fault vector, reached 7.5 and would have been extremely destructive had it happened in a setting other than a desert. Even before 1992, the accumulated strain on the nearby San Andreas was thought to be enough to open a plate-shattering rupture two hundred miles long. In 1981 the Federal Emergency Management Agency published a warning that a temblor of 8.3 or better was likely to occur on that part of the San Andreas before the end of the century. The agency said that property losses would amount to roughly twenty billion dollars, large numbers of people would be hospitalized, and as many as fourteen thousand would be dead. In 1982, the California Division of Mines and Geology chimed in with a special publication describing the same putative earthquake as "an event expected to take place during the lifetime of many of the current residents of southern California," and going on to say that "two of the three major aqueduct systems which cross the San Andreas fault will be ruptured and supplies will not be restored for a three- to six-month period."

In the same year, the Division of Mines and Geology issued a companion publication called "Earthquake Planning Scenario for a Magnitude 8.3 Earthquake on the San Andreas Fault in the San Francisco Bay Area." The scenario predicted that the Bay Bridge would withstand the shaking. So would the Golden Gate. Of a viaduct running through the Marina the scenario said it would "collapse." Of the Nimitz Freeway in Oakland the scenario said, "The hydraulic fills used to construct miles of freeway along the east shore of the Bay in Alameda County may liquefy during heavy shaking, with long sections becoming totally impassable. . . . The elevated section through downtown Oakland is expected to be extensively damaged." The earthquake of the prediction was thirty-five times as intense as the earthquake that actually came.

By the time of these scenarios, the rock offsets along the San Andreas had been explained, and the role of earthquakes at the plate boundary was under-

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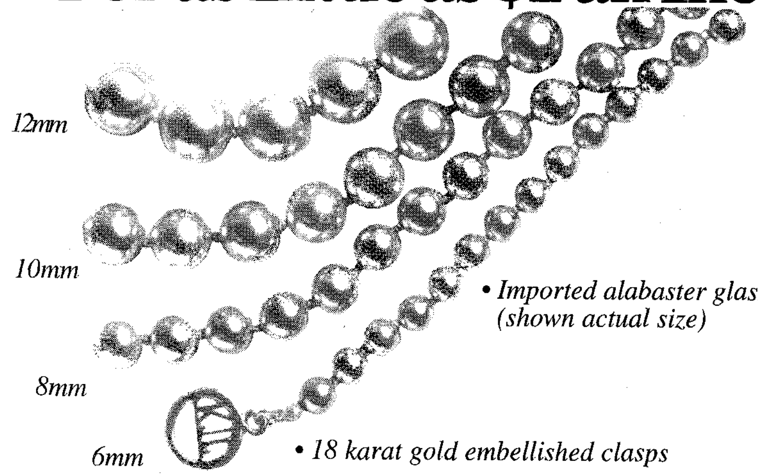

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stood. In 1906, the great earthquake was an unforeseeable Act of God. Now the question was no longer *whether* a great earthquake would happen but *when.* No longer could anyone imagine that when the strain is released it is gone forever. Yet people began referring to a chimeric temblor they called "the big one," as if some disaster of unique magnitude were waiting to happen. California has not assembled on creep. Great earthquakes are all over the geology. A big one will always be in the offing. The big one is plate tectonics.

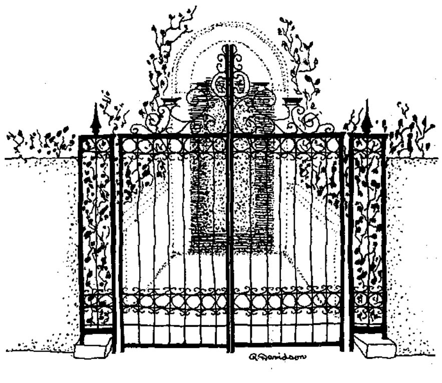
At one time and another, for the most part with Moores, I have travelled the San Andreas Fault from the base of the Transverse Ranges outside Los Angeles to the rocky coast well north of San Francisco. In clear weather, a pilot with no radio and no instrumentation could easily fly those four hundred miles navigating only by the fault. The trace disappears here and again under wooded highlands, yet the San Andreas by and large is not only evident but also something to see—like the beaten track of a great migration, like a fresh scar on a President's belly. In the south, where State Route 14 climbs out of Palmdale on its way to Los Angeles, it cuts across the fault zone through two high roadcuts in which Pliocene sediments look like rolled-up magazines, reporting not one tectonic event but a whole working series of them, exposed at the height of the action. On the geologic time scale, the zone's continual agitation has been frequent enough to be regarded as continuous, but in the here and now of human time the rift extends quietly northward through serene, appealing country: grasses rich in the fault trough, ridges intimate on the two sides—a world of tight corrals and trim post offices in towns that are named for sag ponds.

Farther north, it loses, for a while, its domestic charm. Almost all water disappears in a desert scene that, for California, is unusually placed. The Carrizo Plain, only forty miles into the Coast Ranges from the ocean at Santa Barbara, closely resembles a South Nevada basin. Between the Caliente Range and the Temblor Range, the San Andreas Fault runs up this flat, unvegetated, linear valley in full exposure of its benches and scarps, its elongate grabens and beheaded channels, its desiccated sag ponds and dry deflected streams. From the air, the fault trace is keloid, virtually organic in its insistence and its creep—north forty degrees west. On the ground, standing on desert pavement in a hot dry wind, you are literally entrenched in the plate boundary. You can see nearly four thousand years of motion in the bed of a single intermittent stream. The bouldery brook, bone dry, is fairly straight as it comes down the slopes of the Temblor Range, but the San Andreas has thrown up a shutter ridge—a sort of sliding wall—that blocks its path. The stream turns ninety degrees right and explores the plate boundary for four hundred and fifty feet before it discovers its offset bed, into which it turns west among cobbles and boulders of Salinian granite.

You pass dead soda ponds, other offset streams. The (gravel) road up the valley is for many miles directly on the fault. Now and again, there's a cattle grid, a herd of antelope, a house trailer, a hardscrabble ranch, a fence stuffed with tumbleweed, a pump in the yard. A daisy wheel turns on a tower. Down in the broken porous fault zone there will always be water, even here.

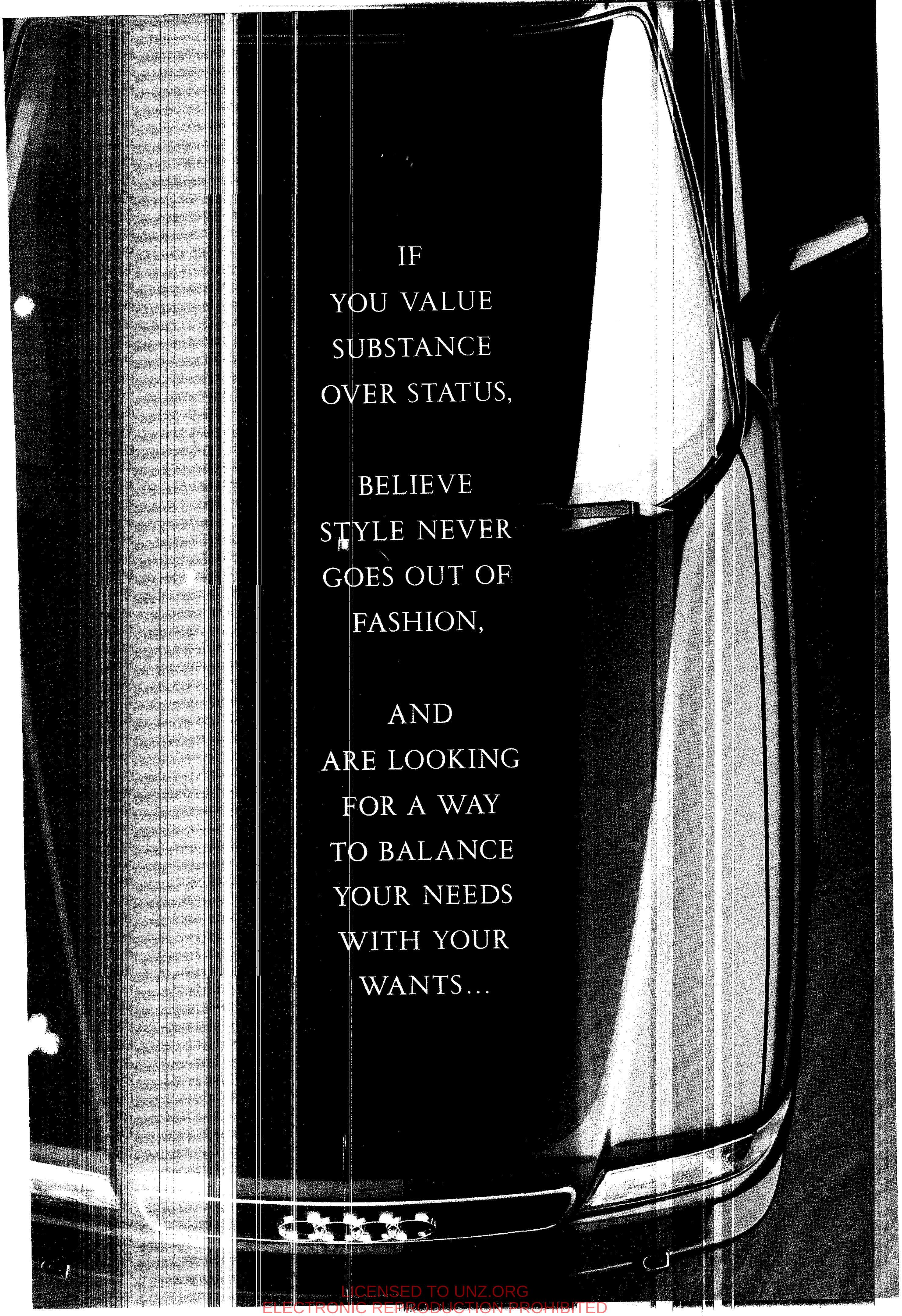
With more miles north come small adobes, far apart, each with a dish antenna. And with more miles a handsome spread, a green fringe, a prospering ranch with a solid house. The fault runs through the solid house. And why should it not? It runs through Greater San Francisco.

Of the two most direct routes from southern to northern California, always choose the San Andreas Fault. If you have adequate time, it beats the hell out of Interstate 5. Nearly always, some sort of road stays right in the fault zone. Like a water-level route through rough country, the fault is a place to find gentle grades and smooth ground. When the fault makes minor turns, they are nothing compared to the bends of a river. With more distance north, the desert plain yields to hay meadows and then to ever lusher country, until vines are standing in the fault-trace grabens and walnuts climb the creaselike hills. Ground squirrels appear, and then ever larger flocks of magpies, and then cottonwoods, and then oaks in thickening numbers, and velure pastures around horses with nothing to do. In age and rock type, the two sides of the fault are as different as two primary colors. Strewn up the west side are long-transport gabbroic hills and deracinated ranges of exotic granite. Just across the trough is Franciscan mélange—stranger, messier, more interesting to Moores.



Near Parkfield, you cross a bridge over the San Andreas where Cholame Creek runs on the fault. The bridge has been skewed—the east end toward Chihuahua, the west end toward Mt. McKinley. Between Cholame and Parkfield, plate-shattering ruptures have occurred six times since 1857, an average of one every twenty-two years, and the probability that another will occur before 2003 has been reckoned at ninety-eight per cent. Thirty-four people live in Parkfield. If the population is ever to increase, seismologists will be the first to know it, for the valley here is wired like nowhere else. Parkfield has attracted earthquake-prediction experts because the brief interval time on this segment of the fault suggests that if they monitor this place they may learn something before they die. Also, the Parkfield segment has—in Moores' words—"relatively simple fault geometry." And the last three earthquakes have had a common epicenter and have been of equal magnitude.

An average of one plate-shattering earthquake every twenty-two years works out to forty-five thousand per million years. The last big Parkfield event was in 1966. It broke the surface for eighteen miles. Words on the town's water tower say "Parkfield, Earthquake Capital of the World, Be Here When It Happens." The actual year doesn't matter much. The instrumentation of Parkfield assumes that a shock is imminent. Its purpose is not to confirm the calculated averages but to develop a technology of sensing—within months, days, hours, or minutes—when a shock is coming. Even a minute's warning, or five minutes', or an hour's, let alone a day's, could (in highly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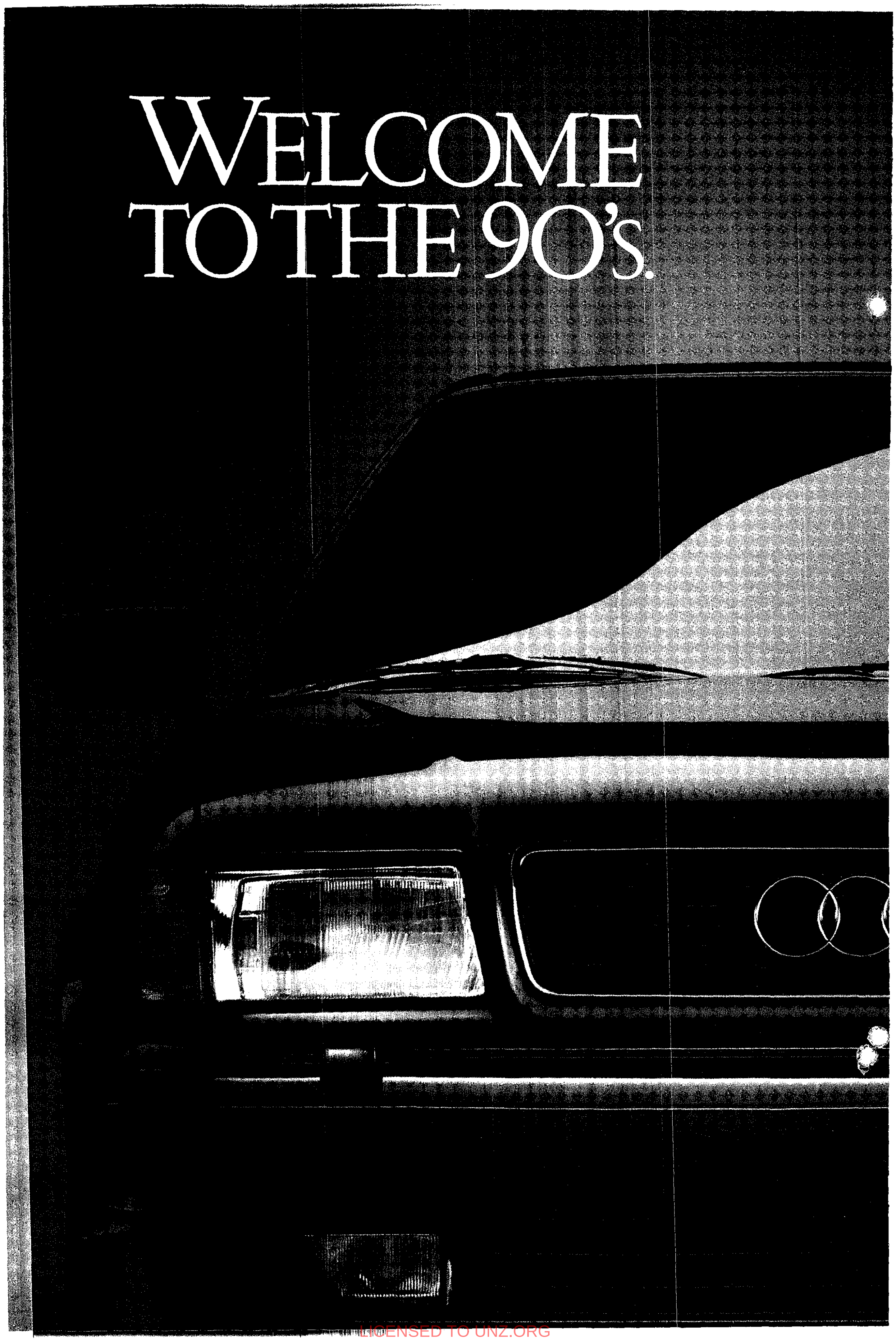
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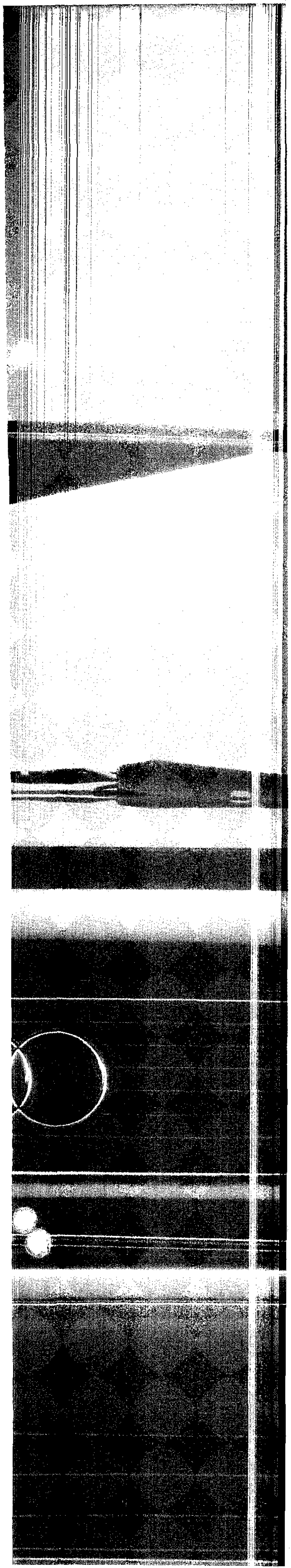

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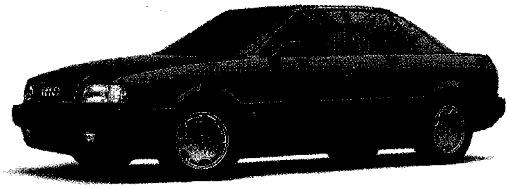

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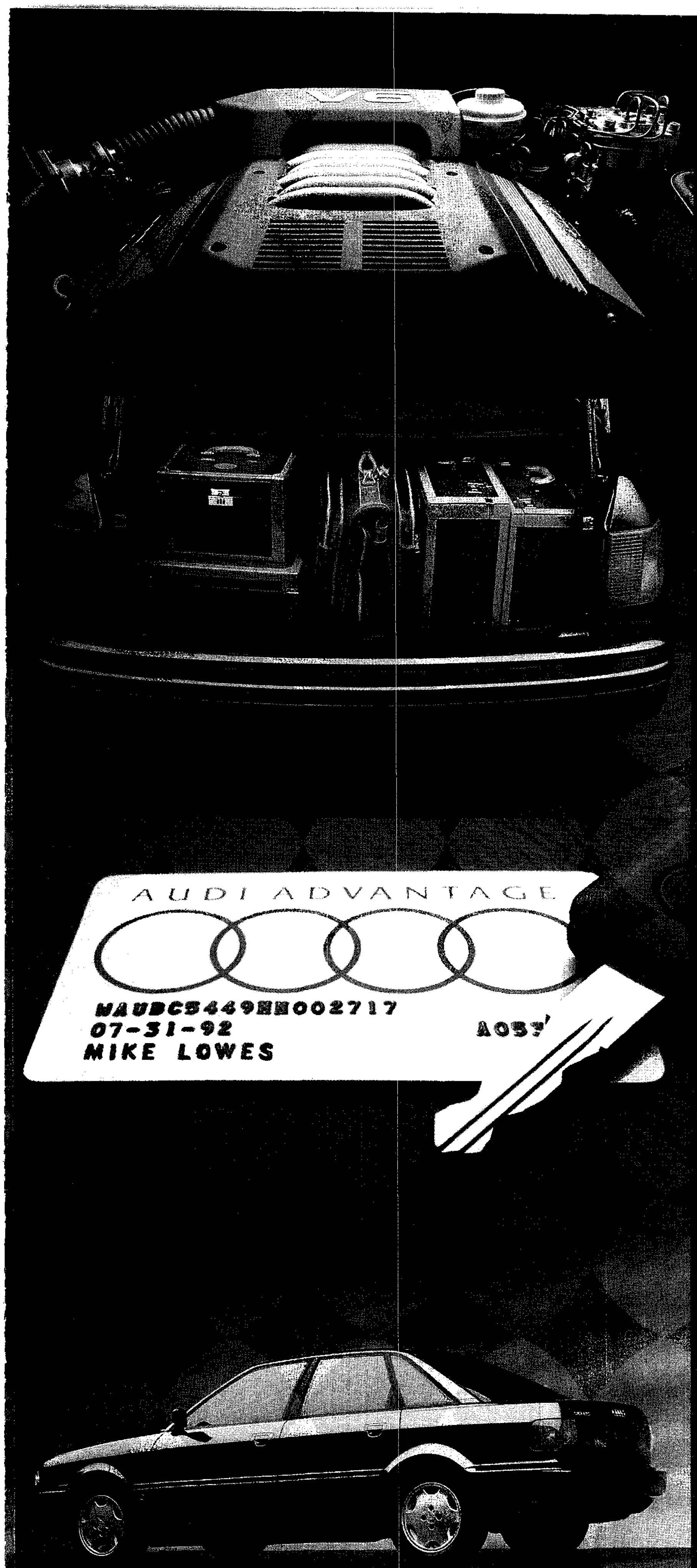

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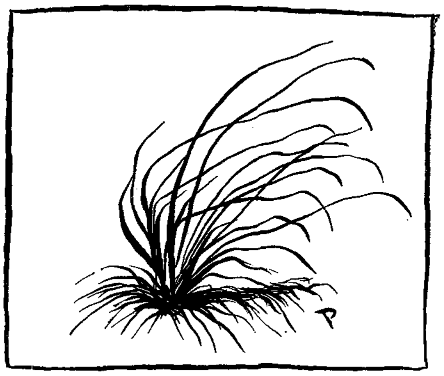
populated places) save many lives and much money. Accordingly, the Cholame Valley around Parkfield—between Middle Mountain, to the north, and Gold Mountain, to the south—has been equipped with several million dollars' worth of strain gauges, creepmeters, earth thumpers, laser Geodimeters, tiltmeters, and a couple of dozen seismographs. The creepmeters are sensitive to tens of millionths of an inch of creep.

If ever there was a conjectural science, it is earthquake prediction, and as research ramifies, the Tantalean goal recedes. The maximum stress on the San Andreas Fault—the direction of maximum push—turns out to be nearly perpendicular to the directions in which the fault sides move, like a banana peel's horizontal slip when pressure comes upon it from above. A fault that moves in such a manner must be weak enough to slide—must be, in a sense, lubricated. Among other things, the pressure of water in pores of rock in the walls of the fault has been mentioned as a lubricant, and so has the sudden release of gases that may result from shaking. Such mechanisms would tend to randomize earthquakes, diminishing the significance of mounting strains and temporal gaps. Those who practice earthquake prediction will watch almost anything that might contribute to the purpose. A geyser in the Napa Valley inventively named Old Faithful seems to erupt erratically both before and after large earthquakes that occur within a hundred and fifty miles—an observation that is based, however, on records kept for scarcely twenty years. In 1980, the United States Geological Survey began monitoring hydrogen in soils. Two years later, near Coalinga, about twenty miles northeast of Parkfield, the hydrogen in the soil was suddenly fifty times normal. It appeared in bursts, and such bursts became increasingly numerous in April, 1983. In May, 1983, a 6.5 earthquake occurred on a thrust fault under Coalinga. Releases of radon are watched. So are patterns and numbers of microquakes, especially those that are known as the Mogi doughnut. In the mid-nineteen-sixties, a Japanese seismologist noticed on his seismograms that microquakes occurring in the weeks before a major shock sometimes formed a ring around the place that became the epicenter. Mogi's doughnut is a wonderful clue, but—like hydrogen bursts and radon releases—before most major shocks it fails to appear.

People who live in earthquake country will speak of earthquake weather, which they characterize as very balmy, no winds. With prescient animals and fluctuating water wells, the study of earthquake weather is in a category of precursor that has not attracted funds from the National Science Foundation. Some people say that well water goes down in anticipation of a temblor. Some say it goes up. An ability to sense imminent temblors has been ascribed to snakes, turtles, rats, eels, catfish, weasels, birds, bears, and centipedes. Possible clues in animal behavior are taken more seriously in China and Japan than they are in the United States, although a scientific paper was published in *California Geology* in 1988 evaluating a theory that "when an extraordinarily large number of dogs and cats are reported in the 'Lost and Found' section of the San Jose *Mercury News*, the probability of an earthquake striking the area increases significantly."

Earthquake prediction has taken long steps forward on the insights of plate tectonics but has also, on occasion, overstepped. Until instrumentation is reliably able to chart a developing temblor, predictors obviously have a moral responsibility to present their calculations shy of the specific. The mathematical equivalent of a forked stick will produce such absurdities as the large earthquake that did not occur as predicted in New Madrid, Missouri, on December 2, 1990. A U.S.G.S. geologist and a physicist in the United States Bureau of Mines whose research included (among other things) the study of rocks cracking in a lab predicted three great earthquakes for specific dates in the summer of 1981, to take place in the ocean floor near Lima. The largest—9.9—was to be twenty times as powerful as any earthquake ever recorded in the world. A few hundred thousand Peruvians were informed that they would die. Nothing happened.



If you set stakes in a straight line across a valley glacier and come back a year later, you will see the curving manner in which the stakes have moved. If you drive fence posts in a straight line across the San Andreas Fault and come back a year later, almost certainly you will see a straight line of fence posts—unless your fence is in the hundred miles north of the Cholame Valley. There the line will be offset slightly, no more than an inch or two. Another year, and it will have moved a little more; and a year after that a little more; and so forth. In its seven hundred and forty miles of interplate abrasion, the San Andreas Fault is locally idiosyncratic, but nowhere more so than here in the Central Creeping Zone. Trees move, streams are bent, sag ponds sag. In road asphalt, echelon fractures develop. Slivers drop as mini-grabens. Scarplets rise. The fault is very straight through the Central Creeping Zone. It consists, however, of short (two to six miles), stepped, parallel traces, like the marks made on ice by a skater. Landslides occur frequently in the Central Creeping Zone, obscuring the fresh signatures of the creep.

"The creep is relatively continuous for a hundred and seventy kilometres here and seems to account for nearly all of the movement," Moores remarked. "Creep is rare. Most fault movement is punctuated. The creep produces numerous small earthquakes. There are actual 'creep events,' wherein as much as five hundred metres of the fault zone will experience propagating creep in one hour." There were many oaks and few people living in the creep zone. The outcrops on the Pacific side of the fault sparkled with feldspar and mica—the granitic basement of the Gabilan Range. More than three thousand feet in elevation and close against the fault trace, the Gabilan Range creeps, too.

Jumping and creeping, the San Andreas Fault's average annual motion for a number of millions of years has been thirty-five millimetres. The figure lags significantly behind the motion of the Pacific Plate, whose travels, north by northwest, go a third again as fast. In the early days of plate

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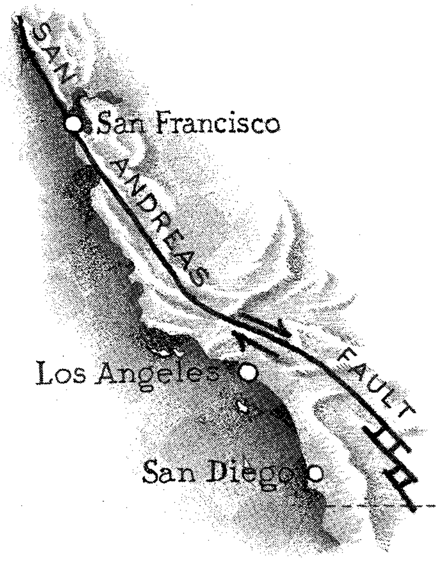
tectonics, this incongruous difference was discovered after the annual motion of the Pacific Plate was elsewhere determined. The volcanic flows that crossed the San Andreas and were severed by the fault had not been carried apart at anything approaching the rate of Pacific motion. This became known as the San Andreas Discrepancy. If the Pacific Plate was moving so much faster than the great transform fault at its eastern edge, the rest of the motion had to be taken up somewhere. Movements along the many additional faults in the San Andreas family were not enough to account for it. Other motions in the boundary region were obviously making up the difference.

With the development of hot-spot theory (wherein places like Hawaii are seen as stationary and deeply derived volcanic penetrations of the moving plates) and of other refinements of data on vectors in the lithosphere, the history of the Pacific Plate became clearer. About three and a half million years ago, in the Pliocene Epoch, the direction in which it was moving changed about eleven degrees to the east. Why this happened is the subject of much debate and many papers, but if you look at the Hawaiian Hot Spot stitching the story into the plate, you see, at least, that it did happen: there is an eleven-degree bend at Pliocene Oahu.

The tectonic effect on North America was something like the deformation that results when two automobiles sideswipe. Between the Pacific and North American Plates, the basic motion along the San Andreas Fault remained strike-slip and parallel. But as the Pacific Plate sort of jammed its shoulder against most of California a component of compression was added. This resulted in thrust faults and accompanying folds—anticlines and synclines. (Petroleum migrated into the anticlines, rose into their domes, and was trapped.)

Earlier—about five million years before the present—the ocean spreading center known as the East Pacific Rise had propagated into North America at the Tropic of Cancer, splitting Baja off the rest of the continent, and initiating the opening of the Gulf of California. (By coincidence, the walls of the Red Sea, which much resembles the Gulf of California, parted at the same time.) The splitting off of Baja was accompanied by very strong northward compression, which raised, among other things, the Transverse Ranges above Los Angeles, at the great bend of the San Andreas. That the Transverse Ranges were rising compressionally had been obvious to geologists long before plate tectonics identified the source of the compression. But not until the late nineteen-eighties did they come to see that compression as well as strike-slip motion accompanies the great fault throughout its length, as a result of the slight shift in the direction of the Pacific Plate three and a half million years ago. All these compressional aspects taken together—anticlines, synclines, and thrust faults in a wide swath from one end of California almost to the other—account for some of the missing motion in the San Andreas Discrepancy. The Los Angeles Basin alone has been squeezed about a centimetre a year for two million two hundred thousand years. The sites of Laguna Beach and Pasadena are fourteen miles closer together than they were 2.2 million years ago. This has happened an earthquake at a time. For example, the Whittier Narrows earthquake of 1987 lessened the breadth of the Santa Monica Mountains and raised the ridgeline.



The Whittier Narrows hypocenter was in a deeply buried fault in a young anticline. Such faults tend to develop about ten miles down and gradually move toward the surface. Northward for five hundred miles, young anticlines on the east side of the San Andreas Fault are similar in nature—the products of deep successive earthquakes. Most are recently discovered, and many more, presumably, remain unknown. They make very acute angles with the fault, like the wake of a narrow boat. When a temblor goes off like a hidden grenade, geologists often have not suspected the existence of the fault that has moved. The 6.5 earthquake at Coalinga in 1983 was that kind of surprise. It increased the elevation of the ridge above it by more than two feet.

In 1892, a pair of enigmatic earthquakes shook Winters, which is near Davis, in the Great Central Valley. Evidently, the earthquakes occurred on the same sort of blind thrust that is under Coalinga, but the Winters thrust is of particular interest, because it is east of the Coast Ranges and fifty miles from the San Andreas. Yet it is apparently a product of the newly discovered folding and faulting that everywhere shadow the great fault. The Central Valley of California is about the last place in the world where virtually any geologist would look for an Appalachian-style fold-and-thrust belt. Without shame, Moores sketches one on a map of California; it goes up the west side of the valley almost all the way from the Tehachapi Range to Red Bluff and reaches eastward as far as Davis. He and his Davis colleague Jeff Unruh have been out looking for tectonic folds in the surreally flat country surrounding the university. This is a game of buff even beyond the heightened senses of the blind. They have found an anticline—an arch with limbs spread wide for many miles and a summit twenty-five feet high. They call it the Davis Anticline. It is a part of what Moores likes to describe as "the Davis campus fold-and-thrust belt." He is having fun, but the folds are not fictions. The anticline at Davis has developed in the past hundred thousand years. It is rising ten times as fast as the Alps.

The compressive tectonism associated with the plate boundary contributes to the total relative plate motion, but not much: the over-all average is less than a centimetre a year. And that does not nearly close the numerical gap. Surprisingly, the rest of the missing motion seems to come from the Basin and Range, the country between Reno and Salt Lake City, wherein the earth's crust has been stretching out and breaking into blocks, which float on the mantle as mountains. The stretching has increased the width of the region by sixty miles in a few million years. Very-long-baseline interferometry has shown that the Basin and Range is spreading about ten millimetres a year in a direction west-northwest. This supplies enough of the total plate-boundary motion between the Gulf of California and Cape Mendocino to make up the difference in the San Andreas Discrepancy. If some Pacific Plate motion is coming from Utah, Utah is a part of the plate boundary.

The westernmost range of the Basin and Range Province is the Sierra Nevada, which has risen on a normal fault that runs along the eastern base of the mountains. The fault has experienced enough earthquakes to give the mountains their exceptional altitude. The most recent great earthquake there was in 1872. In a few seconds, the mountain range went up three feet. In the same few seconds, the Sierra Nevada also moved north-northwest twenty feet. That would help to fill in anybody's discrepancy.

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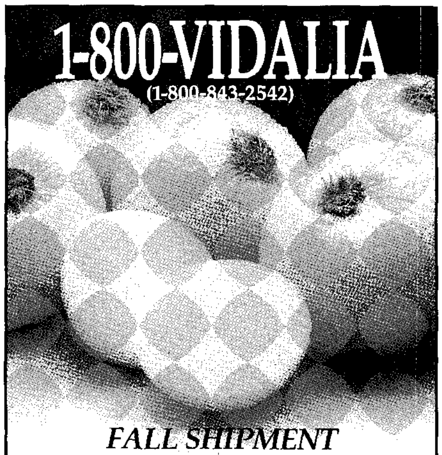

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other faults in the San Andreas family. All are right-lateral, strike-slip, active. In a general way, you can demonstrate their relationship to one another with a deck of cards. Hold the deck, side up, between the palms of your hands, and slide the hands, pulling the right side toward you, pushing the left side away, and keeping pressure on the deck. The cards will respond by slipping, sticking, locking, sliding. Some may slide more than others. There may even develop a primary break. In any case, the fifty-one slips between the cards are, as in California, a family of right-lateral strike-slip faults. If one has moved more than the others, in effect you may have cut the cards, and you could call that cut the San Andreas Fault. But all the cards, to varying extents, have contributed slip to the total motion.

Moores believes that the plate-vector change three and a half million years ago is what probably created so large a grouping of boundary faults. Parallel and subparallel to the San Andreas, they have been likened to the tributaries of a river or the branches of a tree. But they are not dendritic. Often they do not conjoin. They are more like the checks that appear in dry timber. They all trend northwest. Many of them have varying local names, because the field geologists who did the naming, as much as a hundred years ago, did not suspect their continuity. The actively slipping Green Valley Fault, which intersects I-80 at Cordelia, in the eastern Coast Ranges, continues to the south as the Concord Fault. I-680, branching off, follows the fault and stays right on it. Down through the Napa Valley and under San Pablo Bay and through Berkeley and Oakland and Hayward and farther south than San Jose runs a continuous fault that is in segments named Healdsburg, Rodgers Creek, and Hayward. Portentous microquakes on the Rodgers Creek Fault have suggested to the United States Geological Survey the possibility of an earthquake equal in intensity to the 1989 wrench on the San Andreas near Loma Prieta.

The Calaveras Fault runs close to the Hayward Fault and extends somewhat farther south, like the Sargent Fault, the Wildcat Fault, the Busch Ranch Fault. The Antioch Fault is in the Great Central Valley. In seven hundred miles of splintery faults, the ones I have mentioned are all in the San Francisco Bay Area east of the San Andreas. West of it—on the San Francisco Peninsula or under the ocean—are the Pilarcitos Fault, the La Honda Fault, the Hosgri Fault, the San Gregorio Fault. The San Gregorio Fault extends from San Francisco to Big Sur, south of Monterey. Its longest historical jump is thirteen feet. It has produced great or major earthquakes on an average of once every three hundred years—nothing to be concerned about, unless it is your year. In the San Gregorio fault zone, San Mateo County has forty-acre zoning.

A comparable cross-sectional anatomy of the San Andreas system could be described for any latitude from Cape Mendocino to the Salton Sea, with a long list of names of contributive strike-slip faults. Within the system, the twentieth-century earthquake second in severity occurred in 1952 on the White Wolf Fault, near Bakersfield. In southern California, the belt is as much as a hundred and fifty miles across—three times as wide as it is at San Francisco, and a good deal more complex.

The Hayward Fault alone has contributed more than a hundred miles of offset. Running southeast from San Pablo Bay, north of San Francisco, to the latitude of Santa Cruz, it disappears near Gilroy, not far from the San Andreas Fault at San Juan Bautista. In many places, such as Berkeley, the Hayward Fault has Jurassic rock of the Franciscan mélange on one side of it and Cretaceous rock of the Great Valley Sequence sort of dredged up on the other side. A return specialist in the football stadium going eighty yards through a broken field will gain or lose about fifty million years. In a split, unpredictable second, he can be tossed out of bounds by a shift of the sod beneath him. The Hayward Fault runs not only through Memorial Stadium but also through or very near the Alameda County hospital, the San Leandro hospital, and California State University, Hayward. The Hayward Fault also ran through the California School for the Deaf and Blind, but the State became nervous, moved the school to another site, and then filled up its old dorms with Berkeley undergraduates.

The Hayward Fault separates the Cretaceous Berkeley Hills from the Jurassic university campus and the Holocene alluvium of the flat ground near San Francisco Bay. To no small extent, the Hayward Fault has created the Berkeley Hills, which are an obvious fault scarp, the result of a vertical component in an otherwise strike-slip motion. The change is abrupt from gentle slope to steep escarpment because the fault is so active and the hills are so young. Large earthquakes occurred on the Hayward Fault in 1836 and 1868—not the sort of information that is likely to plumb the tilt in a laid-back sophomore at Berkeley. However, a U.S.G.S. Miscellaneous Field Studies map of predicted maximum ground-shaking from large earthquakes on the San Andreas Fault and the Hayward Fault shows three areas of A-level intensity—characterized as "very violent"—for a Hayward earthquake: the environs of lower University Avenue in Berkeley; the blocks just east of Lake Merritt in downtown Oakland; and the Warren Freeway in Piedmont. The Warren Freeway uses the Hayward Fault in the way that water uses a riverbed.

The Geological Survey sees a sixty-seven-per-cent chance of another major San Francisco Bay Area earthquake on either the San Andreas or the Hayward Fault before the year 2020, with probabilities leaning toward the Hayward, because a jump there is so long overdue. If it should equal the intensity of several nineteenth-century shocks, the new one—according to estimates by the Federal Emergency Management Agency and the California Division of Mines and Geology—would result in as many as four thousand five hundred deaths, a hundred and thirty-five thousand injuries, and forty billion dollars' worth of damage. The Geological Survey adds a comment to these possibilities: the center of San Francisco is as close to the Hayward Fault as it is to the San Andreas Fault."

San Lorenzo Creek, coming out of the hills into the outskirts of Hayward, bends sharply right when it hits the fault, flows northwest on the fault for more than a mile, and then takes a left and heads southwest to the bay. Hayward is about fifteen miles down the trace from Berkeley, and if ever there was a type locality to define the geological meaning of "type locality"

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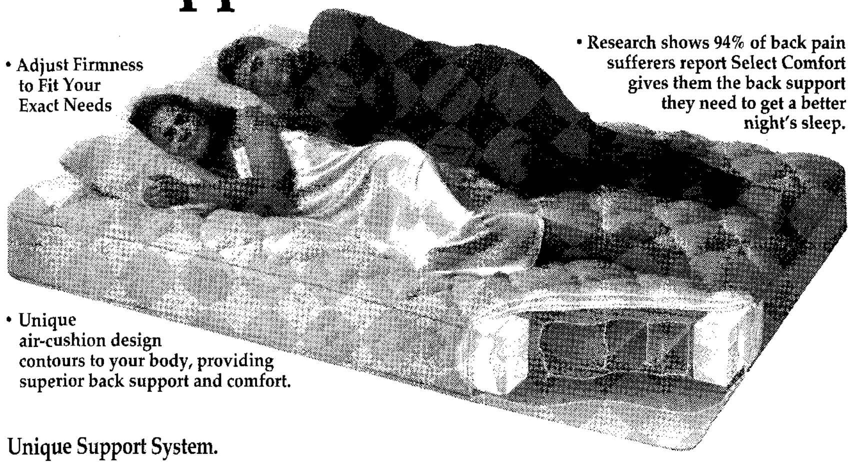
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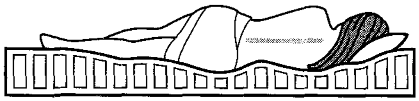

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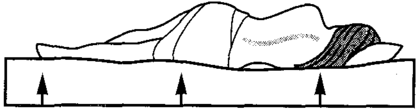

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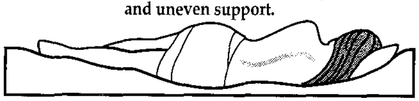

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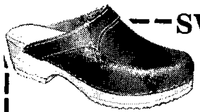

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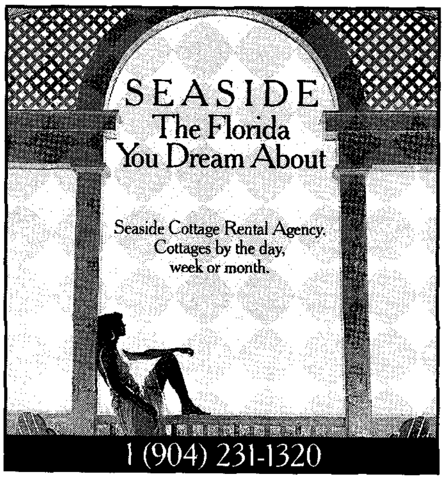
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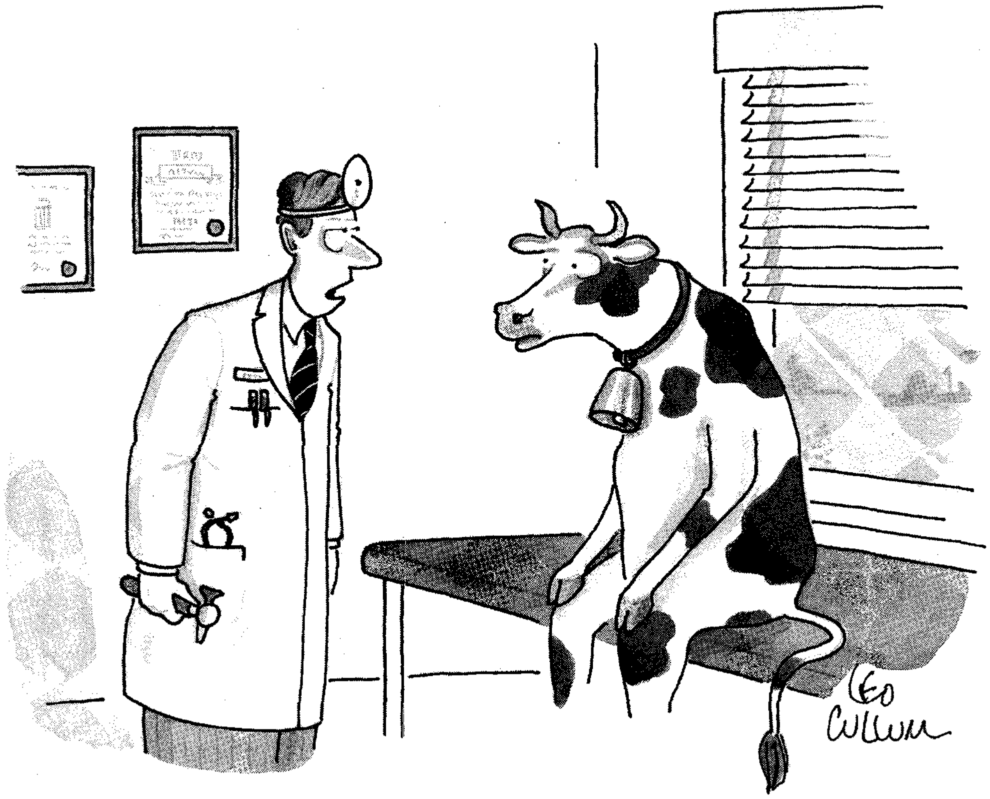


"The ringing in your ears—I think I can help."

• •

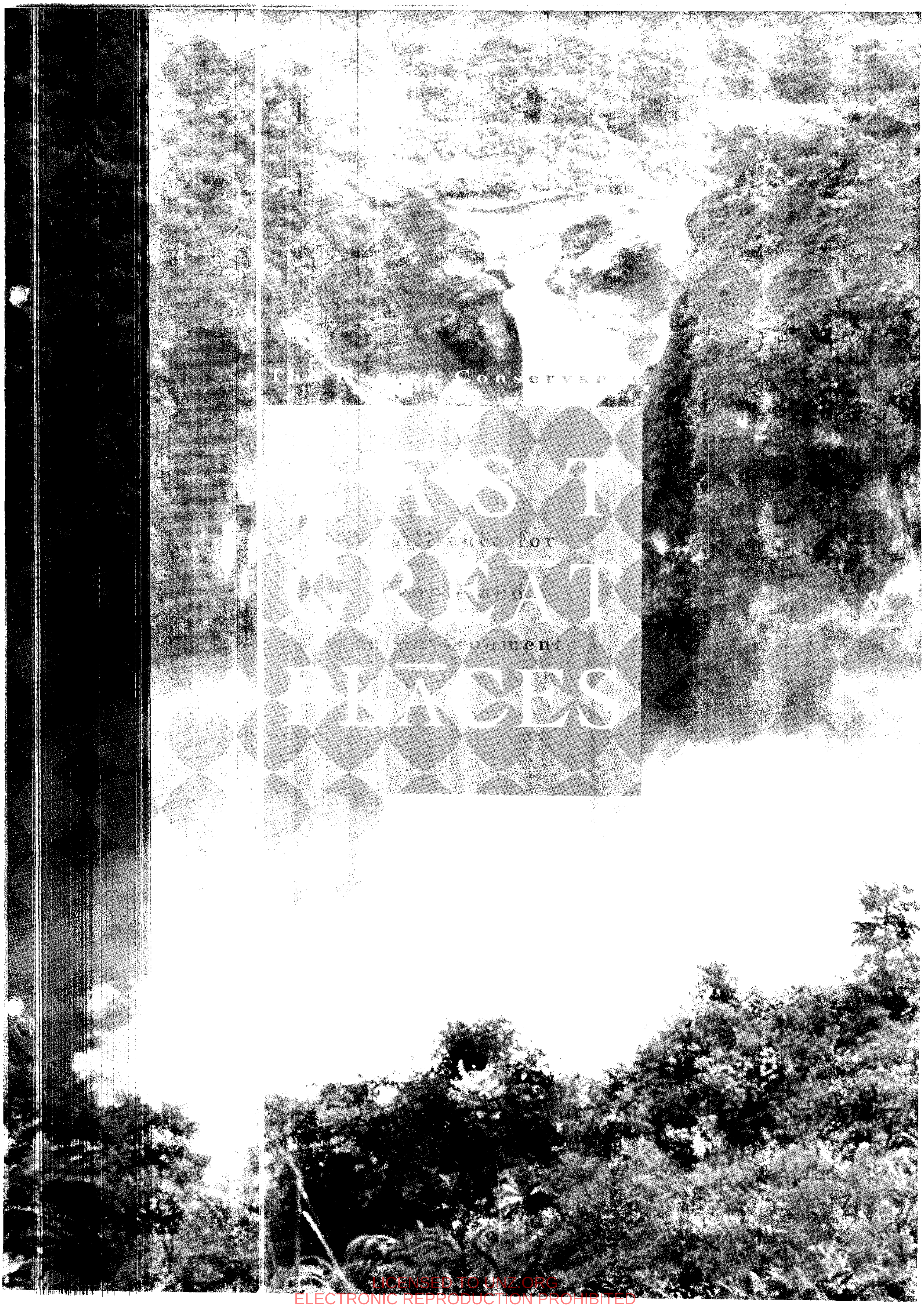
Hayward is the place. Rarely is a fault zone so sharply drawn. Through part of the town runs a steep emphatic bench, resembling a sloped medieval wall, that is the product of the fault beside it. On D Street between Mission and Main, the curb, running east, makes a right-lateral bend to the south, and then continues east. When Moores and I were on D Street not long ago, a pressure ridge had buckled the sidewalk. The fault went through the service department of Boulevard Buick. There were fresh patches in the sidewalk outside. Between C and D, a building that had long housed the municipal government—and had been designed and constructed as the Hayward City Hall—stood precisely on the fault, which was tearing the building apart as if it were a tuft of cotton. Tiles and plaster had showered the bureaucrats until they fled. The bureaucracy included a department established to deal with emergencies confronting the city. At 934 C Street was a store that declared itself to be the "Hayward Sewing Center, Alterations." The alterations included a canted curb, a pressure ridge in the sidewalk, and a wall in the act of bulging toward Mexico City. There was a bend in the long wall of the Action Signs Building, at 22534 Mission. The fault had offset the Spoiled Brat Parking Lot. In a municipal parking lot nearby, the lines of meters took right-lateral bends and then resumed their original direction. Robert's School of Karate—in motion relative to the antique shop next door—had recently moved south an inch. A sign in the window said "Karate Kenpo Gung-fu Boxing—The Only School in Hayward Teaching Street Fighting." Sidewalks were patched on every east-west street. The occupied house at 923 Hotel Avenue had been so torqued by the fault that one of its walls was concave. Looming over it—fifty feet high—was the Hayward escarpment.

I am from the Northeast and have never felt a destructive earthquake. The closest one to my home came in 1980, when a temblor centered in Cheesequake, New Jersey, caused no damage. My wife and I were in San Francisco in mid-October, 1989, and departed by train from Oakland, heading north. A niece in Berkeley drove us to the station and had difficulty finding it, in dark streets among warehouses on low flat bayfill ground. Up one street and down the next she searched—back and forth, around and under the Nimitz Freeway. The earthquake came more than a hundred hours after we left—an inexpressibly short span on the geologic scale, an irrelevant long one on ours. I wish I could say that I felt in my neuroplasm that it was time to go, but I was not a missing cat.

A few weeks later, when I was back in California, Moores and I were approaching the Santa Cruz Mountains from the south, and we stopped off at the Spanish mission in San Juan Bautista. Where scouts discovered two wells of water only twenty paces apart, the mission was established in 1797. Down the middle of a broad plain ran a sharply defined escarpment about fifty feet high, like the one in Hayward. It was a single long step, steeply inclined, like a grandstand. A modern geologist seeing such a break with springs or shallow wells beside it would be wondering not "Why is it there?" but "How frequent is the slippage upon it?" Moores remarked, "A fault is a good place for a well. It's brecciated. There's lots of porosity. Aquifers on either side are truncated, and spill into the fault." The Franciscans built their mission on the top edge, the brink—not near, but on, the San Andreas. By October, 1800, they had begun or completed eight buildings, of adobe roofed with sedge, when earthquake after earthquake—as many as six shocks a day—brought much of the mission down.

The cool cloisters look immovable, the chapel looks repaired. Its plans (unique among the missions) called for three aisles divided by columns, but the colonnades were finished as walls. The view from the scarp is much the same: the fault is about all that has moved. In April, 1906, when San Juan Bautista was the southern end of the plate-shattering rupture, there was some destruction. Now, in 1989, there was no sign of the shaking of a few weeks before. Damage had been essentially nil in San Juan Bautista and everywhere in the fault zone to the south.

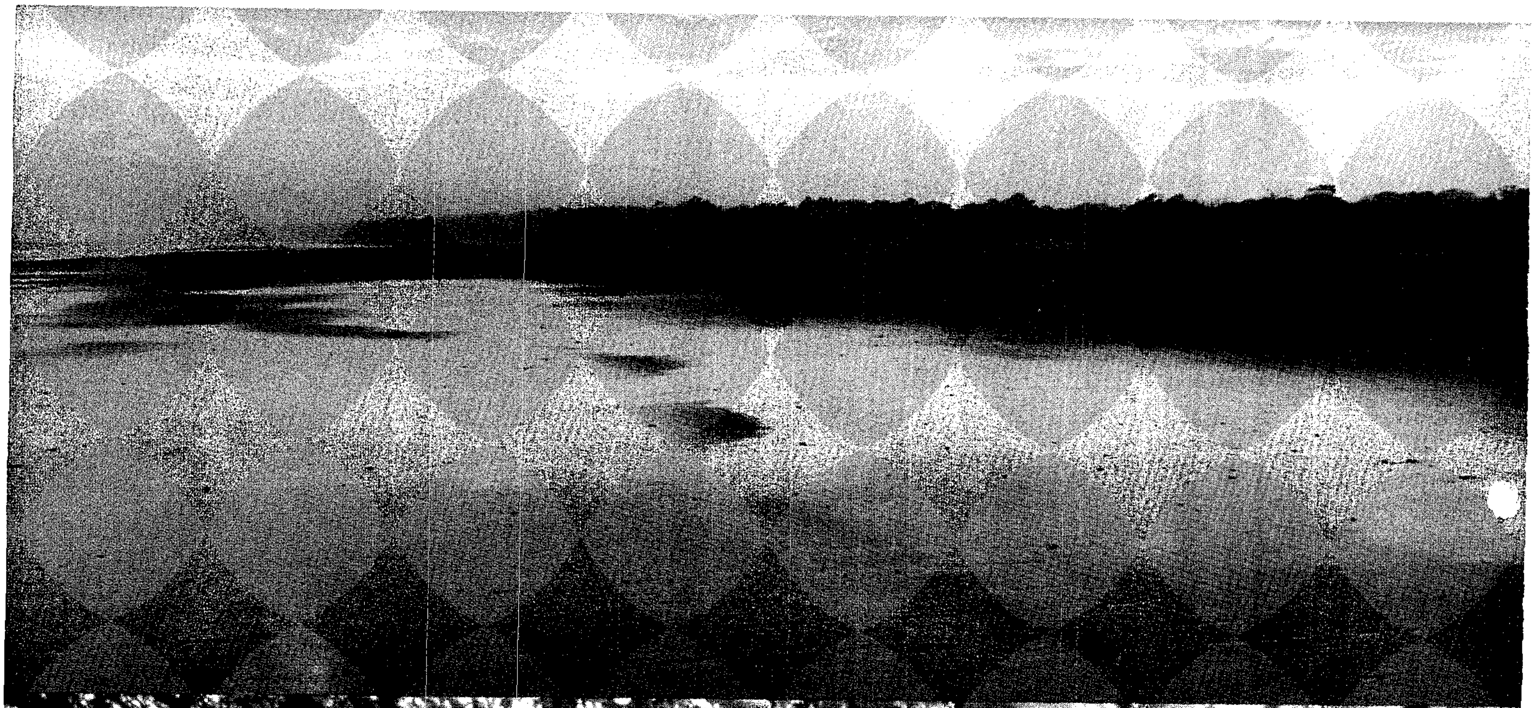
The fault scarp beside the chapel was actually used as a grandstand for dog races on a dirt track below, but the



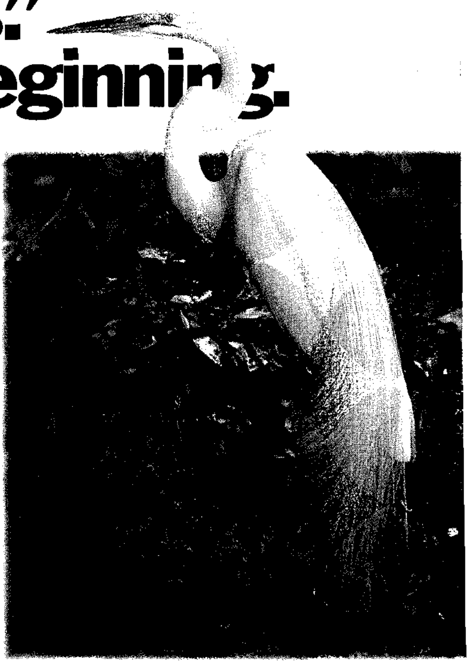
The Nature Conservancy

LAST GREAT PLACES

An Alliance for People and the Environment



The Nature Conservancy calls them "The Last Great Places." We believe they're just the beginning.



A chain of barrier islands, where the crash of the Atlantic mingles with the calls of countless waterfowl and the sound of local watermen harvesting oysters and fish.

A pristine Midwestern watershed, home to a remarkably diverse array of terrestrial and aquatic life, and existing in the shadow of a major urban center.

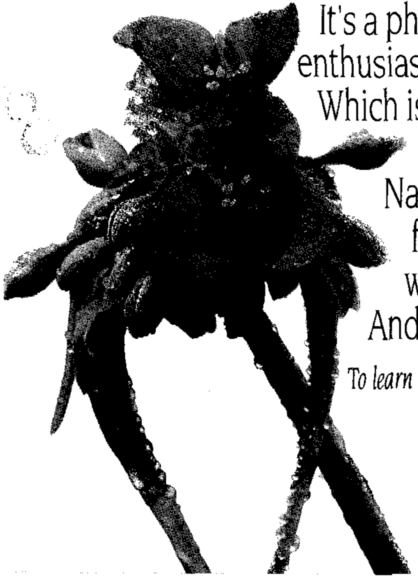
A tallgrass prairie stretching far beyond the vast horizon, where schoolchildren learn of their natural heritage.

Here one organization, The Nature Conservancy, is not only preserving and protecting the environment. They are giving us a vision of the future.

For they have a program that allows the human community to exist in concert with the natural community. And allows both to flourish.

In the vast ecosystems they call "The Last Great Places," as well as in over 1,100 other preserves they maintain or manage around the country, The Nature Conservancy is quietly bringing together diverse groups in a unique alliance.

Conservationists are working alongside developers. Scientists alongside landowners. Together they're finding practical, realistic solutions to complex questions. That way all members of a community can realize their common aspirations, and still protect the beauty and bounty of their natural resources.



It's a philosophy we at the Miller Brewing Company enthusiastically endorse and support.

Which is why we've committed our time, our talents and over $1,000,000 of our resources to The Nature Conservancy's efforts. Because we too believe that the quality of life for future generations depends on our ability to work cooperatively today.

And projects like The Last Great Places are the start.

Miller

To learn more about The Nature Conservancy as well as what Miller is doing to support their efforts call 1(800)628-6860.

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The Conservancy purchased New Mexico's Gray Ranch, which includes the entire Animas Mountain Range, on January 29, 1990.

Intact ecosystems don't come on the market every day. And New Mexico's Gray Ranch isn't your run-of-the-mill ecosystem.

Gray Ranch defies hyperbole. It sprawls across 321,703 acres, or slightly more than 500 square miles. An entire mountain range rises within its borders. And the ranch harbors an amazing diversity of plant and animal life — sixty-five different natural communities, more mammal species than most national parks, and at least twenty-seven different endangered species.

No wonder that The Nature Conservancy bought Gray Ranch when it was offered for sale in 1990.

Purchasing an ecological treasure made sense for an organization dedicated to preserving biological diversity and wildlife habitats. And it was also fitting for the largest private land conservation group to make the largest single private land acquisition in conservation history.

Now Gray Ranch stands as one of the centerpieces of the Conservancy's most ambitious conservation initiative to date: the "Last Great Places" campaign. This unprecedented effort is seeking to safeguard entire ecological systems — not just isolated nature preserves, but whole watersheds and landscapes. Through its work, the Conservancy hopes to save the last, best examples of America's natural heritage.

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One or more of these symptoms may be a warning of angina pectoris.
Angina, usually a chest pain, is a signal—part of the body mechanism which tips you off that something is not quite right. In the case of angina pectoris, the blood flow to your heart muscle is not delivering the amount of oxygen and nourishment that your heart needs, and not removing wastes. Angina may be telling you that your blood flow through the vessels feeding your heart muscle is being reduced, either by thickening of the arteries (atherosclerosis), spasm, or a combination of both.

Angina symptoms may occur at varying times in any one person and are different for different people. Angina can be a pressure, a tightness, a discomfort or "indigestion-like." It may be pain in your shoulder or neck. The important thing is to pay attention when your body tells you something is wrong. You should see your doctor so that an early diagnosis can be made.

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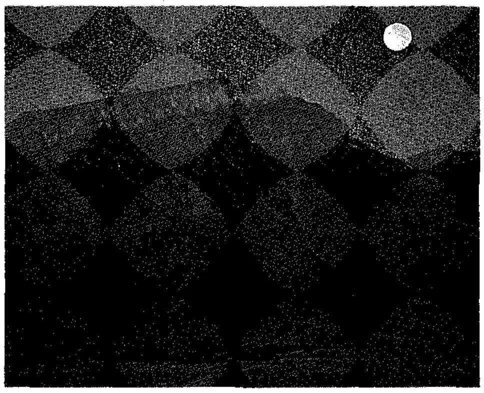

The Pine Butte Swamp Preserve, in Montana, comprises 18,000 acres of lush wetlands and rolling prairies.

These places range from some of the country's most remote spots to some of its most developed. In the West, for instance, the Conservancy is working to save pristine, sparsely populated areas such as Utah's canyon country and the San Pedro River corridor in Arizona. By contrast, Block Island and the Florida Keys — both Last Great Places sites — are among the country's most popular tourist destinations.

But one thing unites these disparate landscapes. People live in these ecosystems, and, in some cases, have lived in them for thousands of years. They cannot be removed from the equation.

Consequently, the Conservancy's Last Great Places initiative seeks not only to preserve nature, but also to demonstrate that people and nature can coexist. From these efforts, the Conservancy hopes to find realistic, replicable models for integrating economic activity and environmental protection.

To carry out this demanding challenge, The Nature Conservancy draws on an unmatched pool of resources. With more than 650,000 members, 25,000 volunteers, and 1,000 corporate supporters, the Conservancy starts with a sound and loyal membership base. The generosity of these members has given the Conservancy the resources to pursue ambitious goals like the Last Great Places program. A strong science program guarantees that these resources are directed to the highest-priority conservation projects. And with offices in all fifty

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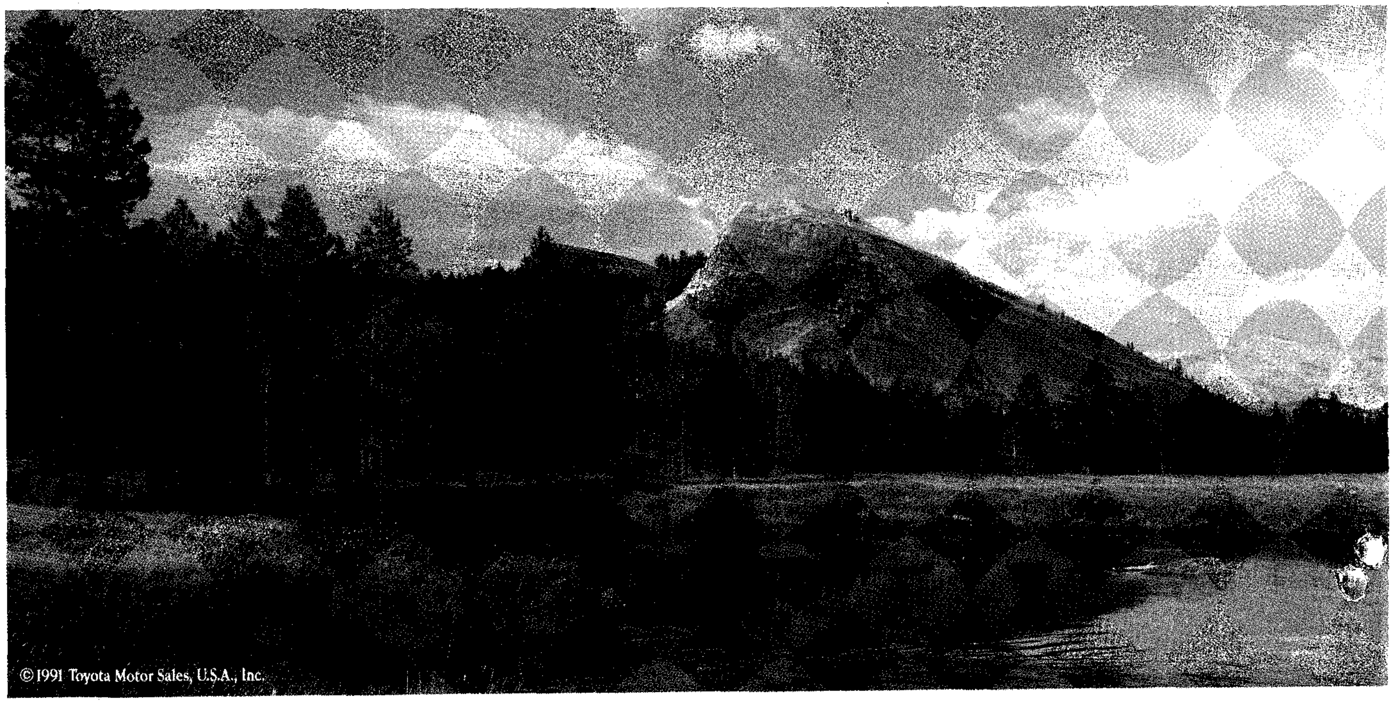

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Don't strain your eyes. This is one of the many wilderness areas in the U.S.—both public and private—that are off-limits to most types of vehicles. It's Toyota's way of reminding you that before you leave the main roads, always be sure that the area you're entering has been designated "approved" for the vehicle you're driving. Be it a 4x4 truck, a motorcycle, an ATV or even a mountain bike. And when you do travel off road, stay on the established trails

states and almost a dozen foreign countries, the Conservancy combines the best qualities of an international organization with the effectiveness that stems from having a strong local presence.

In addition, the Conservancy brings a wealth of experience to the Last Great Places campaign. Since 1951, the Conservancy has undertaken more than 13,000 projects in the United States and protected almost 6.4 million acres of land, an area bigger than Vermont. The Conservancy also operates extensive programs in Central and South America, where it works with more than thirty partner organizations in eighteen countries on projects totalling some forty-three million acres. More recent is the Conservancy's Pacific program, which has begun conservation work in Micronesia, Melanesia, and Indonesia.

Instead of exploiting conflict to reach its goals, the Conservancy has consistently sought to build mutually beneficial alliances with a broad array of partners, both public and private. This stems from the Conservancy's conviction that bringing people together in coöperative ventures is the most efficient and effective way to preserve biological diversity. "We learned long ago that saving species isn't a solo performance," recalls John Sawhill, the Conservancy's president and chief executive officer. "You need an entire orchestra."

Over the years, the Conservancy has learned to complement its coöperative approach with creative solutions. For instance, in the western U.S. it has pio-

In Mexico's Yucatán Peninsula, the Conservancy is working to protect the greater flamingo.

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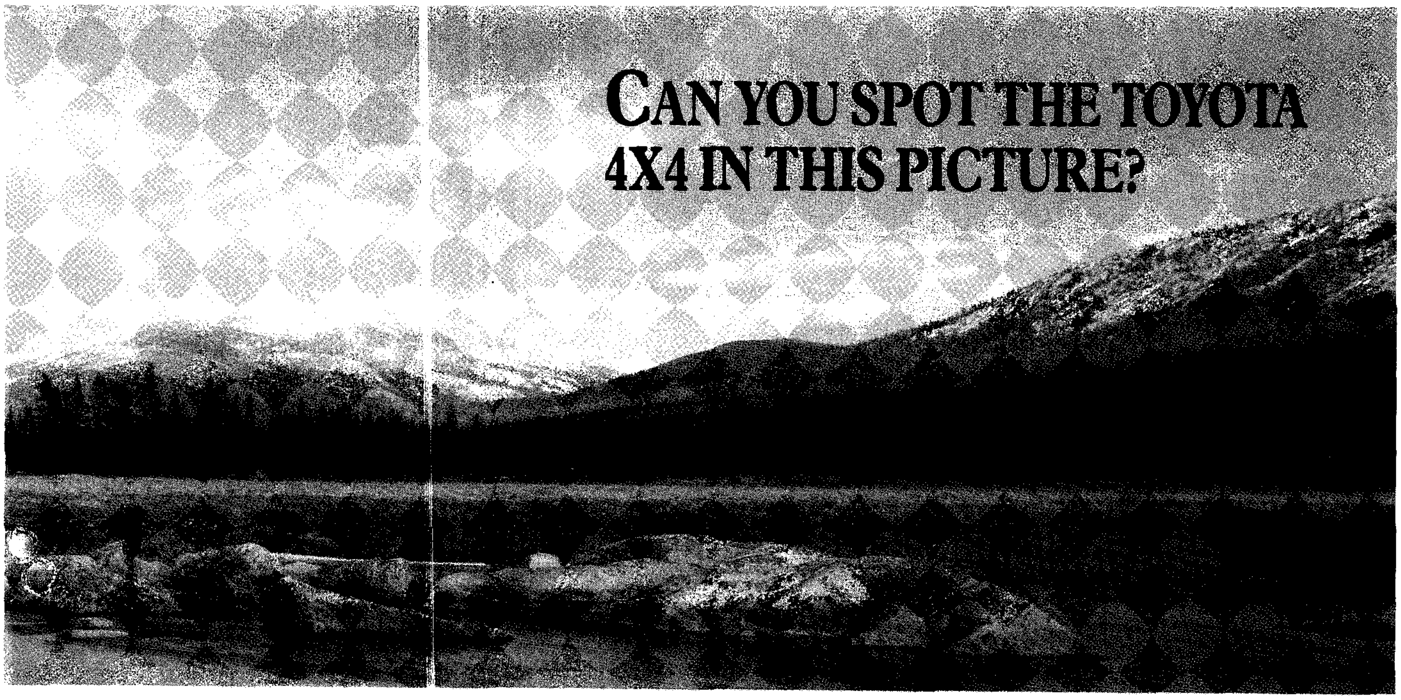

and show proper respect for the land. That way, those areas that are now open will remain so. And it will give everyone a chance at spotting certain things. . . even more exciting than a 4x4 truck.

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Isn’t it time to st
and start cleaning up

SUPERFUND ISN’T WORKING.

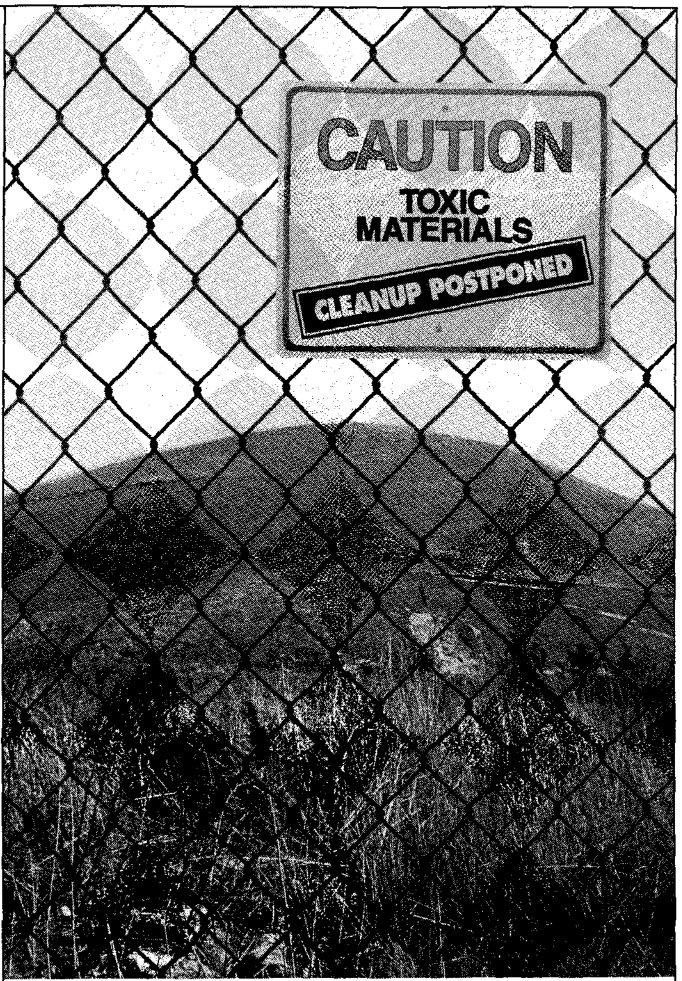
For more than a decade, the Federal Superfund program, designed to clean up America’s waste sites, has been a gold mine for lawyers and consultants.

Billions have been spent on Superfund since 1980, but cleanup has been completed at fewer than 5 percent of the nation’s 1,200 most dangerous waste sites.

Where has the money gone? An enormous amount has been spent arguing and litigating over who should pay for cleanup. When Congress created Superfund, it envisioned fast, efficient cleanups that would be funded by finding those responsible at each and every site and making them pay. While this sounds good in theory, in reality this approach has buried Congress’s vision under an avalanche of litigation and expensive, lengthy negotiations.

WHAT WENT WRONG?

First, many sites were created by waste disposal that took place 20, 30 or 40 years ago, or even longer. This can make identifying everyone connected with a site—finding records to prove who has owned and operated it, who sent what waste, how much and where—expensive and time-consuming.



Second, Superfund holds anyone who has ever owned, used or transported waste to a site liable for the entire cost of cleanup, even if no laws were broken at the time and even if they contributed only a tiny fraction of the waste. This forces those identified at Superfund sites—whether they be large corporations, small businesses, local governments, hospitals,

wasting millions
America's waste sites?

universities or even individuals—to spend more time and money looking for others to share the costs.

With cleanup costs averaging $26 million per site and some sites costing in the hundreds of millions, it's little wonder that organizations and private parties spend years in negotiations and litigation. In fact, at some sites, more money is spent on determining who will pay than on cleanup itself. This does a lot for lawyers and consultants but very little for the environment.

Even the Administrator of the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) commented, "One of the sad truths about the program is that so much money has gone to people in three piece suits and not moon suits."

IT'S TIME FOR SOMETHING BETTER: THE NATIONAL ENVIRONMENTAL TRUST FUND.

Superfund's goal of cleaning up the environment has been badly undercut by this fund-raising system. The result has been unacceptable delays in cleanup and enormous legal and other transaction costs paid for by government, the private sector and insurers. Isn't it time to stop this waste of resources and get on with cleaning up the environment?

At AIG, we think so. America needs a system to promote fast and efficient cleanup, reduce unnecessary legal fees, spread the cost of cleanup broadly, and encourage responsible waste management practices today.

To accomplish this, we have proposed creating the National Environmental Trust Fund (NETF). The NETF would be a special fund, like the National Highway Trust Fund, dedicated only to cleaning up old Superfund sites. It would be paid for by a broad range of businesses and organizations without regard to liability.

YOU CAN HELP.

We've waited long enough and spent far too much money in the courtrooms. We're urging the President and Congress to act now by creating the NETF to improve Superfund.

If you'd like more information about the National Environmental Trust Fund and what you can do about Superfund, please write Mr. M.R. Greenberg, Chairman, American International Group, Inc., 70 Pine Street, New York, NY 10270.

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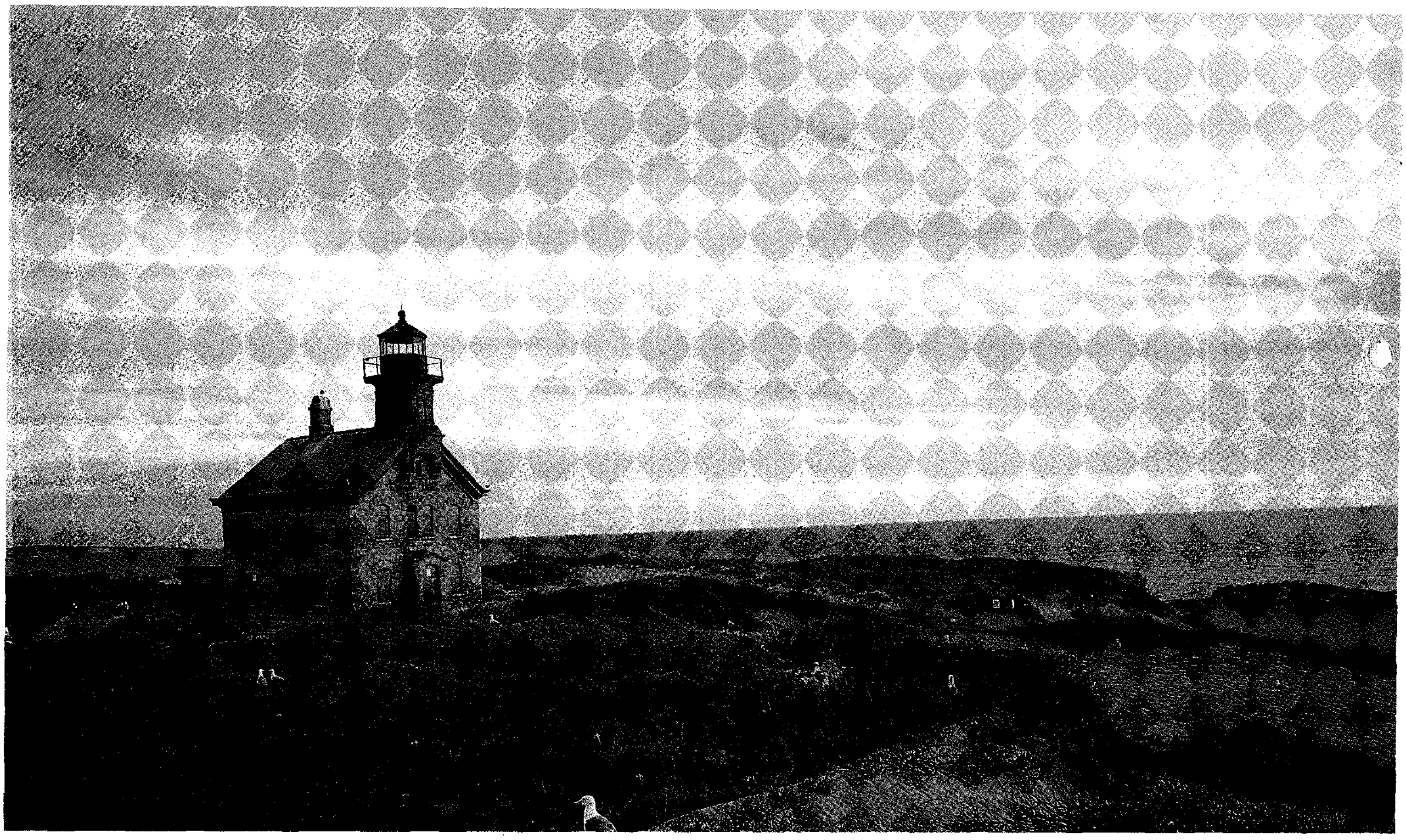


Pollution threatens Block Island's natural resources. Below left: By protecting places such as Box Tree Farm, the Conservancy seeks to maintain the pristine water quality that makes the Eastern Shore ecologically significant.

neered the technique of purchasing water rights on the open market to restore critical wetlands areas. It has reached agreements with power companies and railroad lines to manage their rights-of-way in an environmentally sound fashion. And the Conservancy's international division has been a leader in arranging "debt-for-nature" swaps, complicated transactions that convert foreign debt into funds for conservation activities in the developing world.

Back in the winter of 1954, when The Nature Conservancy was attempting to complete its first land acquisition project, no one could have predicted such a bright future for the organization. In fact, the Conservancy had to scramble desperately to find the $30,000 it needed to purchase sixty acres along the Mianus River Gorge, an hour's drive north of New York City. In the end, three of the Conservancy's members had to pledge their personal life insurance policies as collateral to finance the down payment.

Protecting the Mianus River Gorge marked a dramatic departure for the Conservancy. From the start, the Conservancy advocated setting up nature preserves to protect rare plants, animals, and natural communities; actually *owning* these preserves was not considered a priority. With that first sixty-acre purchase, however, the Conservancy went into the land-conservation business for itself. It never looked back.

As The Nature Conservancy grew from a small organization with just 521 members in its early years, so too did the scale of its protection activities. Nothing emphasizes this trend better than the Virginia Coast

© John M. Hall

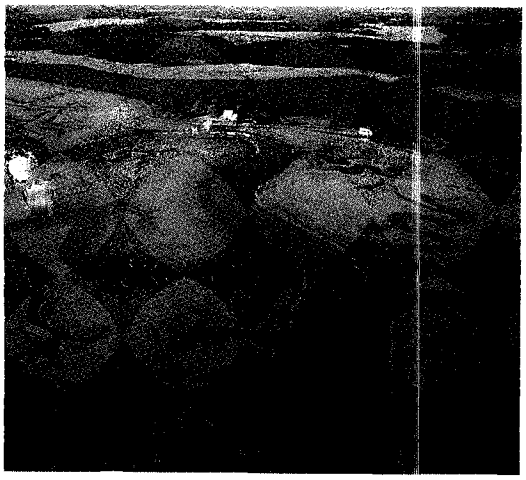
© Malcolm Greenaway

Reserve — a project that started modestly enough, but that now anchors the Last Great Places program.

A narrow, isolated spit of land between the Atlantic and the Chesapeake Bay, the Eastern Shore of Virginia has managed to retain its essential natural character. On the seaside, salt marshes and bays stretch from the shoreline out toward a chain of sandy, ever-shifting barrier islands offshore. The barrier islands shelter tens of thousands of shorebirds, and the undeveloped beaches are perfect hatcheries for colonial nesting birds such as royal terns.

Protecting the barrier islands for their natural values clearly fell into The Nature Conservancy's mission. So for the last twenty years, the Conservancy has been purchasing the islands, one piece at a time. Today, almost all of the seventeen islands along seventy miles of coast are held in conservation ownership. Together, they form the heart of what has become the Virginia Coast Reserve, nearly 50,000 acres of barrier islands, marshes, and mainland farms.

For The Nature Conservancy, the Virginia Coast Reserve serves as much more than a showcase — it's a



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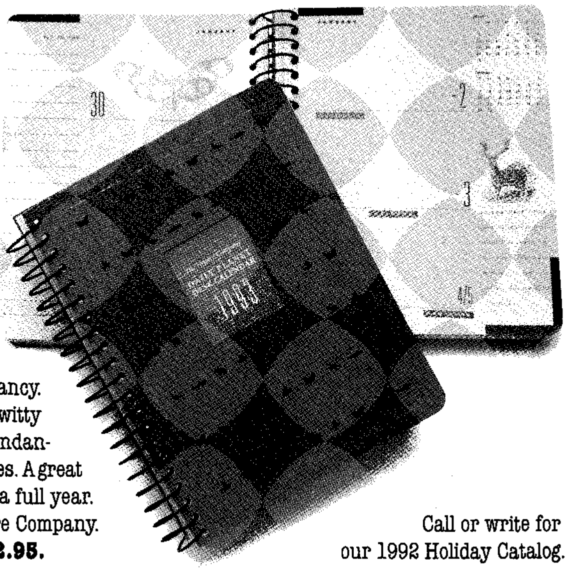

UNCONVENTIONAL WISDOM

They're The McLaughlin Group. Each with a view that's contentious and contagious. (clockwise from left) Jack Germond, Clarence Page, John McLaughlin, Eleanor Clift, Morton Kondracke and Fred Barnes.
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Nature Conservancy preserves along North America's great migratory flyways provide shelter and fuel for migrating birds such as this Great Egret. Below left: In the Republic of Palau, the Conservancy has worked with the government to pass the first environmental laws.

conservation laboratory, a model for action. In particular, the Conservancy's work there has underscored two lessons that have come to define the Last Great Places initiative. One is a matter of ecology; the other of approach.

The first lesson sprang from the recognition that preserving critical natural areas — in this case, the barrier islands — did not ensure the long-term viability of the plants and animals that live there.

"We realized that we had created a magnificent but imperfect nature preserve on the Eastern Shore," recalls Dr. Robert E. Jenkins, Jr., the Conservancy's vice president for science. "Sure, we owned 50,000 acres, but that was scattered across a land- and sea-scape perhaps ten times that size. If the other nine-tenths of the ecosystem were to be intensively developed or abusively used, our own lands would be severely degraded."

In order to guarantee the ecological integrity of the islands it was obvious that the Conservancy had to expand its protection efforts beyond the barrier islands. The United Nations' "Man and the Biosphere" program, which first articulated a vision of ecosystem-scale nature preserves in the early nineteen-seventies, provided a promising starting point. In particular, the Conservancy decided to explore the practical applications of the "core and buffer" approach advocated but never fully implemented by the United Nations.

This meant that in the Last Great Places the Conservancy would focus on protecting a core natural area, where the greatest concentrations of rare species were found. The region surrounding the core natural area, meanwhile, would be designated as a buffer zone. In the buffer, the Conservancy would work with local residents and businesses to seek out appropriate economic activities that would not degrade the core.

The second lesson the Conservancy learned at the Virginia Coast Reserve relates directly to the question of partnerships. Early on, the Conservancy realized that to succeed on the Shore it needed the active coöperation of the local community. This presented a whole new set of issues, because the needs of local residents seemed to contradict the demands of conservation.

"It's not that people here don't appreciate the importance of the environment," says Suzanne Westcoat, the head of a local citizens group. "But you have to remember that a quarter of the houses on the Eastern Shore don't have indoor plumbing. For many people, economic opportunity is a higher priority than environmental protection."

Sensitive to these concerns, the Conservancy has invested time and effort into forging strong links with local citizens. For example, working with the local chapter of the NAACP, it helped create and fund a nonprofit housing trust to improve low-income housing. The Conservancy joined the Chamber of Commerce and helped organize a forum of business leaders. And Conservancy staff have become fixtures at community meetings, picnics, and outings. Over time these efforts, in the words of Denard Spady, a local farmer, "earned the Conservancy a seat at the table."

In Last Great Places throughout the Western Hemisphere, The Nature Conservancy is working to replicate the kinds of partnerships and compatible development projects that it is encouraging on the Eastern Shore.

On Rhode Island's Block Island, for example, year-round residents like Keith Lewis have joined with the Conservancy to protect the island's fragile ecology, scenic beauty, and way of life. Lewis, whose family came to Block Island in 1817, spends six months a year as the chief engineer on a 600-foot container ship and the other six months as a champion of the environment. "I'm the sixth generation in my family living here, and

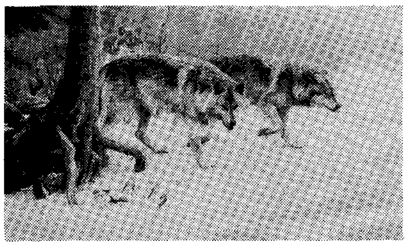
Membership Information

You can help protect the Last Great Places by joining The Nature Conservancy. Your tax-deductible $25 membership dues, combined with the support of the Conservancy's 655,000 other members, will allow the Conservancy to pursue the bold objectives of the Last Great Places campaign.

With your membership, you receive the bimonthly *Nature Conservancy* magazine, with forty pages of articles about the Earth's environment and inhabitants, all illustrated in full color. You also receive newsletters from your state Conservancy program, keeping you abreast of crucial state environmental issues, and information about how to participate in local chapter activities to protect endangered species in your area.

To join The Nature Conservancy, contact the Membership Department at 1815 North Lynn Street, Arlington, Virginia 22209 or call toll-free, (800) 628-6860.

Eyes of the North



Internationally renowned wildlife artist Daniel Smith has created a limited Conservation Edition of 500 prints to benefit The Nature Conservancy's habitat protection efforts. "Eyes of the North," published by Mill Pond Press, comes with a fascinating PBS video portraying the creative process of the artist, and the great gray wolf's struggle for survival in its dwindling habitat.

Image size: 18 7/8" x 32 1/2"
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Saving the Mbaracayú Forest Reserve

A vast, unbroken expanse of subtropical forest, the Mbaracayú (pronounced "Em-ba-ra-ka-ju) Forest Reserve in Paraguay stands as a brilliant green jewel in a sea of destruction. One of The Nature Conservancy's flagship Last Great Places, this 142,000-acre preserve harbors thriving populations of such animals as jaguars, tapirs, peccaries, and giant amardillos. Dozens of rare bird species have been identified at this site. What's more, the Mbaracayú encompasses the traditional hunting grounds of the Aché Indians, an indigenous people whose first encounter with modern society came in the early nineteen-seventies. It is a wild, beautiful, and deeply moving place.

And until The Nature Conservancy got involved, the Mbaracayú was slated for destruction. The tract was owned by a timber company from outside Paraguay that planned to log the entire forest. But fortunately for the Aché and the plants and animals of the Mbaracayú, the company went bankrupt before it could proceed. Ownership passed to the International Finance Corporation, part of the World Bank. After lengthy negotiations with the IFC, the Conservancy was able to purchase the 223 square miles of the Mbaracayú earlier this year.

Saving the Mbaracayú from the logger's ax was only the first step. The Conservancy next had to develop a plan to manage the forest in a way that would preserve its wealth of biological diversity while at the same time providing for the needs of the Aché. From the beginning, it was clear that the coöperation of the Aché would be critical to the success of the Mbaracayú project, and the Conservancy and the Moises Bertoni Foundation, the Conservancy's Paraguayan partner, have worked hard to incorporate the Aché's needs into the conservation strategy.

First the Conservancy donated title to some 10,000 acres of the forest to the Aché to serve as a permanent home. It has reached agreements with them on what to hunt, when to hunt, and how much to hunt. And it is actively involving the Aché in managing the forest. "They are going to have a seat on a board that will oversee not only the management of the reserve, but also the whole watershed," says Raul Gauto, the head of the Bertoni Foundation. "They deserve it, because whatever happens in this watershed will affect their way of living."

To protect living things, the Conservancy has learned, you often have to protect a way of living. Better than any of the other Last Great Places, the case of Mbaracayú and the Aché illustrates why.

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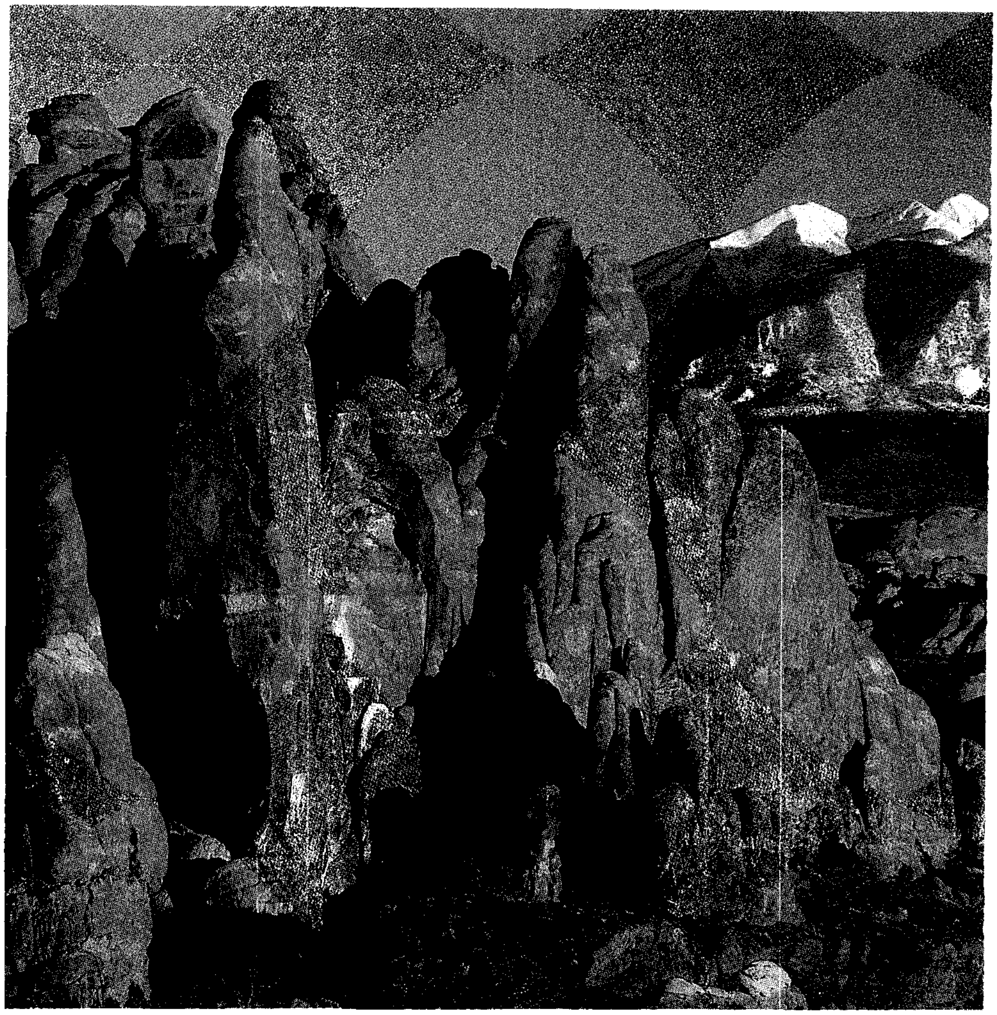

Arches National Park helps anchor The Nature Conservancy's Colorado Plateau bioreserve, an ambitious effort to preserve almost two dozen globally rare species.

we've all been farmers or seamen," says Lewis. "Here on the Island we're proud of being named a Last Great Place. It's an opportunity to finish up what we've started — to preserve this community, our home, that has such a wonderful relationship with nature."

Along the Cache River in Illinois and the Sacramento River in California, meanwhile, thousands of Nature Conservancy volunteers have planted trees to help restore river corridors. Farmers and ranchers are working with the Conservancy on Last Great Places projects in such places as the Colorado Plateau in Utah, and Big Darby Creek, Ohio. And at the Nipomo Dunes, almost twenty miles of undeveloped coastline in Southern California, eighteen rare or endangered species coexist

© Tom Till

peacefully with such varied neighbors as Vandenberg Air Force Base, a sand mine, farming and cattle grazing operations, and a major West Coast oil field.

The Last Great Places approach of forging partnerships and promoting compatible economic development has proven particularly relevant to Latin America, where the Conservancy focuses on three major objectives in its Central and South America programs. First, it seeks to build institutions — to help local groups develop into effective forces for conservation in their own right. Second, it endeavors to provide these institutions with long-term sources of funding. And third, the Conservancy's international program is seeking opportunities for compatible economic activities

In all these cases, however, the key to accomplishment is to improve the standards of living of the local population. Compatible development won't work in either Latin America or North America if it demands that local communities make severe economic sacrifices. To the contrary: the more opportunity it holds out, the more successful it will be in meeting its conservation goals.

This emphasis on people, on opportunity and compatible development, sets the Last Great Places apart. At the same time, however, The Nature Conservancy and its partners have never forgotten that the Last Great Places are precisely that — beautiful, special places, among the last and best of their kind. They're on the map. They may be next door or a continent away. But they need help, before it is too late.

David Williamson is a free-lance writer from Washington, DC.

Restoring the Tallgrass Preserve

One of The Nature Conservancy's Last Great Places, the 30,000-acre Tallgrass Prairie Preserve in Osage County, Oklahoma, will be the center of an exciting and innovative effort to restore a lost landscape — a landscape that once covered some 1.4 million square miles in the heart of the North American continent. The mechanism for this transformation will be the reintroduction of fire and bison, whose complex interaction shaped the tallgrass prairie for centuries.

Both are critical to the health of the prairie. Wildfires, for instance, prevent trees and brush from invading the prairie. They release nutrients that enrich the soil and eliminate dead vegetation that retards new growth. And fires don't damage native prairie plants, which have adapted to withstand its effects.

Bison, or buffalo, play an equally important role in the prairie ecosystem. As highly mobile and selective grazers, buffalo roam freely across the range, never overgrazing a particular spot. (Cattle, by contrast, tend to graze in a relatively small area and are less selective.) Buffalo also maintain specific wallowing areas, rubbing against trees and boulders and flattening plants. This in turn affects how plants grow and where fires burn.

The Conservancy has already started the process of restoring the prairie by letting it rest and rejuvenate for a couple of years. Then, drawing on its expertise in the science of "prescribed" burning, the Conservancy will conduct carefully planned burns on the preserve to remove accumulated vegetation and regenerate the native grasses. The final phase will begin in the fall of 1993, with the arrival of the first bison in a herd that will eventually number 1,000 animals or more.

With the key elements returned to this Last Great Place, the Conservancy hopes to make the prairie bloom again — to reclaim a living part of the characteristic American landscape.

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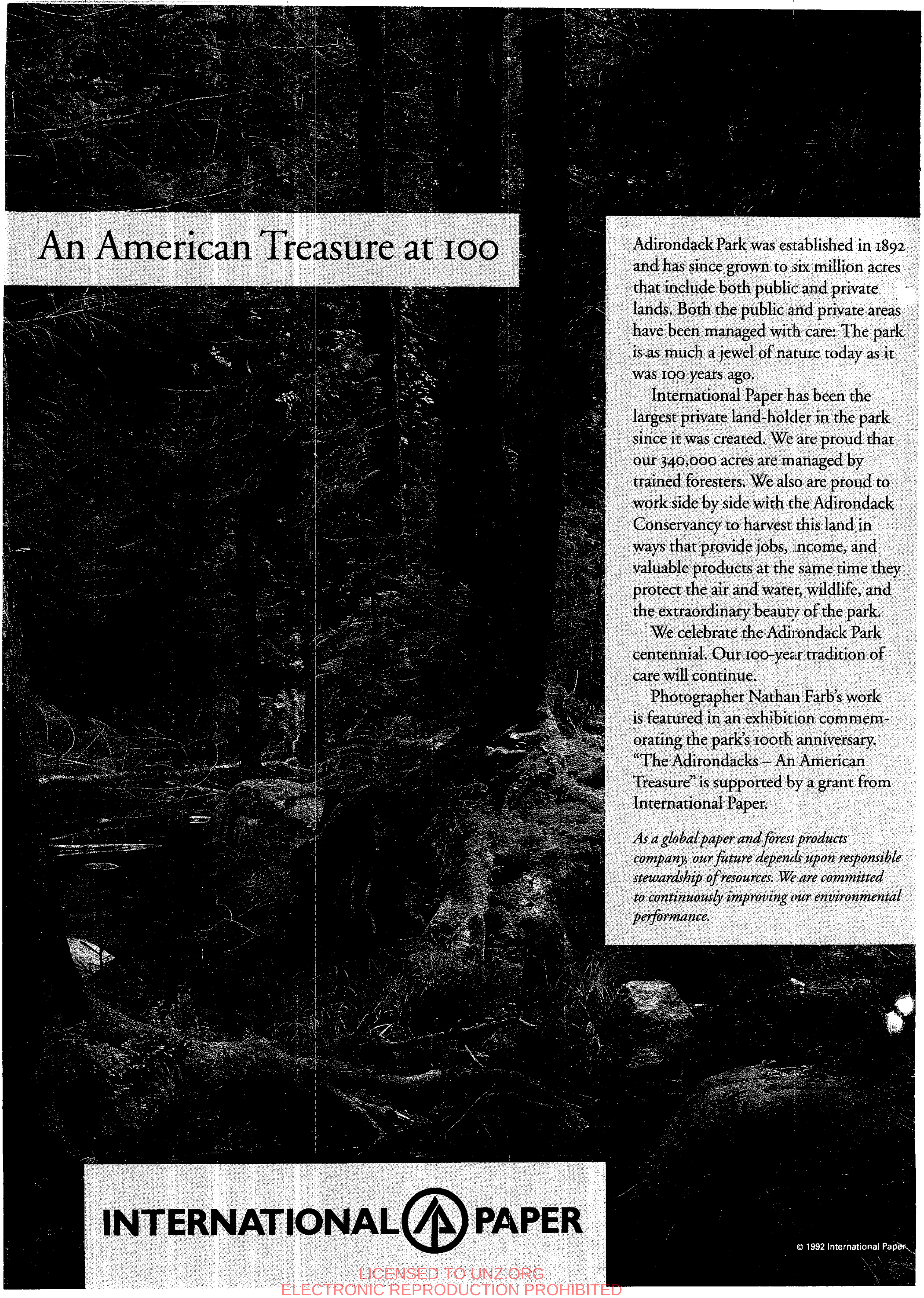

An American Treasure at 100

Adirondack Park was established in 1892 and has since grown to six million acres that include both public and private lands. Both the public and private areas have been managed with care: The park is as much a jewel of nature today as it was 100 years ago.

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Photographer Nathan Farb's work is featured in an exhibition commemorating the park's 100th anniversary. "The Adirondacks – An American Treasure" is supported by a grant from International Paper.

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INTERNATIONAL PAPER

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fans lost interest, and vines have grown over the seats. Beneath the bells of the mission, we sat in the bleachers and talked among the crawling vines, right on the fault, looking east toward distant mountains across the unaltered plain. Like almost all topography, it seemed to be immutable.

"People look upon the natural world as if all motions of the past had set the stage for us and were now frozen," Moores remarked. "They look out on a scene like this and think, It was all made for us—even if the San Andreas Fault is at their feet. To imagine that turmoil is in the past and somehow we are now in a more stable time seems to be a psychological need. Leonardo Seeber, of Lamont-Doherty, referred to it as the principle of least astonishment. As we have seen this fall, the time we're in is just as active as the past. The time between events is long only with respect to a human lifetime."

Earthquakes in the six-to-seven range occurred at least once a decade in the San Francisco Bay Area between 1850 and 1906. Afterward, that segment of the San Andreas Fault was essentially quiet for more than eighty years, a not very significant exception being the 5.5 event near Mussel Rock in 1957. While strain accumulated along the San Francisco Peninsula, whole lifetimes passed, so the principle of least astonishment, which works to a fare-thee-well in a place like New York, seemed to be working even here. In recent days, of course, the newspapers had been full of comment suggesting that least astonishment was no longer a principle in the Bay Area. Withal, there was an undercurrent of implication that it had not died and would come back.

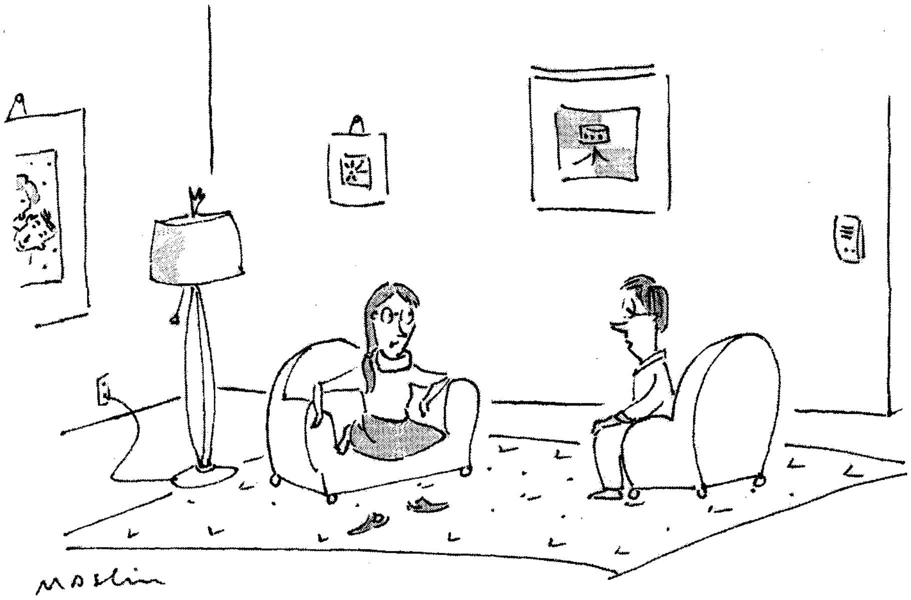
Jerry Carroll, in the San Francisco *Chronicle:*

> There is no greater betrayal than when the earth defaults on the understanding that it stay under foot while we go about the business of life, which is full enough of perils as it is.

Stephanie Salter, San Francisco *Examiner:*

> A traumatic experience . . . started in the depths of the earth and wreaked damage all the way to the depths of the psyche. . . . Or maybe the truth is, earthquake time is the most real time of all, a time when all the bull ceases and the preciousness of life is understood most acutely.

Herb Caen, the venerable columnist



"Entangled? I thought we were enmeshed."

• •

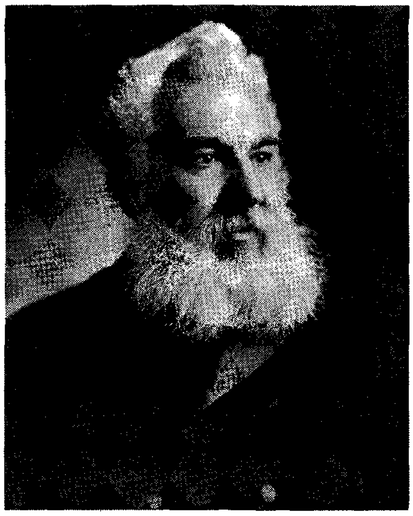
of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, who has seen his share of accumulating strain:

> [This is] a headstrong, careless city dancing forever on the edge of disaster. . . . We realize afresh the joys and dangers of living here, and we reaffirm our belief that it is worth the gamble, however great. . . . We have been validated as San Franciscans.

A few miles up the trace, we looked across the Pajaro Valley at the high notch where the fault slices into the southern extremities of the Santa Cruz Mountains. The east side was Oligocene shale, Moores said, and on the west side was a quartz diorite of the mid-Cretaceous. The two formations differed by at least sixty million years and by who knows how many miles of sliding offset. The lookoff where we stood was at the northern end of the Gabilan Range. The Pajaro River, narrow and slow, ran westward toward the ocean through a topographic gap that punctured the mountains. Indians of the eighteenth century informed the arriving Spanish that the small stream in that huge gap had not always been so modest, that it had once been the outlet of the interior rivers, also draining the bays—the role now played by the Golden Gate. The Indians were right, Moores said. Never mind that they may not have suspected that the whole of the coastal country was moving northwest, occluding what lay to the east. Geologists have described the Pajaro Valley as "one of the most seismically active regions in the coterminous United States." On April 18, 1906, a freight train crossing the valley was thrown off the tracks.

The San Andreas Fault was exceptionally smelly where it crossed the Pajaro River and went into the Santa Cruz Mountains. Highway 129 follows the right bank there. From the fault zone—a landslide of sedimentary hash about a hundred and twenty yards wide—a dozen sulphur springs were pouring. Galvanized pipes had been driven into the springs, causing the water to spout onto the roadside and color it yellow-cream.

Just to the west was Watsonville, which looked like a French battle town in 1944. The eighty-six-year-old St. Patrick's Church, until recently a steepled brick structure with four spires, stood in its own red scree. That it stood at all was remarkable. Its crosses were aslant, its buttresses denuded, its brick gone in swatches from the walls. Like cartoon lightning, jagged cracks descended through the brick that remained. Two spires were stretched out in the church parking lot. Where Highway 1 crossed Struve Slough on concrete columns, the columns had punctured the pavement and now protruded upward like standing stones. Wide acreages in the town center had been bulldozed bare and brown. Ford's Department Store (1851) was totally destroyed. Countless buildings were shuttered with plywood or wrapped in chain-link fencing. There were fissures



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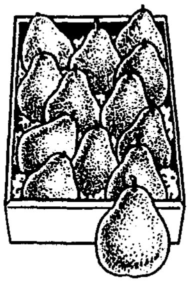

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in cement-block walls. Two hundred and fifty houses were off their foundations, many of them crushed like foam cups. There were tents. There were cellar holes where houses had been. In a single long moment at the edge of town, a million apples had fallen to the ground.

California building codes that involve seismic requirements were first written in 1933. They covered school buildings and nothing else. San Francisco did not extend such codes to other structures until the late nineteen-forties, when they appeared in the laws of virtually all communities around the bays and of many around the state. While most buildings are still "pre-code," what is most remarkable is how effective the codes have been. In the 1989 Loma Prieta earthquake, sixty-two people died. In an earthquake of similar magnitude in Armenia in 1988, twenty-five thousand died. In Mexico City in 1985, ten thousand died. In the Iranian earthquake of 1990, fifty thousand died. The difference may lie partly in luck, in site, in relative intensity, but largely it lies in building codes, and the required or suggested strengthening of existing structures. Certain vulnerabilities notwithstanding, California seems to know what it is up against, and what to try to do about it. Never mind that in October, 1989, twenty-one thousand homes and commercial buildings were cracked, crumpled, or destroyed, and nature's invoice for a few moments of shaking was six billion dollars.

During the previous summer, there had been a 5.2 earthquake in the Santa Cruz Mountains, and a 5.1 quake the year before. These could be looked upon as precursors, but precursors never become such until a large jump follows, and are therefore useless as warnings. A score of 5.2 on the Richter scale is made by an earthquake a thousandth the size of the one that shattered Watsonville. Richter was a professor at Caltech. His scale, devised in the nineteen-thirties, is understood by professors at Caltech and a percentage of the rest of the population too small to be expressible as a number. Another professor at Caltech in Richter's time—and someone who manifestly understood the principles involved—was Beno Gutenberg, who provided the data from which the scale was made. The data applied only to southern California; subsequently, Gutenberg and Richter jointly developed the worldwide scale. Gutenberg did not see or hear well and was understandably reluctant to deal with reporters. He generally asked his young colleague Charles F. Richter to explain the scale to them. Since I have no idea how the scale works, let me say only that it is a mathematically derived combination of three scales parallel to one another: a magnitude scale flanked by scales of amplitude and distance. (Amplitude is the height of the mark an earthquake produces on a seismogram.) Where a line drawn between amplitude and distance crosses the central scale, it registers magnitude. With each rising integer on the magnitude scale, an earthquake's waves have ten times as much amplitude and thirty times as much energy. Richter always insisted that it was the Gutenberg-Richter scale.

THERE is a swerve in the San Andreas Fault where it moves through the Santa Cruz Mountains. It bends a little and then straightens again, like the track of a tire that was turned to avoid an animal. Because deviations in transform faults retard the sliding and help strain to build, the most pronounced ones are known as tectonic knots, or great asperities, or prominent restraining bends. The two greatest known earthquakes on the fault occurred at or close to prominent restraining bends. The little jog in the Santa Cruz Mountains is a modest asperity, but enough to tighten the lock. As the strain rises through the years, the scales of geologic time and human time draw ever closer, until they coincide. An earthquake is not felt everywhere at once. It travels in every direction—up, down, and sideways—from its place and moment of beginning. In this example, the precise moment is in the sixteenth second of the fifth minute after five in the afternoon, as the scales touch and the tectonic knot lets go.

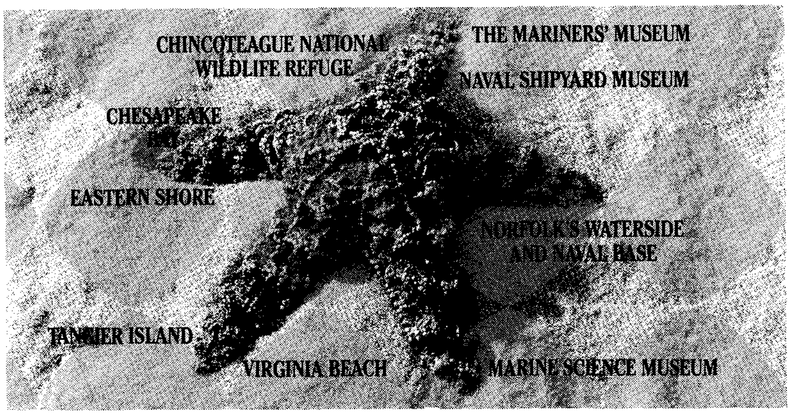
The epicenter is in the Forest of Nisene Marks, a few hundred yards from Trout Creek Gulch, five miles north of Monterey Bay. The most conspicuous nearby landmark is the mountain called Loma Prieta. In a curving small road in the gulch are closed gates and speed bumps. PRIVATE PROPERTY. KEEP OUT. This is steep terrain—roughed up, but to a greater extent serene. Under the redwoods are glades of maidenhair. There are fields of pampas grass, stands of tan madrona. A house worth two million dollars is under construction, and construction will continue when this is over. BEWARE OF DOG.

Motion occurs fifty-nine thousand eight hundred feet down—the deepest hypocenter ever recorded on the San Andreas Fault. No drill hole made anywhere on earth for any purpose has reached so far. On the San Andreas, no earthquake is ever likely to reach deeper. Below sixty thousand feet, the rock is no longer brittle.

The epicenter, the point at the surface directly above the hypocenter, is four miles from the fault trace. Some geologists will wonder if the motion occurred in a blind thrust, but in the Santa Cruz Mountains the two sides of the San Andreas Fault are not vertical. The Pacific wall leans against the North American wall at about the angle of a ladder.

For seven to ten seconds, the deep rockfaces slide. The maximum jump is more than seven feet. Northwest and southeast, the slip propagates an aggregate twenty-five miles. This is not an especially large event. It is nothing like a plate-rupturing earthquake. Its upward motion stops twenty thousand feet below the surface. Even so the slippage plane—where the two great slanting faces have moved against each other—is an irregular oval of nearly two hundred square miles. The released strain turns into waves, and they develop half a megaton of energy. Which is serious enough. In California argot, this is not a tickler—it's a slammer.

The pressure waves spread upward and outward about three and a half miles a second, expanding, compressing, expanding, compressing the crystal structures in the rock. The shear waves that follow are somewhat slower. Slower still (about two miles a second) are the surface waves: Rayleigh waves, in particle motion like a rolling sea, and Love waves, advancing like snakes. Wherever things shake, the shaking will consist of all these waves. Half a minute will pass before the light towers move at Candlestick Park. Meanwhile, dogs are barking in Trout Creek Gulch. Car alarms and house alarms are screaming. If, somehow, you could hear all such alarms coming on throughout the region, you could hear the



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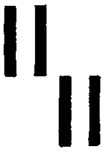
spread of the earthquake. The redwoods are swaying. Some snap like asparagus. The restraining bend has forced the rock to rise. Here, west of the fault trace, the terrain has suddenly been elevated a foot and a half—a punch delivered from below. For some reason, it is felt most on the highest ground.

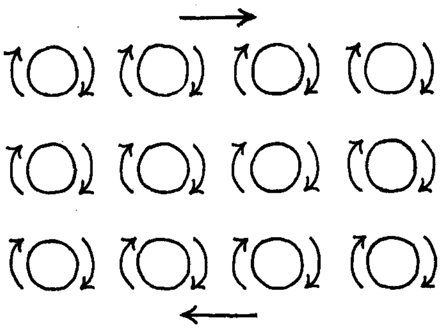
On Summit Road, near the Loma Prieta School, a man goes up in the air like a diver off a board. He lands on his head. Another man is thrown sideways through a picture window. A built-in oven leaves its niche and shoots across a kitchen. A refrigerator walks, bounces off a wall, and returns to its accustomed place. As Pearl Lake's seven-room house goes off its foundation, she stumbles in her kitchen and falls to the wooden floor. In 1906, the same house went off the same foundation. Her parents had moved in the day before. Lake lives alone and raises prunes. Ryan Moore, in bed under the covers, is still under the covers after his house travels a hundred feet and ends up in ruins around him.

People will come to think of this earthquake as an event that happened in San Francisco. But only from Watsonville to Santa Cruz—here in the region of the restraining bend, at least sixty miles south of the city—will the general intensity prove comparable to 1906. In this region are almost no freeway overpasses, major bridges, or exceptionally tall buildings. Along the narrow highland roads, innumerable houses are suddenly stoop-shouldered, atwist, bestrewn with splinters of wood and glass, even new ones "built to code." Because the movement on the fault occurs only at great depth, the surface is an enigma of weird random cracks. Few and incongruous, they will not contribute to the geologic record. If earthquakes like Loma Prieta are illegible, how many of them took place through the ages before the arrival of seismographs, and what does that do to geologists' frequency calculations?

Driveways are breaking like crushed shells. Through woods and fields, a ripping fissure as big as an arroyo crosses Morrill Road. Along Summit Road, a crack three feet wide, seven feet deep, and seventeen hundred feet long runs among houses and misses them all. Roads burst open as if they were being strafed. Humps rise. Double yellow lines are making left-lateral jumps.



Cracks, fissures, fence posts are jumping left as well. What is going on? The San Andreas is the classic right-lateral fault. Is country going south that should be going north? Is plate tectonics going backward? Geologists will figure out an explanation. With their four-dimensional minds, and in their interdisciplinary ultraverbal way, geologists can wiggle out of almost anything. They will say that while the fault motion far below is absolutely right lateral, blocks of rock overhead are rotating like ball bearings. If you look down on a field of circles that are all turning clockwise, you will see what the geologists mean.



Between one circle and the next, the movement everywhere is left lateral. But the movement of the field as a whole is right lateral. The explanation has legerdemain. Harry Houdini had legerdemain when he got out of his ropes, chains, and handcuffs at the bottom of the Detroit River.

All compression resulting from the bend is highest near the bend, and the compression is called the Santa Cruz Mountains. Loma Prieta, near four thousand feet, is the highest peak. The words mean Hill Dark. This translation will gain in the shaking, and appear in the media as Dark Rolling Mountain.

At the University of California, Santa Cruz, three first-year students from the East Coast sit under redwoods on the forest campus. As the shock waves reach them and the trees whip overhead, the three students leap up and spontaneously dance and shout in a ring. Near the edge of town, a corral disintegrates, horses run onto a highway, a light truck crashes into them and the driver is killed. Bicyclists are *falling to the streets and automobiles* are bouncing. Santa Cruz has been recovering from severe economic depression, in large part through the success of the Pacific Garden Mall, six blocks of old unreinforced brick buildings lately turned into boutiques. The buildings are contiguous and are of different heights. As the shock waves reach them, the buildings react with differing periods of vibration and knock each other down. Twenty-one buildings collapse. Higher ones fall into lower ones like nesting boxes. Ten people die. The Hotel Metropol, seventy years old, crashes through the ceiling of the department store below it. The Pacific Garden Mall is on very-young-floodplain river silts that amplify the shaking—as the same deposits did in 1906.

Landslides are moving away from the epicenter in synchrony with the car alarms. As if from explosions, brown clouds rise into the air. A hundred and eighty-five acres go in one block slide, dozens of houses included. Hollister's clock tower falls. Coastal bluffs fall. Mountain cliffs and roadcuts fall.

The shock waves move up the peninsula. Reaching Los Gatos, they give a wrenching spin to houses that cost seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars and have no earthquake insurance. A man is at work in a bicycle shop. In words that *Time* will print in twenty-four-point type, he will refer to the earthquake as "my best near-death experience." (For a number of unpublished fragments here, I am indebted to editors at Time Warner, who have shared with me a boxful of their correspondents' files.)

Thirteen seconds north of the epicenter is Los Altos, where Harriet and David Schnur live. They grew up in New York City and have the familiar sense that an I.R.T. train is passing under their home. It is a "million-dollar Cape Cod," and glass is breaking in every room. This is scarcely their first earthquake.

David: "Why is it taking so long?"

Harriet: "This could be the last one. Thank God we went to *shul* during the holidays."

The piano moves. Jars filled with beans shatter. Wine pours from breaking bottles. A grandfather clock, falling—its hands stopping at 5:04—lands on a metronome, which begins to tick.

The shock reaches Stanford University, and sixty buildings receive a hundred and sixty million dollars' worth of damage. The university does not have earthquake insurance.

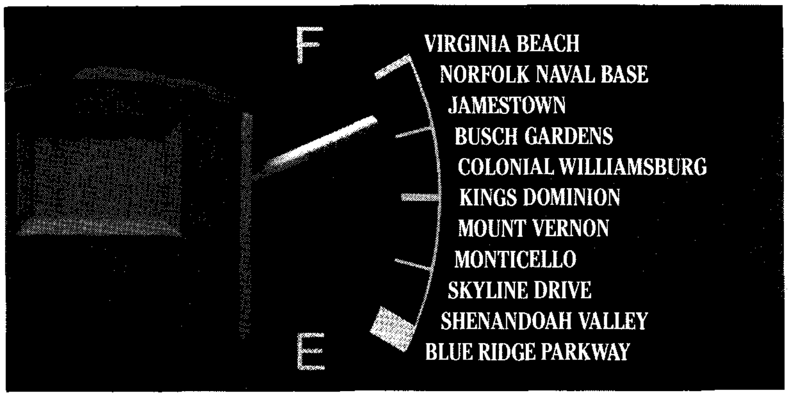
The waves move on to San Mateo, where a woman in a sixteenth-floor apartment has poured a cup of coffee and sat down to watch the third game of the World Series. When the shock arrives, the apartment is suddenly like an airplane in a wind shear. The jolt whips her head to one side. A lamp crashes. Books fall. Doors open. Dishes fall. Separately, the coffee and the cup fly across the room.

People are dead in Santa Cruz, Watsonville has rubble on the ground, and San Francisco has yet to feel anything. The waves approach the city directly from the hypocenter and indirectly via the Moho. Waves that begin this deep touch the Moho at so slight an angle that they carom upward, a phenomenon known as critical reflection. As the shaking begins in San Francisco, it is twice as strong as would generally be expected for an earthquake of his magnitude at that distance from the epicenter.

Two men are on a motor scooter on Sixteenth Street. The driver, glancing over his shoulder, says, "Michael, stop bouncing." A woman walking on Bush Street sees a Cadillac undulating like a water bed. She thinks, What are those people *doing* in there? Then the windows fall out of a nearby café. The sidewalks are moving. Chimneys fall in Haight-Ashbury, landing on cars. In Asbury Heights, a man is watering his patch of grass. He suddenly feels faint, his knees weaken, and his front lawn flutters like water under wind. Inside, his wife is seated at her seven-foot grand. The piano levitates, comes right up off the floor as she plays. She is thinking, I'm good but not this good. A blimp is in the air above. The pilot feels vibration. He feels four distinct bumps.

In Golden Gate Park, high-school girls are practicing field hockey. Their coach sees the playing field move, sees "huge trees . . . bending like windshield wipers." She thinks, This is the end, I'm about to fall into the earth, this is the way to go. Her players freeze in place. They are silent. They just look at one another.

In the zoo, the spider monkeys begin to scream. The birdhouse is full of midair collisions. The snow leopards, lazy in the sun with the ground shak-



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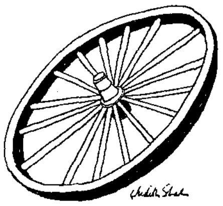
ing, are evidently unimpressed. In any case, their muscles don't move. Pachy, the approximately calico cat who lives inside the elephant house, is outside the elephant house. She refused to enter the building all day yesterday and all day today. When someone carried her inside to try to feed her, she ran outside, hungry.

At Chez Panisse, in Berkeley, cupboard doors open and a chef's personal collection of pickles and preserves crashes. The restaurant, renowned and booked solid, will be half full this evening. Those who come will order exceptionally expensive wine. Meanwhile, early patrons at a restaurant in Oakland suddenly feel as if they were in the dining car of a train that has lurched left. When it is over, they will all get up and shake hands.

In the San Francisco Tennis Club, balls are flying without being hit. Players are falling down. The ceilings and the walls seem to be flowing. Nearby, at Sixth and Bluxome, the walls of a warehouse are falling. Bricks crush a car and decapitate the driver. Four others are killed in this avalanche as well.

In the hundred miles of the San Andreas Fault closest to San Francisco, no energy has been released. The accumulated strain is unrelieved. The U.S. Geological Survey will continue to expect within thirty years an earthquake in San Francisco as much as fifty times as powerful. In the Survey's offices in Menlo Park, a seismologist will say, "This was not a big earthquake, but we hope it's the biggest we deal with in our careers." The Pacific Stock Exchange, too vital to suffer as much as a single day off, will trade by candlelight all day tomorrow.



Passengers on a rapid-transit train in a tube under the bay feel as if they had left the rails and were running over rocks. The Interstate 80 tunnel through Yerba Buena Island moves like a slightly writhing hose. Linda Lamb, in a sailboat below the Bay Bridge, feels as if something had grabbed her keel. Cars on the bridge are sliding. The entire superstructure is moving, first to the west about a foot, and then back east, bending the steel, sending large concentric ripples out from the towers, and shearing through bolts thicker than cucumbers. This is the moment in which a five-hundred-ton road section at one tower comes loose and hinges downward, killing the driver of a car below and breaking open the lower deck, so that space gapes to the bay. Heading toward Oakland on the lower deck, an Alameda County Transit driver thinks that all his tires have blown, fights the careening bus for control, and stops eight feet from a plunge to the water. Smashed cars vibrate on the edge but do not fall. Simultaneously, the Golden Gate Bridge is undulating, fluctuating, oscillating, pendulating. Daniel Mohn—in his car heading north, commuting home—is halfway across. From the first tremor, he knows what is happening, and his response to his situation is the exact opposite of panic. He feels very lucky. He thinks, as he has often thought before, If I had the choice, this is where I would be. Reporters will seek him later, and he will tell them, "We never close down." He is the current chief engineer of the Golden Gate Bridge.

Peggy Iacovini, having crossed the bridge, is a minute ahead of the chief engineer and a few seconds into the Marin Headlands. In her fluent Anglo-Calif she will tell the reporters, "My car jumped over like half a lane. It felt like my tire blew out. Everybody opened their car doors or stuck their heads out their windows to see if it was their tires. There were also a couple of girls holding their chests going oh my God. All the things on the freeway were just blowing up and stuff. It was like when you light dynamite—you know, on the stick—it just goes down and then it blows up. The communication wires were just sparking. I mean my heart was beating. I was like oh my God. But I had no idea of the extent that it had done."

At Candlestick Park, the poles at the ends of the foul lines throb like fishing rods. The overhead lights are swaying. The upper deck is in sickening motion. The crowd stands as one. Some people are screaming. Steel bolts fall. Chunks of concrete fall. A chunk weighing fifty pounds lands in a seat that a fan just left to get a hot dog. Of sixty thousand people amassed for the World Series, not one will die. Candlestick is anchored in radiolarian chert.

The tall buildings downtown rise out of landfill but are deeply founded in bedrock, and, with their shear walls and moment frames and steel-and-rubber isolation bearings, they sway, shiver, sway again, but do not fall. A woman forty-six floors up feels as if she were swinging through space. A woman twenty-nine floors up, in deafening sound, gets under her desk in fetal position and thinks of the running feet of elephants. Cabinets, vases, computers, and law books are flying. Pictures drop. Pipes bend. Nearly five minutes after five. Elevators full of people are banging in their shafts.

A quick-thinking clerk in Saks herds a customer into the safety of a doorjamb and has her sign the sales slip there.

Room service has just brought shrimp, oysters, and a bucket of champagne to Cybill Shepherd, on the seventh floor of the Campton Place Hotel. Foot of Nob Hill. Solid Franciscan sandstone. Shepherd and company decide to eat the oysters and the shrimp before fleeing, but to leave the champagne. There was a phone message earlier, from her astrologer. Please call. Shepherd didn't call. Now she is wondering what the astrologer had in mind.

Meanwhile, at sea off Point Reyes, the U.S. Naval Ship Walter S. Diehl is shaking so violently that the officers think they are running aground. Near Monterey, the Moss Landing Marine Laboratory has been destroyed. A sea cliff has fallen in Big Sur—eighty-one miles south of the epicenter. In another minute, clothes in closets will be swinging on their hangers in Reno. Soon thereafter, water will form confused ripples in San Fernando Valley swimming pools. The skyscrapers of Los Angeles will sway.

After the earthquake on the Hayward Fault in 1868, geologists clearly saw that dangers varied with the geologic map, and they wrote in a State Earthquake Investigation Commission Report, "The portion of the city which suffered most was . . . on made ground." In one minute in 1906, made ground in San Francisco sank as much as three feet. Where landfill touched natural terrain, cable-car rails bent down. Maps printed and distributed well before 1989—stippled and cross-hatched where geologists saw the greatest violence to come—singled out not only the Nimitz Freeway in Oakland but also, in San Francisco, the Marina district, the Embarcadero, and the Laocoönic freeways near Second and

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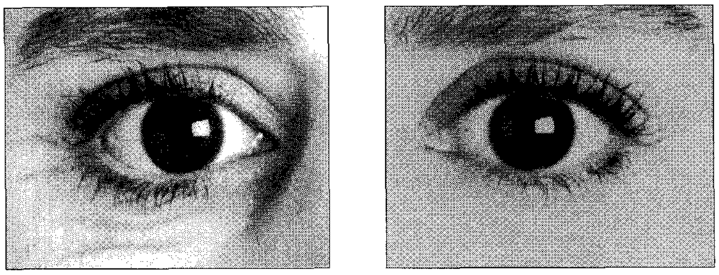

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Stillman. Generally speaking, shaking declines with distance from the hypocenter, but where landfill lies on loose sediment the shaking can amplify, as if it were an explosion set off from afar with a plunger and a wire. If a lot of water is present in the sediment and the fill, they can be changed in an instant into gray quicksand—the effect known as liquefaction. Compared with what happens on bedrock, the damage can be something like a hundredfold, as it was on the lakefill of Mexico City in 1985, even though the hypocenter was far to the west, under the Pacific shore.

In a plane that has just landed at San Francisco International Airport, passengers standing up to remove luggage from the overhead racks have the luggage removed for them by the earthquake. Ceilings fall in the control tower, and windows break. The airport is on landfill, as is Oakland International, across the bay. Sand boils break out all over both airfields. In downtown San Francisco, big cracks appear in the elevated I-280, the Embarcadero Freeway, and U.S. 101, where they rest on bayfill and on filled-in tidal creek and filled-in riparian bog. They do not collapse. Across the bay, but west of the natural shoreline, the Cypress section of the Nimitz Freeway—the double-decked I-880—is vibrating at the same frequency as the landfill mud it sits on. This coincidence produces a shaking amplification near eight hundred per cent. Concrete support columns begin to fail. Reinforcing rods an inch and a half thick spring out of them like wires. The highway is not of recent construction. At the tops of the columns, where they meet the upper deck, the joints have inadequate shear reinforcement. By a large margin, they would not meet present codes. This is well known to state engineers, who have blueprinted the reinforcements, but the work has not been done, for lack of funds.

The under road is northbound, and so is disaster. One after the last, the slabs of the upper roadway are falling. Each weighs six hundred tons. Reinforcing rods connect them, and seem to be helping to pull the highway down. Some drivers on the under road, seeing or sensing what is happening behind them, stop, set their emergency brakes, leave their cars, run toward daylight, and are killed by other cars. Some drivers apparently decide that the very columns that are about to give way are possible locations of safety, like doorjambs. They pull over, hover by the columns, and are crushed. A bank customer-service representative whose 1968 Mustang has just come out of a repair shop feels the jolting roadway and decides that the shop has done a terrible job, that her power steering is about to fail, and that she had better get off this high-speed road as fast as she can. A ramp presents itself. She swerves onto it and off the freeway. She hears a huge sound. In her rearview mirror she sees the upper roadway crash flat upon the lower.

As the immense slabs fall, people in cars below hold up their hands to try to stop them. A man eating peanuts in his white pickup feels what he thinks are two flat tires. A moment later, his pickup is two feet high. Somehow, he survives. In an airport shuttle, everyone dies. A man in another car guns his engine, keeps his foot to the floor, and races the slabs that are successively falling behind him. His wife is yelling, "Get out of here! Get out of here!" Miraculously, he gets out of here. Many race the slabs, but few escape. Through twenty-two hundred yards the slabs fall. They began falling where the highway leaves natural sediments and goes onto a bed of landfill. They stop where the highway leaves landfill and returns to natural sediments.

Five minutes after five, and San Francisco's Red Cross Volunteer Disaster Services Committee is in the middle of a disaster-preparedness meeting. The Red Cross Building is shivering. The committee has reconvened underneath its table.

In yards and parks in the Marina, sand boils are spitting muds from orifices that resemble the bell rims of bugles. In architectural terminology, the Marina at street level is full of soft stories. A soft story has at least one open wall and is not well supported. Numerous ground floors in the Marina are garages. As buildings collapse upon themselves, the soft stories vanish. In a fourth-floor apartment, a woman in her kitchen has been cooking Rice-A-Roni. She has put on long johns and a sweatshirt and turned on the television to watch the World Series. As the building shakes, she moves with experience into a doorway and grips the jamb. Nevertheless, the vibrations are so intense that she is thrown to the floor. When the shaking stops, she will notice a man's legs, standing upright, outside her fourth-story window, as if he were floating in air. She will think that she is hallucinating. But the three floors below her no longer exist, and the collapsing building has carried her apartment to the sidewalk. Aqueducts are breaking, and water pressure is falling. Flames from broken gas mains will rise two hundred feet. As in 1906, water to fight fires will be scarce. There are numbers of deaths in the Marina, including a man and woman later found hand in hand. A man feels the ground move under his bicycle. When he returns from his ride, he will find his wife severely injured and his infant son dead. An apartment building at Fillmore and Bay has pitched forward onto the street. Beds inside the building are standing on end.

The Marina in 1906 was a salt lagoon. After the Panama Canal opened, in 1914, San Francisco planned its Panama-Pacific International Exposition for the following year, not only to demonstrate that the city had recovered from the great earthquake to end all earthquakes but also to show itself off as a golden destination for shipping. The site chosen for the Exposition was the lagoon. To fill it up, fine sands were hydraulically pumped into it and mixed with miscellaneous debris, creating the hundred and sixty-five dry acres that flourished under the Exposition and are now the Marina. Nearly a minute has passed since the rock slipped at the hypocenter. In San Francisco, the tremors this time will last fifteen seconds. As the ground violently shakes and the sand boils of the Marina discharge material from the liquefying depths, the things they spit up include tarpaper and bits of redwood—the charred remains of houses from the earthquake of 1906.

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Not long ago, at Mussel Rock, a man named Araullo was fishing. He had a long pole that looked European. He seemed not so much to be casting

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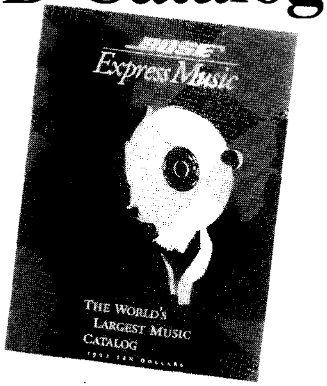

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his lure as sweeping it through the sea. His home was near the top of the cliff. He pointed proudly. The one nearest the view.

He had come down the trail and jumped over water to a wide, flat boulder. The seismic crack that came down the cliff ran into the water and under the boulder. He was fishing the San Andreas Fault, and he was having no luck.

I asked him, "What are you after?"

He said, "Sea perch. I also get salmon and striped bass here. Now I don't know where they are. Someday, they come."

He said that he felt very fortunate to have a house so close to the fish and the ocean, to have been able to afford it. He had bought it six months before. In this particular location, real estate was cheap. He had bought the house for a hundred and seventy thousand. I could barely hear him over the sound of the waves.

"If it going to go down, it going to go down," he shouted, and he flailed the green sea. "You never know what going to happen. Only God knows. Hey, we got the whole view of the ocean. We got the Mussel Rock. What else we need for? This is life. If it go down, we go down with it."

The cormorants were present, and the pelicans. The big fishing boulder was echeloned with shears. From somewhere near Araullo's house, a hang glider had left the jumpy earth and now hovered safely above us.

Araullo ignored the hang glider and kept on swinging his pole.

"I don't know where they are," he said again. "But someday they come. They always come."

—JOHN MCPHEE

(*This is the third part of a three-part article.*)

•

Many farmers are engaged in maple tree cultivation in the environs of Montreal and have whole groves of them. The species concerned is the sugar maple, whose sap is particularly tasty and rich in sugar. Similarly as in the case of rubber extraction, a small tube is jabbed into the trunk of a tree through which the rare sap falls in drops into a metal pail fixed to the tree. If you taste it you will find that it is by no means so sweet as you would imagine syrup to be. The sap must be boiled, defecated and evaporated as a result of which it becomes thick and sweet. And why do they begin to collect sugar maple syrup just in mid-February?—*OK FLIGHT, the magazine of Czechoslovak Airlines.*

Because no one's around to watch in mid-February, that's why.

IN FASHION

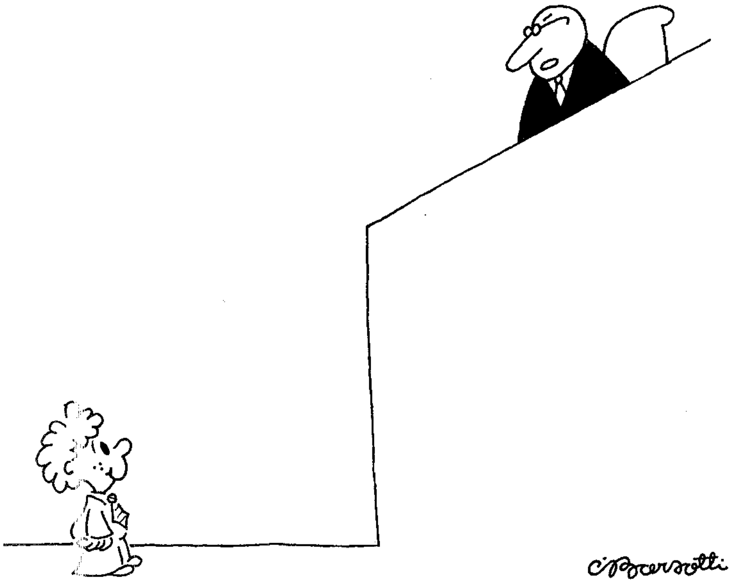
The End of Elegance

WHEN people in the fashion business predict the demise of the haute couture, which for years now they've been saying is just around the corner, it is generally because the very concept of exquisite clothes made to order seems so out of date. All that money, all those fittings. All those rows of little gilt chairs with crimson velvet cushions. Even the rules for recognition by the Chambre Syndicale de la Couture Parisienne, the industry's governing body, strike most observers as outmoded: a minimum of twenty workers in the atelier, of seventy-five numbers per collection, of forty-five shows to private clients per season—terms that disqualify many of the designers who have moved fashion forward over the past decade (it is rumored that the Chambre Syndicale is about to relax these requirements; it is also rumored, however, that the changes will be slight). Thierry Mugler challenged the system this season by showing his fall ready-to-wear collection, with roughly a fifth of the numbers made to order, during the five days of haute-couture presentations, even though his house is not accredited as a *maison d'haute couture*. Other designers, like Azzedine Alaïa, Claude Montana (whose guest stint as a couturier at the house of Lanvin was distinguished but brief), Jean Paul Gaultier, Vivienne Westwood, Rei Kawakubo, and Romeo Gigli, though they may produce occasional one-of-a-kind pieces on commission or for the runway, send out their message in the ready-to-wear. Meanwhile, the couture has come to rest primarily in the hands of an older generation of more established designers, set in their ways. As for the clients—front-row spectators like Joan Collins and Princess Caroline of Monaco and Ivana Trump—they are not exactly what you would call leadership material, unlike Millicent Rogers and Wallis Simpson and Marlene Dietrich, whom other women looked to in their day as examples. And so, in one of those curious reversals brought on by seemingly inexorable changes in the world, the haute couture, which was once the vanguard of fashion, now finds itself bringing up the rear.

Watching the latest round of shows, for fall, in Paris, I was struck all over again by how quaint they seemed, and by the fact that they're predicated on a notion that most of the rest of fashion has pretty much given up on: elegance. The models walk down the runway enveloped in an aura that is yellowed and fading. When did elegance die? Sometime in the late sixties, evidently, though no one seems to have paid any notice at the time. It may have been a casualty of the sexual revolution, which did away with all restraint, or of women's liberation, which relieved women of the need to work so hard at their appearance, or of the assault on society's established order, which overturned everything that smacked of refinement and sophistication, those instruments of élitism. In any event, when the smoke finally cleared, at the beginning of the seventies, elegance had expired.

My dictionary defines elegance as, first, "refinement and grace" and, second, "tasteful opulence." To judge from the clothes on the runways in recent years, most designers feel that these qualities reside primarily in the past—that elegance is practically extinct, though not, apparently, obsolete, since the yearning for it appears to be so widespread.

Elegant fashion is now, almost by definition, retro fashion. In an interview published in "Discourses: Conversations in Postmodern Art and Culture," Trinh T. Minh-Ha, a writer, filmmaker, and composer, contends that "Tradition as the Past is a modernist idea," in keeping with the modernist goal: to break with tradition and establish a new and better order. It is in this context, she explains, that postmodernism arises, out of "the reactive impulse to retrieve tradition in its authenticity." This season, Valentino transformed the Palais de Chaillot into a replica of the night club on board the Normandie, the ocean liner decorated by Jean Dunand, as the setting for a collection—a tribute to Dunand—that looked as if it had walked right out of the pages of forties fashion magazines. "Enter the Era of Elegance," the cover of the current issue of *Harper's Bazaar* (the first under the magazine's new editorship) urges optimistically, alongside a fifties-style photograph of Linda Evangelista. Every so often, a designer like Montana or Gigli or a photographer like Steven Meisel or David Seidner gives us a glimpse of some new breed of elegance, articulated in contemporary terms; but for the most part these are not the images that predominate. The images we find definitive, that crystallize our sense of the present, are arresting, provocative (sexually and intellectually), vivacious, sometimes vulgar; they come on to the viewer. Elegance in this climate is almost always pleasing and somehow reassuring and often striking but finally—oddly—irrelevant.



"*Don't get cute with me, counsellor.*"

WHEN "elegant" is used to describe a work of art today, it is sometimes meant pejoratively. In painting and, more recently, in photography, the spell cast by a beautiful image has given way to the impact of an image that acts as the vehicle for an idea. Beauty is no longer the standard to which artists aspire, the ultimate criterion by which a work succeeds or fails. We're

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beyond that now, artists seem to be saying, and some fashion designers evidently agree.

In a century as secular and materialistic as ours—when God is for many people no longer part of the picture and the self is considered a work of art, when paintings are talked about as "product" and "life style" is a form of self-expression—fashion and art have more in common than meets the eye. Unfortunately, it's the superficial correspondences that spring to mind: Saint Laurent's homages to Braque and Picasso, or his sequinned version of van Gogh's "Sunflowers" as an evening jacket; Perry Ellis's coats patterned after the paintings of Sonia Delaunay; Emanuel Ungaro's haute-couture collection this fall, in which otherwise unremarkable clothes were festooned with appliqués of eyes and lips—token Surrealist motifs reduced to logos and used as decals. For the most part, examples like these serve to confirm the suspicion that designers are out to trade on artists' loftier reputations, that fashion's only relationship to fine art is a derivative one.

As for the legitimate parallels, the most obvious are the ones identified with some familiar movement. Elsa Schiaparelli's inkpot hat topped by a quill pen, her "desk" suit, with drawer pulls on the pocket flaps, were ingenious extensions of the Surrealists' fascination with mannequins and clothing. Halston and Zoran and Calvin Klein in the seventies exercised the principles of minimalism in basic shapes in which the interest was confined to the play of color or texture. That fashion designers have been dealing with many of the same ideas as artists is perhaps not so surprising, though fashion lacks the sort of discourse that takes place around painting and sculpture. The "found" object has come to play an increasingly important role in fashion, in the flea-market chic of Martin Margiela and other designers for whom the act of choice is every bit as noble as the act of creation. It's the context of the runway that confers on these clothes the status of fashion, just as much of the sculpture of our century relies on the context of the museum to be understood as art. Designers now quote each other and the styles of the past as a matter of course, just as artists refer to other paintings, in what amounts to a kind of intramural crosstalk. As in art, a lot of the ridicule aimed at designers and their work these days comes from within the field. Franco Moschino, with his plays on words ("Fashion/Fashioff") and his disdain for the sanctimonious, has become the Marcel Duchamp of the style set.

In recent years, both fashion and art have come to be considered worlds unto themselves—worlds that revolve around marketplaces—and both have begun to seem overpopulated. Meanwhile, the authority of the designer and of the artist has been severely undermined; the designer is no longer in a position to tell people how to present themselves, and the artist, similarly, can no longer tell people how to organize their experience. What is missing now in both worlds is an avant-garde. The notion of a small band of innovators, two steps ahead of the rest of us, capable of scandalizing the establishment and legislating the look of things to come presumes a herd instinct that we seem to have lost. There are still artists and fashion designers whose work shocks certain people, but to no apparent avail. Besides, even if there were some sort of public consensus on matters of art and fashion, we have no reason to believe that the cutting edge of that consensus would be the most innovative place for an artist or a designer to be.

In 1983, the Metropolitan Museum of Art mounted a retrospective exhibition of Yves Saint Laurent's work—the first tribute to a living designer at such a high-profile institution—and it was hailed by people in and around the industry as a sign that finally the rest of the world was giving fashion the serious consideration they had always known it deserved. This, along with the celebrity-journalism treatment that has lately documented every last aspect of the life of the person behind the name on a label, has convinced many a designer that though he may not have the right to call himself an artist, he deserves to be treated like one.

But the problem with thinking about fashion in the way we think about art is, of course, that fashion is not so disinterested; it's a business, and in the end, more often than not, the commercial concerns win out over the aesthetic ones. For all that designers would like to be treated as artists and given the respect that they believe to be their due, the majority of them are unwilling to subject themselves to the sort of thoughtful examination of their work that could qualify as criticism, unless, of course, it comes down in their favor. These issues get especially confused in the case of someone like Saint Laurent, who has for years now been the most obvious candidate for promotion from the category of fashion to the rank of art, not only on account of the quality of his work but also because he appears to be so introspective and tortured. And yet the house of Saint Laurent routinely "decides not to invite" to its shows journalists (like this one) who voice opinions that aren't in keeping with the management's party line—a practice left over from the days when the fashion press's mission was to help boost sales.

THE few attempts at elegance that remain these days are not confined to the haute couture, but there are more of them there than anywhere else, if only because, despite the publicity stunts and photo ops, the audience for the haute couture is, finally, the customers themselves. The ready-to-wear, by comparison, relies much more on theatre, playing to jaded retailers and magazine editors who act as intermediaries, interpreting for their constituencies the clothes they see in the shows. Women—most women, at any rate—still consider fashion a service industry, whose job it is to make them look attractive, and if they are often disappointed, not to say appalled, by what they see presented on the runways, perhaps it's because many designers feel that making women look attractive is no longer their duty, or that it's just one of their many duties, and not the most interesting one. Here is where fashion, the clothes that people wear to make them feel good about themselves, and Fashion, the clothes that designers present in order to make some sort of statement about the times in which we live, part company.

The haute-couture clients who had gone to Paris in search of clothes that would make them look pretty this fall surely found them. At Givenchy, there was a becoming black one-shoulder cocktail dress with a velvet bodice and a full faille skirt; at Nina Ricci, a smart beige-black-and-white checked wool pants suit; at Dior, a graceful evening gown of taupe chiffon, twisted at the bodice, worn with one long gold leather glove, like a sleeve; at Christian Lacroix, a ravishing steel-gray draped silk-faille wrap dress, tied off the shoulder with a giant asymmetrical bow. Give or take a few inches at the hemline, plus or minus a little width at the shoulder, these are clothes that exist outside time, in a tradition that is classical; and the type of woman they imply is fairly unchanging, as well.

Some designers—Gaultier, Margiela, Kawakubo, Helmut Lang, and Yohji Yamamoto, to name only a few—seem to be saying that a woman's feeling good about herself these days doesn't come down to looking beautiful. Or, rather, what's beautiful to them isn't beauty itself, with its perfect proportions—the small, even features, the long, slender body—but anything that is interesting and particular, even peculiar. The models who work their runway shows (many of them not models at all but so-called "personalities" and "real people") aren't icons; they're an assortment of characters who look as if they might be worth getting to know. They have lines in their faces, or long waists, or short arms, or big noses. They look engaged, as if they cared about the issues that confront us all. The women on the runway at Yves Saint Laurent or Givenchy, by comparison, seem glamorous and somewhat detached, as if they inhabited a world in which the sky is not about to fall. And so dissonant are these times that there is something unsettling, even jarring, about the harmony that the haute couture projects: the hat, the coördinating belt and gloves, the earrings, the shoes dyed to match.

In painting and in sculpture, women's bodies—naked and clothed—have been a vehicle for high moral principles and for urgent desires, for fascination and for contempt, for philosophies about perception and for techniques of applying paint. Women have been placed at the center of sylvan landscapes or on divans in cluttered studios or on pedestals that elevate them to the plane of ideals. Like a riddle to be solved, Woman has been for millennia one of the main recurring themes in art, and she has yet to be displaced. In fashion, too, she is the subject, the central premise, even if the terms in which she is portrayed today are not as rhapsodic as they used to be. What gave rise to elegance was essentially an elegiac impulse, but we have since discovered the limitations of elegy, and the way it precludes both designers and the women who wear their clothes from participating in any larger cultural debate.

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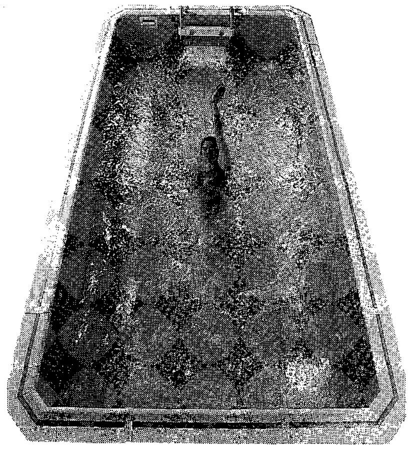

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

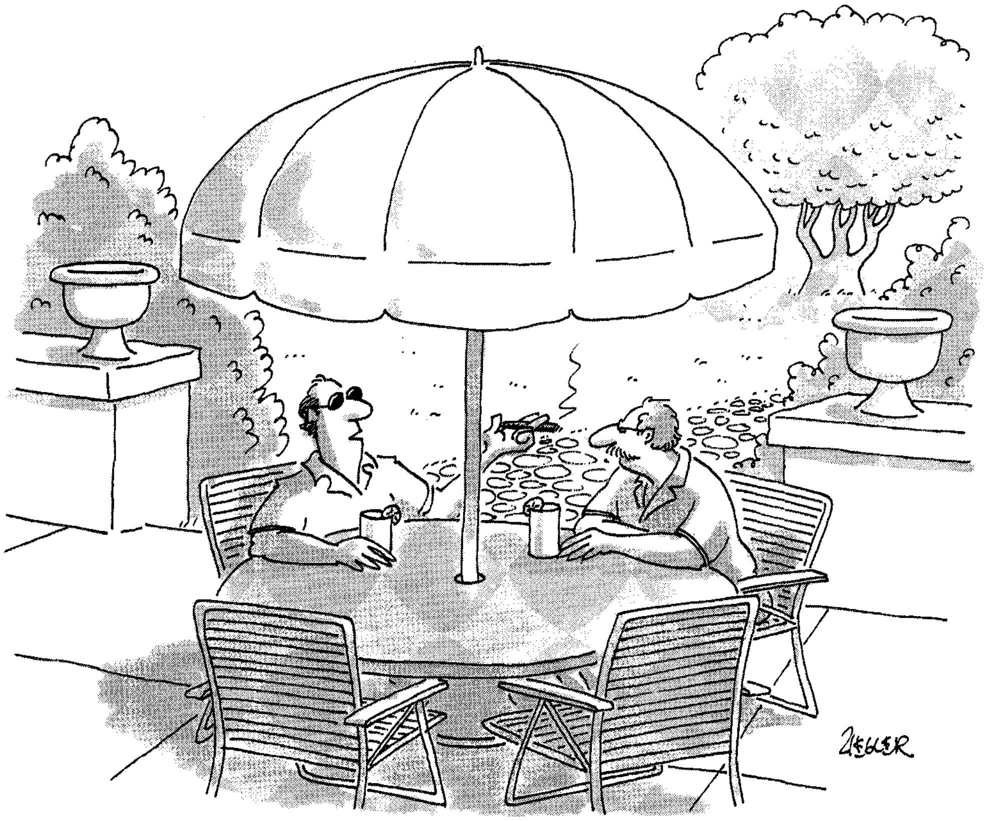
Getting Old

IN Woody Allen's uncomfortably personal new movie, "Husbands and Wives," Allen plays a novelist and creative-writing teacher named Roth, thus linking himself, not too subtly, with an artist whose work has often appeared to blur the distinction between fiction and autobiography. Allen couldn't have foreseen that by the time this picture was released it would be viewed as a kind of confessional piece—that the audience would be scanning it for inside dope about the messy breakup of his relationship with Mia Farrow. Farrow plays Gabe Roth's wife, Judy, and it's a horrific marriage, full of bad faith and poisonous long-standing resentments. "Husbands and Wives" renders the dissolution of the Roths' union in a style that's meant to look raw, rough-edged, truthful. In place of his usual pristine pastiches of Bergman and Fellini compositions, Allen here favors jump-cutting and wobbly hand-held camerawork that suggest the French New Wave and the Cassavetes of "Faces" and "Husbands"; the dialogue is streaked with improvised-sounding profanity; at different points, characters step out of the story and speak directly to the camera, giving earnest answers to an offscreen interviewer's questions. Allen has never before tried so hard to create the illusion of immediacy, of lifelike spontaneity and muddle. Even if we didn't know what we now know (or think we know) about the private lives of Woody Allen and Mia Farrow, the film's manner would cry out for an autobiographical reading. "Husbands and Wives" is designed to feel intimate, painfully revelatory about the gulf between men and women: it's Woody's Complaint.

But despite the naturalistic surface and the aura of candor, the movie's vision of life isn't really very persuasive. It's hard to avoid the suspicion that the cinéma-vérité technique Allen uses here is essentially a stunt—a formal strategy intended to give a fresh look to some battered, timeworn ideas. He isn't saying anything in "Husbands and Wives" that he hasn't said before. The story he's telling is a chestnut from the days of "Annie Hall" and "Manhattan"—the one about the nervous, insecure guy who is helplessly attracted to crazy women and is left, in the end, alone and baffled.

The only thing that has changed since Allen's late-seventies explorations of romantic futility is the tone, which is now sour, dispirited, almost vindictive. The pessimism of the earlier films was tempered—in "Annie Hall," especially—by a sense of wonder, an awestruck appreciation of the vibrant, dazzling weirdness of the women Diane Keaton played. But in "Husbands and Wives" the Woody character is done wrong not by an incandescent flake but by a drab manipulator: Judy is, according to her previous husband (played by Yale's ex-president Benno Schmidt), a "passive-aggressive" personality, a woman who knows how to get what she wants without seeming to ask for it. For most of the picture, we're waiting for Gabe to ditch Judy and fall into the arms of Rain (Juliette Lewis), the star pupil in the college writing class he teaches. But Gabe and Rain never consummate their flirtation, and finally Judy dumps *him*, because she's in love with her handsome, sensitive co-worker Michael (Liam Neeson). After Gabe has renounced the temptation of Rain and has been thrown out of his apartment by Judy, he tells us, "I walked out into the pouring rain. . . and then I realized that I really blew it"—meaning his marriage. But his wistfulness and sodden regret don't carry much conviction; if you buy this movie's embittered view of relationships in general, and the Roths' in particular, it's difficult to feel that he has lost anything of value.

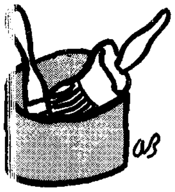
For all the lying and evasion and cowardice that characterizes Gabe's behavior throughout the picture, in the end Allen confers on his protagonist a sort of alienated-hero stature. Gabe is the man without illusions; as other characters pair off, he remains above the romantic fray, his solitude a token of his newfound honesty and philosophical rigor. "Husbands and Wives," far from being the tentative and exploratory work that its style tries to suggest, is a meticu-



"As you know, Ed, my pockets are considerably deeper than yours. Therefore, in addition to my share I'll be needing a percentage of yours."

lously constructed argument about the impossibility of marriage. Allen has manufactured a universe in which every romantic impulse is compromised by neurotic need and every attempt at emotional commitment is a pathetic exercise in self-delusion, based on nothing solider than a terror of loneliness. Judy and Michael, protesting their happiness to the offscreen interviewer in the movie's final minutes, aren't a model couple: she looks smugly victorious; he looks trapped and defensive.

To clinch the movie's cynical thesis, Allen tracks the marriage of another middle-aged couple, Jack (Sydney Pollack) and Sally (Judy Davis), who are the Roths' best friends. At the beginning of the picture, Jack and Sally announce, with forced jauntiness, that they've decided to separate; at the end, they're back together. Their reconciliation, however, is presented as a kind of moral defeat, a pure failure of nerve. Exhausted and disappointed by the ups and downs of the single life, they retreat to the relative comfort of the familiar—a seriously flawed relationship in which there are few deep pleasures but no nasty surprises. Jack and Sally wind up huddled, like frightened children, in their suburban bedroom, grateful that they're no longer exposed to the risks of the cold, cruel world outside. In their final interview, they endorse the value of sweeping problems under the rug—problems that in their case include nearly total sexual incompatibility—and their frank commitment to joylessly soldiering on draws dry, superior laughter from the audience.



The Jack-and-Sally subplot is, like everything else in the picture, just a device to make Gabe's inability to sustain a relationship look like an act of existential heroism. This story line generates more than its share of ugly, awkward scenes, the worst being one in which Jack hurls abuse at his young blond girlfriend, Sam (Lysette Anthony), because her New Age astrological babbling has embarrassed him at a party. And it generates, too, some of the script's most stunning banalities: Jack actually says, "Sometimes you can be a lot more alone when you're with somebody." But the role of Sally gives Judy Davis a chance to show off her comic skills, and she is astonishing. It's not enough to say that she's the best thing in "Husbands and Wives"; she's so much more vivid than anyone else that she seems to be in a different movie altogether. Davis's movie-within-the-movie is a ferocious ironic portrait of a woman who is probably too intelligent for her own good; that's a standard Woody Allen type, but she makes it entirely her own, and her timing is as deadly as Maggie Smith's. Sally is the only recognizable human being in this picture, and by far the funniest.

And that's no coincidence. There's an ebullience, a sense of joy, in Davis's playing which enables us to laugh uninhibitedly at her character's foibles. Everyone else in the movie seems to be merely executing Allen's conception of his or her character, and the mean-spiritedness of those conceptions comes through all too clearly. Except for Davis's scenes—especially the one in which Sally goes on her first date after her separation—the movie's humor is surprisingly flat. Allen's gags and situations no longer betray even a trace of delight at the absurdities of human behavior: his bemused vision of romantic folly has turned, over the years, into a bilious take-my-wife-please routine. The caricatures of the Sam type have always served the same purpose—to illustrate the proposition that desirable women aren't necessarily brainy, and its corollary, that men will overlook certain intellectual deficiencies for the sake of a good time in the sack. Allen's audience surely grasped this idea years ago. The joke is getting old, and not gracefully. With each repetition, it seems crueller—less like a whimsical observation on the vagaries of sexual attraction and more like an aging man's revenge on the young.

Allen has no interest, apparently, in anyone who hasn't given up on life. At the end of "Husbands and Wives" he allows all the older characters to reflect on their recent experiences and tell us where they stand a year and a half after the story's main events. He doesn't, however, let the two young women, Sam and Rain, speak for themselves. Their feelings don't matter: the significance of these characters begins and ends with their effect on the lives of their elders. Besides, any hint of hope, of youthful aspiration, would foul up the picture's airtight all-is-vanity thesis. Since Allen has no sympathy for the young, the scenes be-

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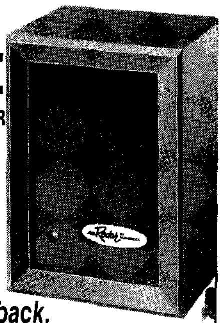

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tween Gabe and Rain are the dullest passages in the film. Rain is a wan, vague presence. Allen doesn't take cheap shots at her (except for that ridiculous name); he just seems completely at sea—unwilling to dump on her, but unable to imagine her emotional life with any vigor or conviction. For curiosity-seekers, though, the Woody-and-the-college-girl story line is bound to be the main attraction of "Husbands and Wives," and, in a weird way, the audience's voyeurism works to the movie's advantage: these sequences are slack dramatically, but their gossip value gives them some tension. What keeps you absorbed in "Husbands and Wives" isn't the power of Woody Allen's art, and what you feel when it's over isn't the aesthetic pleasure of deepened understanding.

To make exhilarating, illuminating art out of the pain and sorrow of life requires a kind of detachment. The lofty indifference that Gabe Roth achieves at the end of this picture isn't the right kind, though. And the distancing formalism of Allen's experiments in film style probably isn't the right kind, either. At a certain point, eclecticism stops being a virtue and starts feeling like a con, a razzle-dazzle cover for imaginative exhaustion. Just this year, Allen has swung from a dogged re-creation of German Expressionist style, in "Shadows and Fog," to an equally relentless exercise in cinéma vérité here—which is like a musician making a bluegrass album and following it up with a speed-metal record. Both the style and the substance of "Husbands and Wives" have a curdled quality, the air of things that have gone bad but haven't been thrown away. That is, in fact, how Woody Allen views human relationships in this movie: everything spoils. I don't believe it, and I'm not fully convinced that he does—any more than I was persuaded, six years ago, that he really believed the ringing affirmation of domestic bliss in "Hannah and Her Sisters." The cynical platitudes that come at us in such dizzying profusion in "Husbands and Wives" sound like the home truths of a rootless, unsettled sensibility.

The only way to account for the bleakness and savage nihilism of "Husbands and Wives" is to think of the picture as an expression of its creator's weariness with his own ideas, as an elaborate rationalization of intellectual stasis. The most disturbing,

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and angering, thing about the movie is that Allen has transferred his disappointment in himself into disgust for other people: he's going down, and he's determined to take the rest of us with him. If the intent of "Husbands and Wives" is to demonstrate the wisdom of the old saw "Familiarity breeds contempt," it succeeds, though with a much narrower application than the movie asks for. It's sad to have to say this, but Woody Allen's take on life and love has become unbearably familiar. —TERRENCE RAFFERTY

Trimming America's Sail

WATCHING "Wind," you may get whiplash from the sudden shifts between exhilarating footage of America's Cup racing and banal, confusing dramaturgy involving Matthew Modine as a determined helmsman and Jennifer Grey as his on-and-off partner-girlfriend. The filmmaker responsible for both the elation and the dead spots is Carroll Ballard ("The Black Stallion," "Never Cry Wolf"). Few directors can match his artistry at deriving kinesthetic power from the conflict of Man (or Boy) and Nature. In "Wind" he aims to bring us close to the teamwork, brawn, guts, and hair-trigger calculations that racing demands; the art and the science that go into aquatic design; the pull of the America's Cup as a trophy that has left the United States only once since the competition began, in 1851. (The movie was suggested by Dennis Conner's loss of the Cup, in 1983, and his 1987 drive to regain it.) In many of the sailing scenes Ballard succeeds, thrillingly. Along with his cinematographer, John Toll, Ballard creates charged images of sailors working the winches or clinging to the yachts' sides like monkeys riding their mother's back. Michael Chandler's swift, visceral editing thrusts us into the eye of every crisis: an ankle snared on a line, vessels colliding, sails shredding. And in the climactic race Chandler makes a hilarious cut from a frenzied starting line to still waters. But between contests the action doesn't merely move to dry land—it gets beached. Modine's affair with Grey is kittenish at best, and his revolt against the yachting establishment is equivocal and never satisfactorily articulated. The movie lacks a complex hero, or the momentous narrative that could make it all cohere. It's like "Moby Dick" without Ahab *or* the white whale.

Modine is meant to represent the grass-roots promise of yachting's future. But he's vague and wispy. He's effective only when he serves as Ballard's mouthpiece, explaining that in a race a sailor tries to capture the wind, make it his own, and prevent a rival from taking it away. We're supposed to track Modine's spiritual progress by the ebb and flow of his relationship with Grey. When he auditions for the America's Cup team of a Newport millionaire (Cliff Robertson), Grey becomes his design consultant, and her know-how contributes to his achievement. So when a coach in a Brooks Brothers cap orders Modine to cut Grey from his boat, on the ground that she upsets the squad's chemistry, his immediate acquiescence seems absurd. You don't believe that a lovers' bond this fresh-faced and idyllic could bother anyone; there's only one mild example of what summer-camp counsellors used to call P.D.A. (Public Displays of Affection).

The movie's attitude toward yachting's high-society set is wavering and ambiguous. As an imagemaker, Ballard can't help glorying in the sight of blue-blazered patricians. Robertson is painted as an icon—the Grand Old Man of sailing. Initially, Ballard and the screenwriters (Rudy Wurlitzer and Mac Gudgeon) present the world of Newport wealth as a bizarre wonderland of culture and claptrap. Robertson's model-like daughter, played by Rebecca Miller, is a ditz: when Modine first wanders in and out of Robertson's mansion, she's fluttering and lip-synching to "Madame Butterfly." But Robertson's character combines Ye Olde American virtues of hard work and conviction with a frontiersman's killer instinct. After Robertson's elect corps loses the Cup to Australia, Modine approaches the skipper in the hope that he'll bankroll another yacht, but Robertson responds by delivering a harangue on how America is going soft. He's out of control—and so's the movie. When he says that what's wrong with this country is a Chicago cabbie's winning four million dollars in the lottery, it's impossible to tell whether or not the filmmakers agree with him. In the fiercest and most manly way, Robertson whines that he didn't make *his* millions by picking a number—his father was an Idaho potato farmer.

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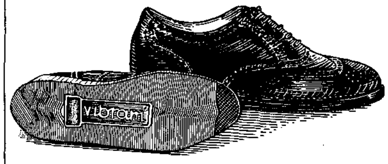

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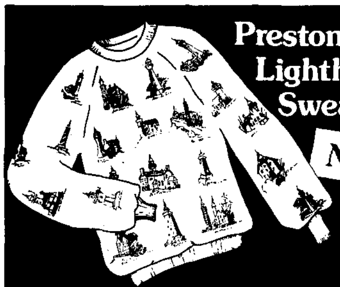

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Grey, and her rebound boyfriend—a wry, egotistical aeronautical engineer (Stellan Skarsgård)—collaborate on an innovative yacht in the unlikely setting of Deadman's Flat, Nevada. Miller, Modine's new amorous attachment, becomes their chief fund-raiser. Ballard keeps the mood and the atmosphere light. I think he wants us to see his characters as emotional improvisers, finding sustenance where they can as they bumble their way back to the right lovers and the correct goals. But audiences may find themselves rooting for the ruthless skipper of the Australian team, because Jack Thompson plays him with gusto, and because he's so salty and direct. He doesn't sound off about national character or the poetry of sails. He just wants to keep that damn Cup.

"SNEAKERS," a Lawrence Lasker–Walter F. Parkes production in the political-computer-thriller-comedy vein of their 1983 hit "WarGames," contains a load of anti-Republican jokes so pandering and reflexive that they fade from memory almost as quickly as the bulk of the Quayle-skewering in this year's Emmy show. I sympathize with liberal entertainers who feel a need to fly their colors in this election year, but the kind of smug attitudinizing that goes on in "Sneakers" won't win any crossover votes. Directed by Phil Alden Robinson ("Field of Dreams"), from a screenplay by Robinson, Lasker, and Parkes, "Sneakers" is an attempt to fashion a left-wing comic-book movie about a group of high-tech security analysts, led by Robert Redford. Under pressure from the National Security Agency, Redford agrees to steal a device that can decode and invade any computer program in the private and public sectors. He and his buddies become potential targets for foreign agents, rogue agents, and the American underworld. Redford is impersonating the kind of tight-lipped, alienated man of action that was his stock-in-trade more than twenty years ago—except that here he's not a sixties hero but a sixties survivor. Once a computer prankster who transferred money from the G.O.P. to the Black Panthers (a stunt that forced him to go underground and remain incognito), he's now a semi-legit businessman. But he hasn't entirely lost his cutting edge. He's teamed up with four other misfits: Sidney Poitier as a canned C.I.A. agent, River Phoenix as an ethereal computer-age juvenile delinquent, Dan Aykroyd as an ex-con gadget freak, and David Strathairn as a blind master of sound tracing.

The Fantastic Four they're not. The filmmakers haven't given them the distinctive interplay and kicky gimmicks that can make a comic-book ensemble tickle the fantasy bone. Their technical wizardry goes down too easily. Actually, it's more fifties than sixties: the word it brings to mind is "neat." Only Strathairn displays a feeling for the stylized superheroism the genre requires: he imbues his character with humorous self-awareness. Sporting huge dark glasses as if they were part of a superhero uniform, he knows the impact his blindness *and* his perceptiveness have on the people around him.

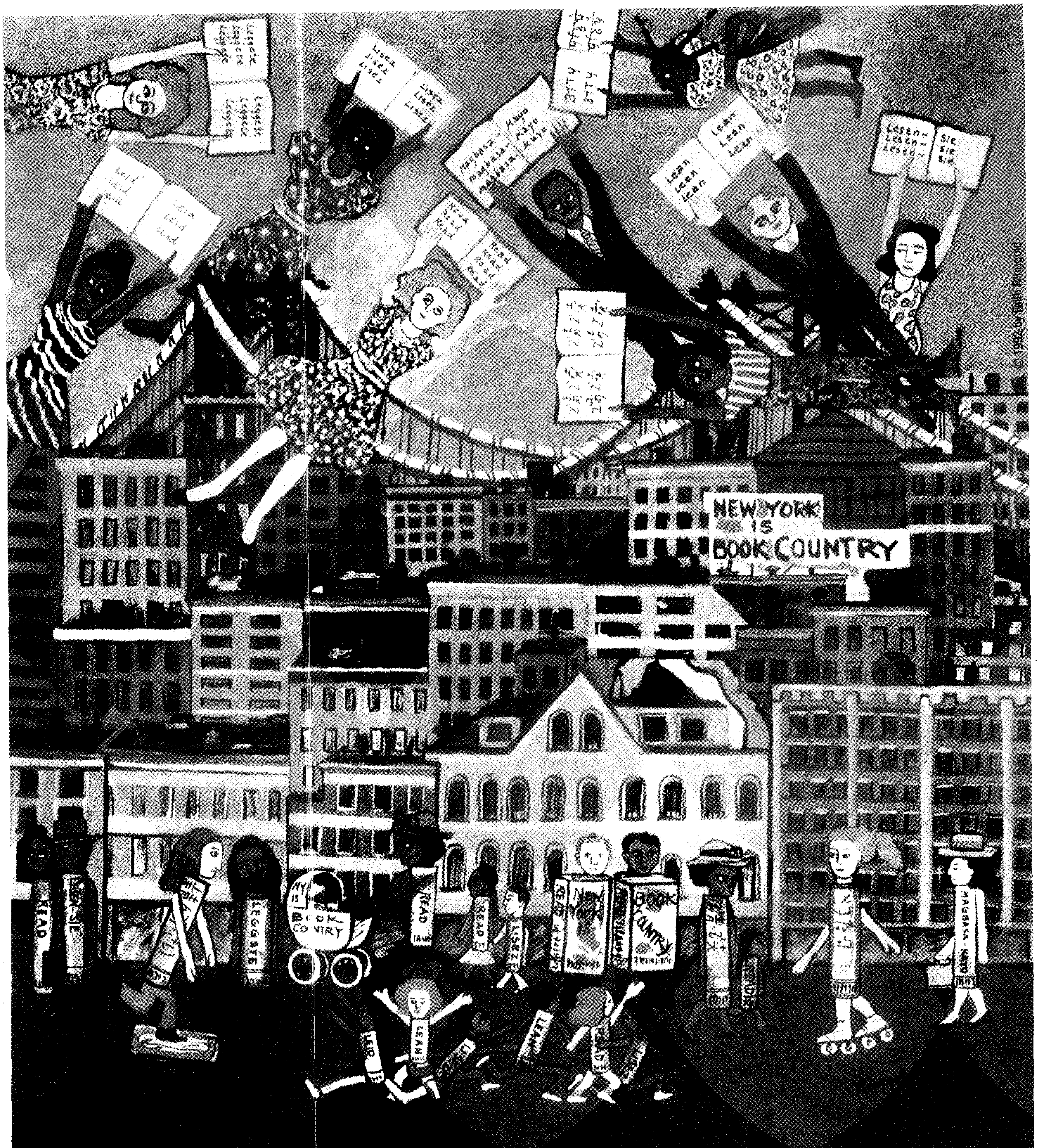
The filmmakers are smart enough to stage a preëmptive strike by having Redford's love interest (Mary McDonnell) observe that he's organized an overgrown-boys' club, complete with clubhouse. But just saying so doesn't alter anything; these code busters are more desexed than Ghostbusters. Set up as a liberal dream team, they come off as a neutered alternative family. The gripping and amusing "War Games" (directed by John Badham) was superior even in the romantic department; Matthew Broderick and Ally Sheedy got more of a thing going than Redford and McDonnell. Ben Kingsley has the mysterious-genius role that Lasker and Parkes gave to John Wood in "WarGames." When Kingsley and Redford debate using the universal code breaker to effect radical change, Redford seems to consider the idea irresponsible, even dangerous. But in the closing minutes the movie celebrates computer sabotage in the service of progressive causes. "Sneakers" plays into the hands of its enemies: it says that liberals are a self-righteous élite.

—MICHAEL SRAGOW

•

Hold onto your garden greens—giant African snails have invaded Long Island. Boasting a voracious appetite and stocked with both male and female sex organs capable of producing up to 1,000 offspring per year, officials at the U.S. Department of Agriculture are warning Long Islanders to report any sightings of the oversized escargot immediately.—*Donna Petrozzello in the Westhampton Beach (N.Y.) Hampton Chronicle-News.*

And if you see one of those officials, shoot first and ask questions later.



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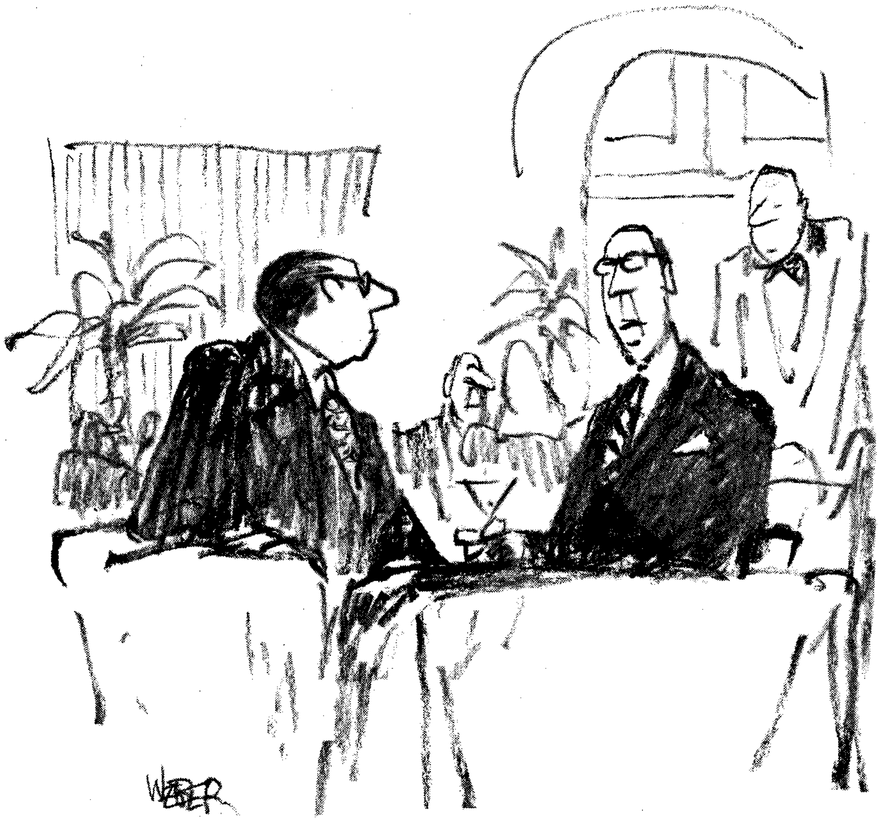
LETTER FROM EUROPE

MILAN

TWO years ago, an undertaker here complained to a journalist about having to kick back a hundred thousand lire—ninety dollars—for every corpse that came his way from an old-age hospice called the Pio Albergo Trivulzio, which belongs to the City of Milan and is its oldest and most venerable charity. The undertaker, whose name is Franco Restelli, was not complaining about the system. He had the exclusive run of the morgue at Trivulzio for two days every week, and the city paid for as many funerals as he could manage in those two days. He was not complaining about the fact that a politician in charge of a public trust—in this case, a Socialist politician named Mario Chiesa—was collecting bribes for bodies. He was complaining because those bodies were controlled and distributed, so to speak, by another undertaker—a big donor to the Socialist Party of Milan, who had got the Trivulzio funeral concession from Chiesa, and who contracted out, and took the credit for every hundred thousand lire that Restelli paid. Nothing came of Restelli's complaint. The undertaker with the concession sued for defamation and lost, and, in the end, the only change at the Pio Albergo Trivulzio was that somebody else, somebody more dependable and discreet, came for the corpses. But one of the judges at the Tribunal, a public prosecutor by the name of Antonio Di Pietro, got interested in the hospice and in its finances—or, more precisely, in Mario Chiesa's finances—and asked the police to put a tap on the Trivulzio phones.

Mario Chiesa was living notably high for a local Party functionary on a salary that amounted to forty-five hundred dollars a month. Chiesa did all the things that Socialists on the take in Milan traditionally do (and that Christian Democrats and Communists are supposed to be wily enough not to do). He bought pale cashmere crewnecks on the Via Montenapoleone. He gave up his old car for an Alfa Romeo with a driver, and then he gave up his old wife for a girl to go with the Alfa. Di Pietro, who believes in computers, had every one of Chiesa's meals and purchases and credit-card statements logged into the data bank at the Milan courthouse, but in the end it was Chiesa's wife who ruined him. Laura Sala Chiesa asked for alimony that had no relation to the salary he reported; it was more in line with what an injured Italian wife could reasonably expect out of a stash of, say, twenty or thirty million dollars earning interest in a Swiss bank. It didn't move Laura Sala at all when Mario told the divorce court that he was a very poor man, doing his charitable best for the aged, ailing Milanese in his charge—doing his best for the honor of the Socialist Party, or what passes for Socialism in Italy now. Laura said that Mario spent more time on the telephone with his Swiss banker than he had ever spent at the Pio Albergo Trivulzio—that the only time he had showed up at the Trivulzio lately was to collect his bribes. She thought of the bribes as a sort of community property—clandestine community property—and when she didn't get her cut in the settlement she wrote to the courthouse to complain. Her letter made the rounds, and her testimony ended up on Antonio Di Pietro's desk; from there it was a short trip to Switzerland—not much more than an hour's drive from the Tribunale di Milano to the Banca Novara, in Lugano, except on Fridays, when so many Milanese are smuggling cash across the border that the trip can take forever.



"My God, Jack, how many times have I wished *I* *could stay home and bake cookies!"*

On February 17th of this year, a local entrepreneur with a hospital cleaning service arrived at the Pio Albergo Trivulzio carrying seven million lire in marked bills—the first installment of a fourteen-million-lira "contribution" to the Socialist Party of Milan that Chiesa was charging for a cleaning contract. The entrepreneur was wired for sound, and Chiesa must have suspected something, because he tried to flush the day's take down his office toilet. Italy being Italy, it clogged.

Di Pietro arrested Chiesa that day, and by now he has hundreds of other Milanese bureaucrats, businessmen, and politicians—including eleven deputies to the Italian parliament—under formal investigation, and has arrested eighty of them on bribery and extortion charges. Half the people in the Milan city council have been named in the scandals, which is not surprising, since two Milan mayors are also under indictment. Some eight hundred nervous Milanese have closed their bank accounts across the border or transferred them to banks in "Deep Switzerland"—banks they hope Di Pietro hasn't heard of. Four people under indictment have committed suicide. Laura Sala has asked the court to attach the expensive new furniture in Mario's *salotto buono*, which is arriviste Italian for the room the company sees. And there is no room left in the cells in San Vittore prison reserved for the people rounded up in what everybody here calls Operazione Mani Pulite—Operation Clean Hands. Most Milanese are celebrating, though the other prosecutors sometimes complain about the space for *their* prisoners at San Vittore, where the men sitting on their dirty hands have run a gamut from Chiesa to a million lire builder with Palermo connection to the hitherto distinguished president of Cogefar, which is the Fiat magnate Gianni Agnelli's local construction company. The Clean Hands cells were used in the nineteen-seventies for terrorists. They are notably uncongenial to a Milan fat cat.

IN most of Italy, there are as many words for corruption as there are words for the underworld, which goes by the name Cosa Nostra in Sicily, Camorra in Campagna, 'Ndrangheta in Calabria, and, perhaps for confessional purposes, the Sacra Corona Unità in Puglia. Sicilians talking about a bribe say *pizzo*—lace—which comes from an old Sicilian word for a bird's beak, dipping into water, but in Italian means the little bit of embroidery on every negotiation, and can be skimpy or thick, depending on the occasion, and on the risks of refusing to pay, and on the money available for paying. Romans say *mazzetta*, which means a little stack of coins. But the Milanese, who, despite abundant evidence to the contrary, persist in believing they are geographically *and* ethically to the north of the rest of Italy, had no word of their own to describe their version of the national pastime. They borrowed *tangenti* from geometry, and were even a little proud of the word, because *tangenti* today is only used for important bribes, and evokes powerful people at the upper, elegant levels of corruption; it is a word appropriate to a financial capital. They were distressed when the papers started to talk about Milan as Tangentopoli, but not nearly as distressed as when the papers called Milan "Italian." In a country where (to nobody's benefit but the thieves') words like *pizzo* and *mazzetta* and even *tangenti* are used to tease conscience and turn disaster into entertainment, no one can avoid the blunt meaning of "Italian." It is a terrible word in Italy today, a terrible thing to call your neighbor. It stands for everything dark and criminal and violent about the country, and Italians who use it to describe each other rarely use it to describe themselves.

When Italians say "Italian" now, they are really saying that *they* are the true inheritors of Roman probity and Renaissance refinement, and that everybody else here carries a kind of stigma, variously known as "Italian" or "Latin" or "Mediterranean" or, at its most pejorative, "Arab" character. "Italian" used to mean southern Italy, and then it meant Rome, and the politics of Rome, and now it means a whole tainted system of *clientelismo*—of society run as a protection racket—that connects the corruption in cities like Milan to the violence in Sicily, which is not really Italy at all. In Sicily, the Mafia has murdered more than thirty of Antonio Di Pietro's friends and colleagues in the past ten years, and people who talk are literally scared to death of reprisals. One teen-age girl, who had lost her father and brother to the Mafia, and had testified to the last prosecutor killed, jumped out of a window this summer, saying there was no one left to protect her.

Metternich once wrote that Italy was not a country but a "geographical expression," and in fact, in Metternich's day, Italy was splintered and largely under foreign rule, and had been since the Roman Empire, and would be until Garibaldi marched south, in 1860, with his raggle-taggle army of a thousand men and came home with the Risorgimento. Today, it doesn't matter if you call that "geographical expression" clientelism or protectionism or racketeering, or if you blame Italy on the Italian family or the Italian Church or the Italian political spoils system or, indeed, the Mafia. It is something that has choked the south and corrupted Rome—and it used to amuse the north until the north had to acknowledge that a lot of its own "geographical expression" was Italian, too.

Paolo Fabbri, the semiologist, says that what makes Milan different from other Italian cities is that other cities have a reasonably accurate idea of

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what they are, while Milan's self-image is "performative." He means, I think, that the Milanese decide who they want to be, and then say, "This is who we *are*," and then have to go to work to make it true. There are Milanese today who used to refer to themselves, reasonably, as Italians but now prefer to say that they are "Austrians in Italy" or "Swiss in Italy" (because they had grandparents or great-grandparents who crossed the Alps with the Hapsburgs or with their own cows), or even, in the spirit of the European unity, "Europeans in Italy." They say that if Italy cannot accommodate itself to "Europe" and European values, the north will secede from Italy and join Europe as a new country. They mean, by the north, not just Lombardy but the Piedmont and the Veneto and Emilia Romagna and Tuscany and even Umbria—anywhere that is still relatively peaceful, agreeable, and prosperous. They mean anywhere the Mafia stops short of murder. They talk about ending the "Italianization" of Italian life—a word they borrow from the French, who invented it to describe what was happening to *French* life when politicians in the National Assembly, following an Italian example, voted themselves immunity from prosecution. They say that, while they are Catholic by birth, they are "Calvinist in spirit," and they talk a lot about "preserving the Protestant ethic" of their business practices. They think of Rome as a marriage of convenience, blessed by the Papal See, between mafiosi who deliver votes and politicians who deliver contracts, and they make a politics of being sick of politics. They are really sick of seeing their money disappear. Their favorite stories involve hospitals that never get built, roads that never get paved, public works that vanish, along with their budgets, on the drawing board. The corruption is built into everyday life, and it starts with small things. The desk manager at my hotel wanted thirty-five dollars a day. ("It's not so much," he said when I refused.) The concierge at a friend's building wanted two hundred and fifty dollars to let the plumber who was fixing her bathroom up the stairs. The traffic cop at the corner of another friend's street wanted three thousand dollars to let the movers park their van when he rented his apartment, and when he finally bought the place, and applied at the city hall for permission to renovate, a motherly woman at the desk advised him to do the work illegally, because the bribes he would have to pay the various clerks and inspectors and official *urbanisti* would amount to more money than the renovation.

Gad Lerner, who has a television show called "Profondo Nord," about the problems in northern Italy, says that the mistake most Italians make is believing that "the people" are somehow separate from the system, purer than the system. People here *are* the system. They are complicitous in the corruption and are dulled by the corruption—which may be why, for a long time, they were neither alarmed nor even surprised by what was going on in Milan. They were happy enough if they could manage their own lives without bankrupting themselves. Today, they are simply relieved if the scandals haven't done it for them. They take you on tours of what could be called the "corruption sites." They drive you out to the stadium at San Siro, which added a third floor nobody needed or wanted, because a couple of contractors called in favors due, to the amount of a hundred and twenty-five million dollars. They show you the empty plot north of town that was cleared for a school for training European Community bureaucrats; politicians and "contractors" took all the construction money for themselves—a hundred and sixty million dollars—and there was nothing left to pay the builders. Or they show you the new Piccolo Teatro, near the Botanical Gardens. It was planned on a scale (and at a cost) appropriate to the director Giorgio Strehler's extravagant talents, but the builders arrived in 1982 and paid their *tangenti* and skimmed the rest of the budget—it was forty-five million dollars then—and after that they stopped working. Ten years later, the theatre is shrouded in scaffold nets, and is nowhere near done. The money has disappeared, and it is going to cost the city seventy million more dollars just to reopen the site. My friends here say that at least the Piccolo Teatro will be used someday, and that it will probably be beautiful, because Marco Zanuso (who is known as a "Socialists' architect") designed it. They even say that the scam doesn't seem so terrible when you think of the Duomo, which was started in the thirteen-hundreds and was such a profitable project for so many people that the Milanese took five centuries to complete it.

The worst corruption site in town involves a couple of skyscrapers that will never be used—the "twin towers" built for the railway company at the Porta Garibaldi. The towers are known in Milan as *grattalego*, because no one seems to have designed them and people like to pretend that a slow child with a Lego set was responsible. They were actually built to raise *tangenti*—which in practical terms means that they were built without heating and ventilation ducts, because no one offered kickbacks on ducts, and so they can't open and will never open and eventually the city will have to pay to tear them down. The list goes on: the new line of the Metropolitana, which is costing twice the price, per metre, of any other subway system in the world, including any other Italian subway system; the airport at Malpensa, where a couple of hundred million dollars has vanished; the three hospitals where the budget was skimmed by six contractors and eight Party "cashiers"; even the cemetery where Franco Restelli buried the bodies that started everything.

ANTONIO DI PIETRO used to work in Germany. He was a poor boy from Campobasso, in Molise, and there was no future for a poor boy in a Molise town unless he wanted to be a priest or a criminal. The Cassa del Mezzogiorno, which was supposed to tempt industry south with big government subsidies and easy credit, was being emptied by the politicians who administered the grants and the businessmen who got them and the mob in its various guises as supplier and contractor and labor "organizer." Young men with any brains or ambition went north as *Gastarbeiter*, and saved their money to start a better life somewhere else. This is what Di Pietro did. He worked in a German factory, and then he came home to Italy and studied for tests that put him in the Air Force as an officer, and after the Air Force he studied law and eventually passed the tests for the Magistratura. He is forty-two years old, and in his time he has been a delivery boy in Rome, a police commissioner in Milan, a municipal secretary in Como, and a prosecutor in

Bergamo. Somewhere along the way, he mastered computers. He learned how to program a computer to track the fraud on a corporate balance sheet, and locate the money missing from the city books, and discover the clerk who was selling drivers' licenses for a profit. When he got to the Tribunal, in 1986, he filled his office with computers. He says he turned them all on at the same time, and before he even got to Mario Chiesa he had six hundred Milanese politicians and bureaucrats under investigation for corruption, and two hundred and fifty convictions to his credit. He does not live in Milan. He has a wife and three children to support, so he lives in a suburb on the way to Bergamo, where the houses are cheaper. The papers, which have made a celebrity of Di Pietro, say that every day before he leaves for work he gets the children's breakfast and then goes into the garden and picks a flower for his wife and puts it on the table in the baby's cup. For a long time, he refused security. He is a shy man, and I think it must have surprised him when he became a hero, and then a romantic hero, and people put his picture on T-shirts and started wondering if he had a girlfriend (he said, "In America, I'd be worried") and saying that he looked exactly like Robert De Niro, only "more noble." What he is, really, is a southern gentleman, tilting at "Italy," and somehow it is easier to imagine him fighting the high-noon crime of the Mezzogiorno than the slippery, cynical criminality of a financial capital.

The Magistratura has always attracted southerners. It is a kind of priesthood, a way for young men from desolate places—men with no money and few prospects—to do something with themselves, and this means that by now most of the prosecutors fighting the "Italianization" of Italian life come from that part of Italy which everybody else finds convenient to despise. The Magistratura—in Latin law, the authority of the court covers the magistrates who examine cases, the prosecutors who try cases, and the judges who decide them—is never entirely free from politics. People who pass their *concorso* for the Tribunal rarely get ahead unless somebody important in a party, or in a faction of a party, likes them. They get their grades according to who likes them, and their postings according to who likes them, and if they take on something that is, politically speaking, out of line they have to worry about whether the case will be transferred out of their jurisdiction, or even whether they will be transferred themselves. There are judges who are corrupt, and judges who follow party orders, and, certainly in Sicily, judges who follow Mafia orders. Everyone knows who they are and tries to avoid them, and occasionally they get in trouble, like the Palermo judge who used to write anonymous letters to the Council of Magistrates accusing Giovanni Falcone and Paolo Borsellino—the most important Mafia prosecutors in the country—of "irregular procedure"; an honest judge invited him to a café and lifted his fingerprints from his coffee cup and had them matched to the fingerprints on the letters. But the Magistratura is the cleanest and arguably the most (if not the only) independent branch of the Italian civil service. (This was one of the arguments against what Falcone had envisioned as a *superprocura*—a team of anti-Mafia magistrates who would work directly for the Minister of Justice instead of on their own, case by case and city by city, as the magistrates do now.) And it stays clean in large part because of southerners like Di Pietro, whose notions of justice are literal, uncomplicated, and even tranquil. A young magistrate from the south is apt to look at the kickback racket in Milan exactly the way he looks at the kickback racket in Calabria, where 'Ndrangheta thugs collect protection, like tolls, from truckers crossing into the province—and conclude that crime in Milan is simply crime with manners, that the only difference between a Calabrian highwayman and a Mario Chiesa is that a Mario Chiesa takes his cash in private and ruins you instead of killing you if you won't pay. From the point of view of a southern judge—or, for that matter, a northern politician—a bankrupt Milan businessman is simply another kind of corpse.

ON December 31st last year, Francesco Cossiga, the President of Italy, broadcast a speech to the country that lasted three minutes. He said that the situation in Italy was so disgusting that he had nothing to report but Happy New Year. He was by some accounts quite mad: he had been issuing daily bulletins from the Presidential Palace accusing one after another of his min-

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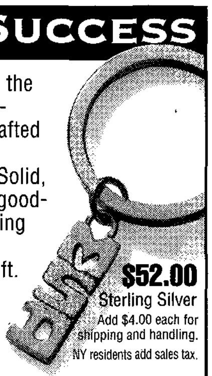

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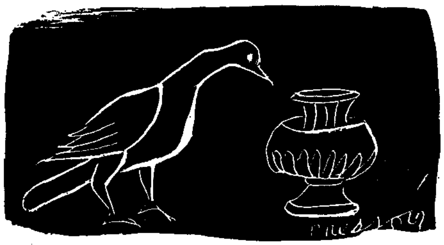
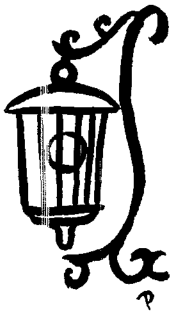
isters of membership in a secret right-wing army called Gladio, which trained in Sardinia and exhausted its "missiles allowance" from the C.I.A. on young women and pricey Costa Smeralda restaurants. But he was not mad enough to have entirely invented Gladio. (In fact, he and a general from the carabinieri signed for the allowance themselves.) And he was right about the situation in Italy. So many terrible things were happening here at once that in a way there *was* nothing to report—except, maybe, that the only thing holding Italy together was an enthusiasm for crime and corruption.

Then there were the Mafia murders, beginning in March with the murder of Salvo Lima, a Palermo politician whose job it was to keep the peace between the Christian Democratic Party and the Sicilian mob, which delivers ten per cent of the Italian vote to the Christian Democrats in exchange for favors, public contracts, and protection. Lima was gunned down on a street near the beach in Palermo. This was the Mafia's way of announcing that it was "renegotiating" its arrangement with the Prime Minister, Giulio Andreotti. (Andreotti is an old Christian Democrat who has been around, in one political job or another, since the Second World War; he had already negotiated his way out of the sort of scandals that would have put most politicians in jail, and he needed that ten per cent to stay in office.) Five or six of Andreotti's people in Sicily got the message and resigned. Then there was the trouble with Brussels, which had started printing European Community "alerts" on Italy, recalculating Italy's famous debt (right now it's over a trillion dollars, and a lot more than Italy's national product), and even suggesting that Italy acknowledge the Community's "1992 directives." There were two hundred and eighty-two directives, and Italy had cheerfully ignored them. Then the government in Rome fell, and there were general elections, and when the votes were in it turned out that more than twenty per cent of the people in big northern cities like Milan had voted for a new party, the Lombard League, which actually did want the north to secede from the rest of the country. The Christian Democrats lost votes because of the shooting in Palermo (which meant that Andreotti lost his chance to put together another government), and the Socialists lost votes because of the scandal in Milan (which meant that Bettino Craxi, who is the *gran padrone* of the Socialist Party and expected to be Prime Minister, lost his turn). No one in the parliament could agree on a President (who has a mainly ceremonial job), let alone on a Prime Minister and a government, until the Mafia murdered the prosecutor Giovanni Falcone, on May 23rd, and the politicians had to do something. They chose as President the elderly and exceptionally pious Oscar Luigi Scalfaro, a man who dedicates his books to the Virgin, and who was briefly famous, in the nineteen-fifties, for hitting a woman in a Rome restaurant because he disapproved of her décolletage. When somebody asked Scalfaro for his thoughts on leading Italy, he said, "Only my mother and the Virgin, in Heaven, know what is in my heart."

Three months ago, Italy finally got a Prime Minister. His name is Giuliano Amato. He is a law professor from Turin and, according to the papers, the "purest available Socialist," but that is as much as most Italians know about him. He has not been able to stop the killing in Sicily (though one fugitive *capo*, the second-ranking Mafia leader in the country, has just been arrested), or to pretend that northern cities like Milan are safe from anything worse than crooked politicians. Drug money has put the Mafia all over Italy. The family from the Sicilian town of Corleone has what amounts to an official Milan branch—the boss is a Palermo gangster by the name of Tony Carollo—and the police say that by now some thirty per cent of the cash flow here involves the Mafia; it comes from everything from drugs to pizza parlors. And as much as a third of the capital invested in Milan is what Italians call *narcolire*—drug money—laundered through businesses, construction companies, banks, and the stock market. In May, one of Giovanni Falcone's friends, a prosecutor named Ilda Boccassini, managed to convict some of the local mafiosi in a case that the Milanese called the Duomo Connection, because it had to do with pizzerias near the cathedral, but that was only the beginning of a connection. On July 16th, Di Pietro arrested the builder Salvatore Ligresti, who had left Sicily for Milan in the nineteen-sixties, and twenty years later owned one of the country's largest insurance companies and had an interest in seventy per cent of all the real-estate transactions in Milan and a fortune of nearly two and a half billion dollars. Word went around that Di Pietro was now on a Sicilian hit list. The other prosecutor on the list was Paolo Borsellino. Borsellino was killed that week in Palermo by a bomb planted in a car outside his mother's house.



MILAN has always been a Socialist city. The Party was founded in Genoa in 1892, but it was Milanese intellectuals—anticlerical, republican, vaguely Freemasonic, and, in those days, more social democrat than socialist in their politics—who shaped it. Filippo Turati printed his paper "Critica Sociale" in a house at 23 Piazza del Duomo, and his mistress, Anna Kuliscioff, who was a beautiful Russian Jewish exile, had a famous salon next door where Milanese radicals (from good families) met to change the world. People talked then about the "high moral climate" of Milan. They meant that Italian Socialism had its origins as much in the good wine and good company and civilized conversation of the *gran borghesi* of the Piazza as in the workers' committees starting up in punishing new factories on the outskirts of town. There is an old working-class tradition here—people say that the Italian labor movement was born in Milan, in 1898, with strikes and bread riots—but for a long time the city itself was run in a sort of gentleman's agreement between the old aristocrats, the new bourgeoisie, and the gray *dottori* of a bureaucracy inherited from the years of French and Austrian rule. In Milan, in those days, only the poor were "politicians." The appropriate mayor of Milan was a lawyer like Emilio Caldara, who ran the city during the First World War and was an upper-class Socialist intellectual playing politics by way of public service. Or a doctor like Angelo Filippetti, who was mayor when the Fascists seized Milan, in 1922. (The Fascist poet Gabriele D'Annunzio came personally to storm his office in the Palazzo Marino.) People in Milan today describe their great Socialist mayors that way—by what they did *besides* being mayor. Antonio Greppi, the “mayor of the liberation,” in 1945, was a lawyer and a playwright. Pietro Bucalossi, the last of the gentleman mayors, was an important cancer specialist. There was (and still is) a cult of the amateur in Milan; it had to do with the Milanese separating their moral climate from the climate of cities like Rome, which were nothing but politics, and even from cities like Turin, which produced politicians to deal, in Rome, for the Agnellis and the Olivettis. The industrialists of Milan neglected politics. They believed that if they kept their politics discreet the politicians would leave them alone.



The “Italianization” of Milan began in earnest in the sixties. It was a function of the recovery and of the new money of the recovery—of the people everyone else here calls the *emergenti*. Bettino Craxi was an *emergente*. He was the son of a small-time local lawyer—a lawyer from Sicily, the Milanese say now—and he got involved in student politics at university and ended up as a professional politician, and, by all accounts, was not invited to anybody’s Piazza del Duomo salon. Craxi spent his evenings with a Socialist city commissioner named Antonio Natali, who ran the Milan subway company and became a *tangenti* millionaire, and Craxi’s mentor was the Socialist Party Secretary, Pietro Nenni, who persuaded Craxi that the Party’s main chance for a profitable piece of the recovery was to leave the Communists behind in the opposition and join a government with the Christian Democrats. The deal was Nenni’s, but it was Craxi who turned that deal into real power, at a famous Party congress, in 1976, at a Rome hotel prophetically called the Midas. He reinvented the Party as Turati’s old “social democratic” party (though not as a party with any social policy or social program) and, more important, as a pointedly Western party, a party prepared to love the Americans, loathe the Russians, entertain the NATO generals and the Sixth Fleet admirals, a party that was open for business. He promoted a new Socialism *all’italiana*, which was not so different from Christian Democracy *all’italiana* or, for that matter, Communism *all’italiana* in what Italians would call its family feeling.

Italians believe that the best way to understand clientelism in Italy is by thinking of the Soviet Union. They like to say that the real father of modern Italy wasn’t Andreotti or Craxi or Berlinguer but Stalin, because in Italy the party is the patron of first and last resort—the only difference being that in Italy you have to choose *which* party. Italy has an enormous public sector—a corporatist network of industries and services that are, if not state-owned, then *parastatale* (which means state-financed or, to put it politely, state-administered), and that still account for forty per cent of the economy. Mussolini put that network together—corporatism was at the heart of Italian Fascist ideology—and Italians are just beginning to dismantle it now, because it always provided an appealing alternative to hard work and real employment. It was a perfect way to express your family feeling, a way for the democratic parties of postwar Italy to divide the jobs, and the access to jobs, that the Fascists had controlled, and to stabilize a spoils system. Piero Bassetti, who is president of the Chamber of Commerce here and used to be president of Lombardy, says that what the parties really did was turn themselves into lobbies. He compares it to sitting down in a restaurant and asking the waiter for an ashtray (Italians still smoke), and being told that the Christian Democrats controlled the use of the ashtray, or that the ashtray belonged to the Communists. If you wanted the ashtray, you had to talk to them—and you had to pay.

There is literally no state job in Italy that does not, in one way or another, belong to a political party. Public television “belongs” to the parties: jobs at RAI Uno are distributed by the Christian Democrats, jobs at RAI Due by the Socialists, and jobs at RAI Tre by the Communists. If you go to the post office in a Christian Democratic town, the clerks will be Christian Democrats; if the town is run by Socialists, the clerks will be Socialists; if there is no majority in town, the job of selling you stamps will be divided according to the composition of the city council. If you are a nurse looking for a job, you apply at your party headquarters, not at the hospital. If you are a *dottore*—a man

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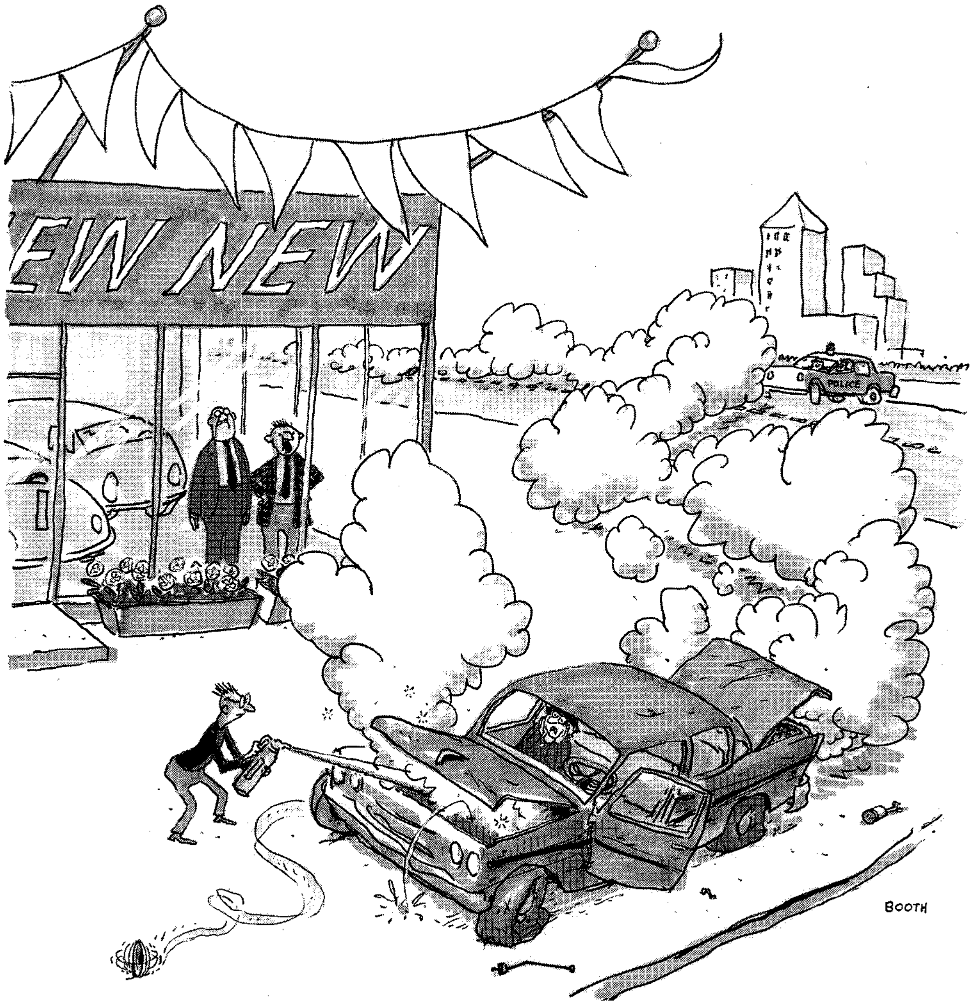

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in a suit, a man with bribes and votes to deliver—your party will give you one of the state industries it controls, and see that you get a millionaire's salary, and then, when the government falls and another *dottore* moves into your office, you will collect that salary in "unemployment" for the next fifteen years. If you are a diplomat—like the diplomat in Beijing who makes six hundred thousand dollars a year in hardship pay—your party asks you where you want to go and negotiates your salary with the government. If you can't find anything else to do, your party hires you itself.

There are fifty-seven million Italians, and more than a million of them work officially for a political party, along with their children, their cousins, even their grandparents—whatever family feeling demands. ("Voters are our clientele" is how Morris Ghezzi, who sits on the Socialist National Committee, describes it.) This leaves very little in Italy that is not controlled by a party, or by somebody who owes his job to a party. Professorships are divided among the parties. The string sections of symphony orchestras are divided among the parties. Paolo Portoghesi, who runs the Venice Biennale, is a Socialist for the purposes of his job and his festival funding, because the Biennale belongs to the Socialists, and Claudio Abbado, at La Scala, attached himself to the Communists and got *his* job, because, at the time, music at La Scala belonged to the Communists. Italians like to talk about a village in the Abruzzi with a hundred and fifty people and a train station for the weekly train—and twenty-five Socialists on the stationmaster's payroll. That Socialist station is different only in size from, say, the national electric company, which mainly belongs to the Christian Democrats, or the state merchant bank called Mediobanca, which also belongs to the Christian Democrats, and which underwrote all the new industries of the recovery that put their money into Christian Democratic pockets. And Mediobanca is no different from the great farm coöperatives of the Po Valley, which belong to the Communists, along with the business of importing and exporting Italy's food. They are all part of what foreigners call "the Italian paradox": the fact that, while Italy cannot survive without politics (there have been fifty-two governments since the war, and eighty-eight per cent of the country still votes), it has managed fo years without what might properly be called government.

It is often said that the real *compromesso storico* between the Communists and the Christian Democrats had nothing to do with politics—that it had to do with the Communists and the Christian Democrats agreeing to *ignore* politics, and their own propaganda, and the votes and money it bought them, and neatly and amicably dividing the Italian pie, and never looking over at each other's plates. The Socialists came late to the table, but they brought Milan, and the *emergente* fortunes and ambitions of Milan, and the fifteen per cent of the vote that could produce a government in a country where nobody had a majority. Their various coalitions with the Christian Democrats gave the right the official Italy it needed for a Cold War Europe: an Italy that would not go Communist, which meant an Italy in NATO, in Brussels, in Europe; an Italy that was working to keep Europe safe for democracy and could therefore be subsidized and indulged in the most preposterously criminal practices at home. The arrangement was worth something. The Socialists got the monopoly on construction in the north, and in parts of the Abruzzi they got to rape the landscape. They got what passed in Italy for development. They got "culture," which was something the Communists and, certainly, the Christian Democrats rarely thoug of, but which had come to be ve profitable in supplying other *emergenti* with status. Mainly, they got to keep Milan, the biggest, richest, cleanest city in the country. They were generous in Milan. They made sure that the other parties got their share of the *tangenti*, and that the clients of those parties got their share of the public contracts. But the rule for stealing in Milan was ironclad (people called it "Natali's law"), and the rule was that whenever a bribe came in for a public contract the Socialists got half, the Communists and the Christian Democrats got a quarter each, and the Christian Democrats, for their sins, had to dip into their share to pay off the Social Democrats and the Republicans, whose cut varied with the scam. This was considered fair, by the new Italian standards, because in places like Sicily, where the Christian Democrats dealt directly with the Mafia, or in Naples, where they dealt with the Camorra, it was hard for an honest Socialist to get his cut, and if he insisted it usually went to buy his casket.

WHAT Craxi had to offer to Italian politics was the memory of a great political tradition—the journalist Giuseppe Turani says that in the new-money Milan of Armani and Versace the old Socialist Party was considered a "prestige label"—remade for a generation of *piccolo borghesi* who were getting prosperous and were getting ideas and were less interested in the Socialist worker than in the Socialist hairdresser. That generation (including the hairdresser, who would get his credit at one of the Socialists' banks, and open a string of shops, and be excessively grateful) was into all sorts of boom businesses in Milan. There are, by some counts, fifty thousand people here who list themselves as "contractors," and all those people were arguably in the market for the kind of public projects that Craxi's Socialists provided. There are thousands of aging radicals from Lotta Continua and the other sixties student groups of what Italians call the "extra-parliamentary left"; they had married and produced children and were looking for something culturally and politically correct to do, but nonetheless something that paid.

The Socialists courted them, for political glamour. For a different kind of glamour, they courted the new fashion people and the new media people. Silvio Berlusconi, a local builder who had started out singing with a resort band in Romagna, on the Adriatic coast, attached himself to the Socialists and, with Craxi's imprimatur, thought, bought, and bullied his way into a monopoly of private television. Now he owns the three biggest private channels in the country and controls three or four more, along with the publishing houses Mondadori and Einaudi, the supermarket and department-store chain La Standa (which has fifteen thousand workers), thirty-four mass-market magazines, and the Milan soccer team. Berlusconi actually made his first fortune in construction, after Craxi's people obligingly bent the Milan zoning and environmental laws so he could build a couple of housing projects that were so huge they were cities themselves. (The projects were called, accordingly, Milano Due and Milano Tre.) They bent the television laws, too, when those laws forbade the licensing of national private networks. Berlusconi bought up local frequencies all over Italy and created his "network" by broadcasting the same shows seconds apart. Now the papers call him Sua Emittenza, and the laws are written for him. The Mammì Law, which was signed in Rome by a Republican minister named Oscar Mammì and was intended to limit the number of private channels any one person could control, was amended under pressure from Craxi and Andreotti so that Berlusconi could keep the three channels he already owned, and the government has just upheld his claims. Two years ago, thirty-one publishers who were losing their advertising to package deals involving Berlusconi's magazines and channels sued him for "abuse of the market." Their problem was serious, because Berlusconi also owned the companies that sold his advertising space and time slots, and advertisers who refused his packages were simply shut out of his supermarkets, which are the biggest in Italy and deal in everything from pajamas to cheese. The publishers won a Pyrrhic victory. There is a ceiling now on Berlusconi's share of the market, but he could lift it himself with a new ad agency set up under somebody else's name.

Berlusconi is Milan's most earnest and industrious *emergente*. He was Craxi's client, but he was also Andreotti's client, and no one in the Socialist Party really minded, because in covering himself he was simply following the arrangements the politicians had already made in what Italians call their *trasversale* party—the informal "party" of the people who rule. He understood that, whatever their labels, their interests were the same—that they were really an avant-garde, inventing a new politics for an Italy where the old ethics of administration had died with

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the rich old men who believed, or pretended to believe, that those ethics had existed. Berlusconi thought of himself as a model citizen. He sued a journalist who said that he couldn't speak English or French (he replied that a lot of French women had taught him French), though not the journalist who spread the rumor that he sang "La Vie en Rose" for François Mitterrand and that Mitterrand had no choice but to listen quietly. Berlusconi likes to sing. The bandleader who used to hire him summers is his vice-president now, and the coach who taught him tennis is his investment manager. They are not a group that sits down easily with the gentlemen of the old Milan industrial establishment—with Alberto Falck, who owns the steelworks here and goes dutifully to the Vatican for conferences about "Business and Christian Ethics," or with Leopoldo Pirelli, who makes the tires, and whose idea of a *vie en rose* is the best seat at the Salzburg Festival. But by now, with a company that brings in ten billion dollars a year, they are at least as powerful.

ANDREA JACCHIA, who is a Milan writer and the great-grandson of the Socialist mayor D'Annunzio shut out of the Palazzo Marino in 1922, says that the problem for the Italian Socialists is that after Turati they never had a leader to inspire them to anything more than ordinary Italian politics under another name. They got used to the fact of *clientelismo* in the Party, though for a long time they thought of it less as a way of getting rich than as a way of getting elected. Aldo Aniasi, who was mayor here in the sixties and seventies, is sometimes said to have introduced serious political corruption into Milan, though Aniasi is an old partisan and much loved in the city, and the corruption then was minor compared to the corruption in Milan now. The Milanese called him Partigiano Niso, which was his resistance code name, and they were ready to forgive him for anything he did, because he was "just a politician," and presumably under the bad influence of other politicians. They still think of him as a good mayor, and they even think of Carlo Tognoli, the Socialist who followed him, as a good mayor, though Tognoli's idea of good government seems to have been setting the guidelines for corruption. He and Antonio Natali negotiated the city's cut with the various local contractors and arranged the percentages—five per cent of a contract bid was the minimum bribe, and if the contract was well padded or particularly lucrative it went as high as ten or fifteen per cent.

Tognoli ran Milan for ten years, and during those years people here grew used to the fact that to get something for themselves they would have to give something back to the people who ran the city. It does not seem to have damaged his reputation. Giuseppe Turani says that Tognoli was so popular in Milan that his problem was not buying votes but keeping so many people from voting for him that he would look suspicious. The Milanese thought—it was a sort of compliment—that he "stole for the Party." Some of them are convinced that he used *tangenti* for himself only once, when he was running for a seat in the European Parliament and wanted a good turnout, but by the time Antonio Di Pietro put him under investigation he was allegedly on the take through some of the biggest public companies in Milan, from the Pio Albergo Trivulzio to the bus company to the company that manages real estate for the welfare board.

People here tend to blame the next mayor, Paolo Pillitteri, for ruining what was, after all, a functioning system—as good as you could expect in Italy, they say—by getting greedy, and keeping too much of the money for himself and too little for the Party. Pillitteri is Bettino Craxi's brother-in-law. Craxi maneuvered him into office after a local count named Carlo Radice-Fossati, who was the commissioner for city planning, came up with evidence to the effect that Salvatore Ligresti was paying huge kickbacks to the *comune*, and filed a complaint at the Tribunal, and Tognoli had to resign. Craxi was Prime Minister at the time, and even the most devoted Socialists thought there was more arrogance than sense in what he did, because Pillitteri was already an embarrassment. He was not brilliant, and only barely competent, though it has to be said, in his defense, that he never wanted to be a politician. He wanted to marry Rosilda Craxi, and he wanted to be a famous director, with a bungalow of his own at Cinecittà, and even go to Hollywood, and politics was a kind of consolation after a documentary he and Craxi made abo[illegible] southerners in Milan was turned down at the Venice Film Festival. Once he was mayor, he started saving for his future. He pocketed his kickbacks. By April of this year, people say, he was able to buy enough votes for a seat in parliament. He is still in parliament, but he had to resign from the city council here when one after another of Di Pietro's *pentiti*—Italians use the old Catholic word "penitents," but what they mean are criminals who negotiate their sentences by turning state's evidence—exposed him, and now even the parliament has had to lift a measure of his immunity.

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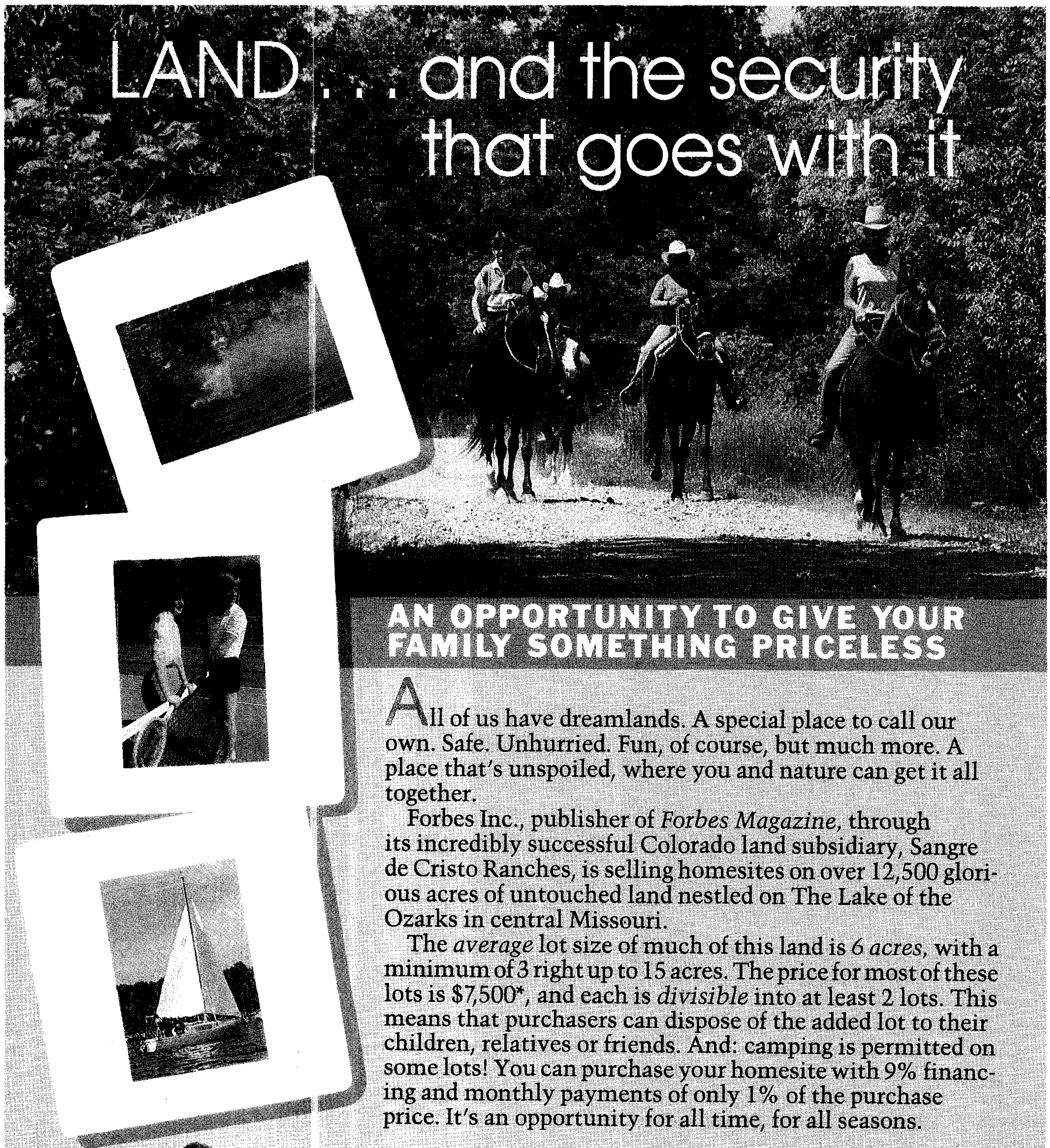
MOST people in Milan—people like my friends Giorgio and Maria, who used to volunteer at their children's school when there was no money for cooks or cleaners, or even teachers, and then were locked out with the other parents as soon as money did arrive, because the parents wanted to use it for books and teachers, and the Socialists wanted to use it for kickbacks—think that Paolo Pillitteri was the straw that broke the back of the system, because there was no legitimate political reason for Pillitteri to run anything *except* for the kickbacks and for the good *emergente* life. Craxi himself lived simply. He put up at the Raphael in Rome, but he spent his evenings in the lobby with his Socialist cronies, who still swear that his only indulgence was profiteroles, and th[illegible] the only mistake he ever made, by way of conspicuous display, was a party he threw at his summer house, in Hammamet, on the Tunisian coast, for a list of guests so glittery and so rich that the C.I.A. sent protection.

Politicians in Italy are supposed to take their example not from the Agnellis of Turin, New York, and St. Moritz or from the cardinals of the Vatican but from the discreet dons of the Mafia—



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homely houses, spaghetti in the kitchen, dark suits—and this, by and large, is what Bettino Craxi did. It would be hard to prove what many people here suspect: that Craxi is one of the richest men in Milan because of Socialism, or that he owns enormous amounts of real estate in the middle of town because of Socialism (people say that "whole streets of Milan belong to Craxi"), or that he and his wife, Anna, helped themselves to three floors of a huge city office building at 19 Piazza del Duomo that somewhere along the way acquired an Institute for European Social Studies, which now pays other Socialists, including their son, Bobo Craxi, to reflect on European problems "from a Socialist perspective." Milan is full of rumors about Anna Craxi, who handles the family finances, buying up the city through her friend Nicola Trussardi, a Milan designer more conspicuous for the property he has managed to accumulate than for the clothes in his shops or, indeed, the customers in his shops. But no one has been able to prove it. No one has even been able to say for sure that Bettino Craxi is involved in Tangentopoli. The only people who have ever come close to proving anything against Craxi are a couple of Somalians who claimed that the Socialists had cheated on an arms deal when Craxi was the Prime Minister.

Craxi has always done his business with and through and behind a close circle of friends and family, and he has always kept his assets hidden. There are *pentiti* who claim that a share of the money they stole went to Craxi, or, more accurately, to Craxi's office. They say that they dropped it off at 19 Piazza del Duomo to be laundered—through a Party cashier (a friend of Craxi's named Sergio Radaelli, who ran the transit authority in Milan and sat on the board of a big local savings bank called the Cassa di Risparmio), or through a personal cashier (a councilman named Matteo Carriera, who was caught with ten million dollars in a numbered "business" account in a Ticino bank), or through what could be called a contacts cashier (an architect named Silvano Larini, who frequented the various princesses of Savoy and led a comically jet-set life between Papeete, Cavallo, Paris, and a flat in Milan with its own swimming pool).

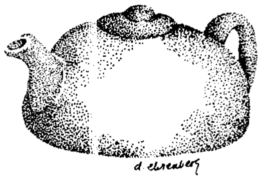
No one really knows which (if any) *pentiti* are telling the truth except, of course, Di Pietro, who arrested Radaelli and Carriera early on, and now is trying to arrest Larini—who chose the occasion to disappear, and told his friends that he was "going sailing." But everyone expects to know eventually, because most of the Socialists start talking the minute they see their cells. This may worry other Socialists, but it particularly worries the Christian Democrats and the Communists of Tangentopoli, whose code comes right from the Mafia and is called *omertà*—solidarity and manly silence. They know from much longer experience that in politics, as in crime, once you start talking your power is gone.

After the first arrests, in February, Andreotti started complaining about the Socialists. He said that the Socialists were "soft," because a proper Italian politician did not confess and a proper Italian politician did not inform; when a politician in Italy got arrested he kept his mouth shut and let the party negotiate his protection, knowing that in the end, however hard the prosecutors worked to convict him, his case would be dismissed on technicalities by the cassation court, which is where those things were "arranged." But the Socialist *emergenti* were not proper Italian politicians. They accounted for only about half the people Di Pietro indicted—every important Italian party was involved—but Operation Clean Hands was peculiarly *their* scandal because they had no instinct for what might be called the ethics of political corruption: you stole for the party, and for the power of the party, and for the party faithful; you did not steal more than a seemly commission for yourself; and if you did steal for yourself you kept it quiet.

Christian Democrats are the real cynics of Italian politics. Their deepest principle is survival, which is why they court what Italians call the traditional culture—the rural, Catholic, conservative Italy. They protect it from change, from "progress," from anything "modern," and to understand their power to survive the most appalling scandals you have to accept that this "culture" is something most Italians share and have always shared, from Manzoni writing in his palace in Milan to Pasolini making his Calvary through the rough trade in a Rome alley. There has always been something much more sinister about the corruption of the Christian Democrats—which touches every class and every aspect of Italian life—than about the corruption of the Socialists, who steal for themselves and leave everybody else alone. It is hard to imagine a Christian Democrat (or a Communist) cruising the clothes racks on Montenapoleone, the way Mario Chiesa did, or, like Berlusconi, throwing a come-without-your-old-diamonds dinner party and supplying new diamonds as party favors for the ladies. The Socialists take a short view of their own advantage, which is probably what made them soft and selfish. In Milan, they spent their discretion the way they spent their money, in direct proportion to the amount of time they had had it. They seemed less interested in having it all than in showing it all, which may be why they started talking to Di Pietro. At first, they were the only ones talking. They talked so fast and said so much that rumors went around that Di Pietro was getting his information by intimidation—one rumor had Di Pietro locking his prisoners in cells with addicts and male prostitutes with AIDS, and scaring them into talking—but the truth is that in the end *omertà* was not in anybody's character. Once the Socialists talked, the Christian Democrats and the Communists had no choice but to talk, too, and by now—apart from the president of the Fiat construction company, whose lawyers have ordered him not to talk—nearly everybody in Di Pietro's "terrorist bloc" in San Vittore is a *pentito*, or, more accurately, is dealing for himself.

ITALIAN intellectuals like to describe the mess in Italy as "horizontal corruption." Paolo Fabbri prefers "democratic but not republican corruption"—meaning that everybody got a little money, a little power, from the system, and that, by and large, people were so pleased with what he calls the "redistribution of wealth and the democracy of the corruption" that they lost interest in their new republican possibilities of Law and Justice and started believing in the justice of their own arrangements. People tolerated the corruption because (and for as long as) it accomplished what Italy had never been able to accomplish before—it spread the money around. It was the real *sottogoverno*, or so the argument went, at least as profitable as the "black economy" that still keeps half the population of Italy working off the books and stashing the money (depending on whether it is the banker or the baker doing the stashing) in Switzerland or under the mattress. The argument is fantastical but, from the Socialists' point of view, instructive. Too many Socialists did forget about spreading the money around—or, at least, about maintaining appearances. Paolo Pillitteri kept his *tangenti*. Bobo Craxi, who had the Party in Milan for a fiefdom, and who is also under indictment, kept his *tangenti*, which in his case included a cut in Chiesa's *tangenti* at the Pio Albergo Trivulzio.

There are no laws of accountability here, no limits on campaign funds, no principles of disclosure. (Giuseppe Turani once added up the figures he had on file and came to the conclusion that politicians in Italy routinely steal anywhere from six billion to twelve billion dollars a year.) A politician never has to say how much money he gets or where it comes from, only that it takes a lot of money to keep him in parliament, not because running for parliament costs that much more in Italy than it does in, say, France or Germany—it costs anywhere from half a million dollars to four or five million, depending on how much the politician pockets—but because the government falls so often that a politician can end up running all the time.



If people are right, the elections in Italy last spring cost the parties close to a billion dollars. Craxi himself is said to have spent four and a half million dollars to keep his seat in parliament in the wake of the scandals, although his enemies claim that election costs like that are always exaggerated, like the costs of a public project or most official bills of sale, and are simply another convenient way to launder money. This, of course, is why so few politicians complain about having to campaign so often. Mario Chiesa claims that a couple of years ago, when Bobo Craxi wanted a seat on the city council, Bettino Craxi got Chiesa to pay for half of the campaign in return for renewing his job with the Pio Albergo Trivulzio. The custom here had always been that parties paid their general costs with contract kickbacks and "contributions," while candidates paid for their own campaigns with kickbacks from the families that depended directly on them for jobs; still, the "Bobo tax," as someone called it, was considered very bad form.

Guido Rossi—the lawyer who represented the publishers against Berlusconi—says that the problem in Milan is that virtually "no one did *not* pay." He thinks that maybe the excesses of what people here call the Socialist Directoire had less to do with an unwritten agreement among crooked politicians than with the *sistema consociativo*, the agreement among supposedly honest industrialists who got together and set a bribe ceiling that no one approaching the city for a contract would exceed. The system was such that the politicians knew exactly how much to expect, and, more important, the businessmen knew exactly how much they were going to have to pad their bids. It made life difficult for an honest contractor, or even for a contractor who had found a politician willing to steal less and save the city money. Rossi knows a lot about politics, having sat in parliament once as an independent on the Communist list, and he also knows a lot about business, having had almost every important Italian industrialist for a client, and *he* thinks that the people who could have changed Italy tolerated their various Tangentopolis for as long as they did because the country was getting so rich that none of them had much reason to care. Now they do care. The first rule of Italian business, Rossi says, is "When the system stops making the rich richer, the rich say stop to the system." Italy produced its version of the Reagan years in operatic proportions. Business flourished in cities where no one with any ingenuity paid his taxes—the police say that seventy per cent of all the businessmen in Italy have secret bank accounts in Switzerland—and there are people who think those cities flourished *because* no one paid his taxes. Now Italians are left with an economy in shreds, a hysterically inflated lira, and, in cities like Milan, a cost of living so outrageous that you have to pay twenty-five dollars for a pizza, and

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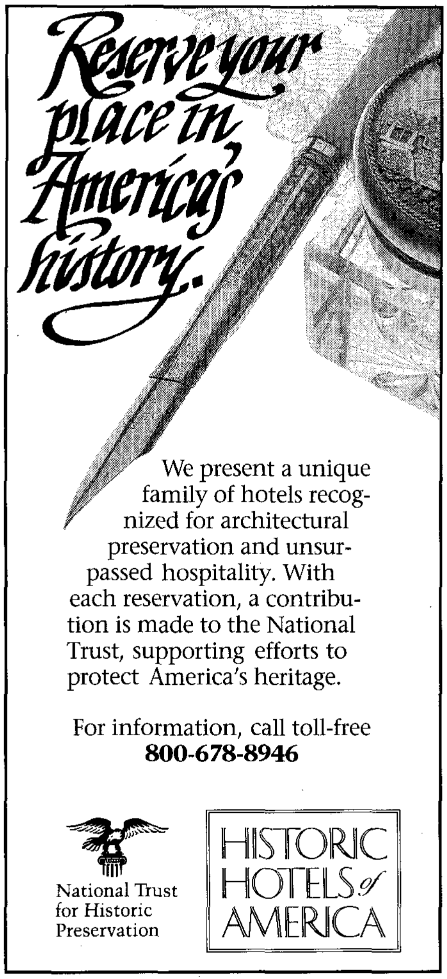
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It used to be that the big Milan industrialists were in most ways free from the "Italian system." Europe was booming, which meant that they made a lot of their money abroad, and so were less dependent on local politics—or were protected from local politics by the politicians they favored. Now they are losing those rich foreign markets and, at the same time, any illusion they may have had about recovering their losses by concentrating on the markets at home. Everything is too expensive at home—from the bribes they are expected to pay to the price of materials to the cost of labor, which now amounts to forty thousand dollars a year per worker. Ten years ago, Leopoldo Pirelli had a gentleman's agreement with the Communist unions; now the Communists can't deliver on any agreement. Ten years ago, Alberto Falck had twelve thousand people in his steelworks; now he has five thousand, and he is not saving any money, because the cost to him of those workers has doubled. The workers themselves are not getting much from the arrangement, either. Most of them make a thousand dollars a month; the rest of their "cost" to Falck goes to the state for social services they never see, because the people who are supposed to provide those services steal it. In the end, you have angry owners, who would rather be in Czechoslovakia or China, where they can make a profit, and you have alienated workers, who would rather be in Germany, where the hospitals are free and the schools are open and the roads are paved and nobody steals their pensions.

THE Lombard League is now, vote for vote, the strongest party in Milan. It is the brainchild of a middle-aged drifter named Umberto Bossi, who spent the first half of his life looking for something not too taxing to do and discovered at forty-five that, for a lazy man, he was a natural politician. He tried a few things first—he tried the Communist Party, and playing pool, and then he tried fixing radios by correspondence course, and finally he tried medical school, in Pavia, and stayed there longer than some Italian doctors practice. People who meet Umberto Bossi assume he is a southerner—until they hear his thick Milan accent. He fits the southern stereotype—greasy hair, filthy raincoat, old tie splattered with tomato sauce—and he can be pointedly indolent, in the manner of a local don displaying leisure. But Bossi is pure *profondo nord*, and his particular hustle—his genius, his admirers say—has been to persuade other northerners that they can vote "Italy" out of northern Italian life. A couple of years ago, when Di Pietro was out buying computers, Bossi founded the League and collected signatures for a Leghisti list—a list of League candidates—and won himself a seat in the Italian Senate. He was not popular with the other senators. He used to address Susanna Agnelli, who is Gianni Agnelli's sister and an important Republican politician, as "Housewife Agnelli," and the other senators thought he was a little crazy—someone on the order of Francesco Cossiga, who always referred to Achille Occhetto, the Communist Party Secretary, as "the zombie with the mustache"—because the style in Rome is to address your enemy as Eccellenza or Il Magnifico. None of them thought that the Lombard League, with one senator and one deputy in parliament, would get much further than any of the fourteen or fifteen other parties that generally complicate life in the Italian parliament.

Bossi ignored Rome and played the hustings. His slogans were simple—"Rome: Thief!" and "South: Out!"—but he gave them a measure of authenticity by attaching himself to an elderly professor by the name of Gianfranco Miglio, an expert on Italian constitutional law, who argued (correctly) that the postwar constitution envisioned and even anticipated a federal state, on the German or the American or even the Swiss model, and not the centralized state that Rome had in fact adopted from Mussolini. The message appealed to a curious mix of people—to shopkeepers who couldn't keep up with the inflation, to small businessmen who couldn't keep up with the corruption, to teachers who wanted better schools and workers who wanted better jobs and bureaucrats who were honest enough to pay their taxes and had very little to show for having paid them and were rankled by the *tangenti* wealth around them. Bossi told those people that the money that should have been theirs was keeping the Socialist Directoire in cashmere and real estate, and that the taxes that should have been spent on them were squandered in Rome or, worse, sent to the Mezzogiorno or to Sicily, where they ended up keeping the Mafia in business. He was right about the Mezzogiorno, where dummy businesses underwritten by the state deal, in consortium, with dummy contracting coöperatives that are really mob fronts, and everybody splits the subsidy. And he was right about Sicily, where the only northern business actually to build something in the past ten years was Fiat; it was a factory in Germini Imeresi, and it used to be so unprofitable and unproductive (at one point, the average worker showed up one day in every three) that most people assumed it was a scam or a Mafia payoff, or both. His first campaign was mainly about immigrants: not southern immigrants (southerners in Milan are always called "immigrants") but in this case real immigrants—Africans moving north from Campagna, where many of them had been working in Camorra sweatshops, making the fake Gucci bags and Rolex watches and Hermès scarves that other Africans hawked for tourists. It was populist, and in its appeal not so different from a lot of other right-wing European populist movements. It picked up on the frustrations of ordinary people who had no reason to indulge the Christian Democrats or the Socialists now that the "Communist threat" with which the politicians had always blackmailed them was gone, and even on the frustration of the Communists, who saw their old causes mocked and their old heroes discredited. Bossi's pitch was that honest amateurs could run the north at least as well as dishonest politicians, and, to the extent that he was right, people believed that he was the honest amateur to do it.

The League has no program for the north. Carlo Radice-Fossati, who describes himself as a "reluctant Christian Democrat," said once that it had no reason to exist except as "a thermometer of every other party's incorrectness" (and Fossati should know, having just confessed to Di Pietro that he had to pay a large bribe to the Christian Democrats himself, while he was commissioner for city planning). At first, the League was mainly about

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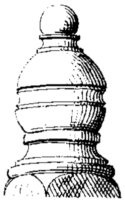

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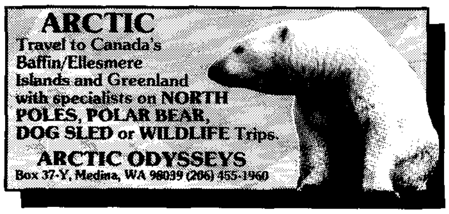

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EVE'S MOM
Adam seems like a very nice young man. Tell me, where did he go to school?
Why don't you put on a sweater? You sound like you're coming down with something.
Look, darling - if you keep listening to that snake, don't come running to me.

• •

Lombardy separating from Italy, and then—when people all the way from Milan to Rome wanted to join the League and separate from Italy, too—it was mainly about "federalism," meaning it was about northerners raising and keeping their own taxes, and limiting whatever money they had to send to a federal treasury in Rome. The idea was seductive enough so that last spring the League—with a group of affiliate provincial parties and a list of candidates called Lega Nord—won nearly ten per cent of the national vote and sent ten senators and seventy-two deputies to the enemy territory of the Rome parliament. In cities like Brescia and Milan, the percentage was much higher. The polls say that it is thirty per cent in Milan right now, and there are people who think that if the government were to fall today and there were local elections they would wake up tomorrow with Umberto Bossi as mayor.

SOME of my Milan friends are convinced that any day now—and quite apart from the politics in Rome—whatever is left of the government here will simply stop functioning, and so will the governments in a dozen other cities where Operation Clean Hands has inspired investigations of political corruption. They think that when that happens the coalition in Rome could fall "for the last time" and Italy could easily become a patchwork of federal states or seriously risk a secession. Some of them even think that in a few years—in time for "Europe," if "Europe" happens—a new country, put together from the provinces of the north, will be entering Europe, and Rome and the south will be left behind as a cheap-labor market.

There is a new daily newspaper here, called *Independente*, which has become the journal of record of the northern separatists. Vittorio Feltri, who runs the paper, will sometimes tell you that Italy is and always has been "a country in name only" and that "the south is the Third World and the north is Bavaria." Or he will say that to understand the emotions in Milan today you have to imagine the United States run by Mexico. Or that to understand those emotions you have to remember that Milan is closer, in miles, to Copenhagen than to Palermo. (He is wrong about Copenhagen.) He likes to quote statistics: ninety per cent of Italy's industry is northern; ninety-five per cent of the police, the Army, the bureaucracy, and the *parastatale* economy is southern. It does not occur to him that those statistics are only a way of saying what could be said about any country in Western Europe—that in the last century most peasants have left the land and looked for jobs somewhere else. He is right about one thing: the "secret desire" of a lot of people in the north is not to be Italian. People in the League talk all the time about Ukrainians, and about Czechs and Slovaks, and even about Serbians and Bosnians and Croatians. They tend to ignore the news that people in Yugoslavia are killing each other, let alone the lesson of their own history, which is that twice in this century Europe has been in ruins because of nationalism, and that the prospect of Sicilians showing "passports" at the autostrada exits to Milan is shaming.

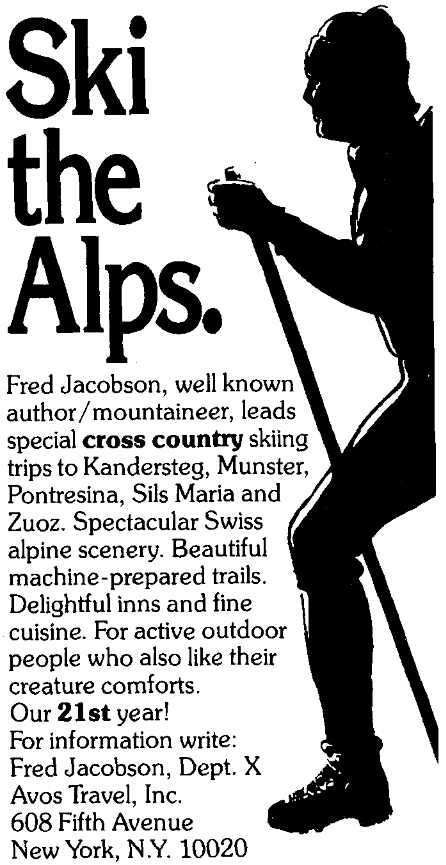
People in the League claim that in a federal Italy—with the north controlling its contributions to the south, and thus controlling what northerners like to call "the southern contagion"—the south will have no choice except to reform itself, destroy the Mafia, and "embrace democracy." They want their own minimum wage and health and welfare guarantees and standards of education; they want "northern standards" for themselves and "southern standards" for everybody else, which means they are willing to leave everybody else poorer. One reason the League got so many votes in Milan—including a lot of votes that ordinarily would have gone to the Communists—is that a skilled worker in Milan does not easily see why an unskilled Sicilian worker who lives with his mother and shows up once a week at work should be guaranteed the same pay that he gets working hard and paying a northern rent and buying his groceries in one of Berlusconi's supermarkets and having no gangsters in the family to burn down his plant if his boss asks him to arrive on time. Industry, right now, has no affection for the Lombard League, but "industry" in Milan is still a class code—the way “Socialist” was once a class code—and stands for the money of old Milan families. There is no reason (except scruples) that in these hard times industry would be averse to exploiting the cheap labor of a “southern standards” south, and saving the expense—and the hours at Berlitz—of moving its plants to China.

There is, of course, nothing wrong with the idea of a Federal Republic of Italy. It could not be much more disappointing than the Republic of Italy is now (unless it enlarged the possibilities for corruption), and a good number of intelligent but exhausted Italians would be willing to try it. The League is something else. People who vote for it often dismiss their vote as a “protest.” They say that it has to do with supporting what they call a *lista degli onesti*—meaning honest if politically ignorant candidates—and that it is an economic, not a nationalistic, expression. (Alberto Falck, talking about the League, likes to remind those people that “Italy is the place where Mussolini started out as a poor man, making an ‘economic expression.’ ”) League people talk about their politics as a kind of revolution, and liberal Milanese like Gad Lerner say that when they do it produces an “irrational, almost physical fear,” because the language these people use, about race and soil, is not much different from the language of Fascism.

Two years ago, a politician named Leoluca Orlando, who came out of the Sicilian Christian Democratic machine and used to be mayor of Palermo, broke with the Christian Democrats to produce his own version of a *lista degli onesti*. He wanted to expose and shatter the links between the Mafia and the Party. Orlando's list was called La Rete, which means “network,” and it did twice as well in Palermo last spring as the Lombard League did in Milan. (It was as overwrought and in some ways just as pointedly amateurish.) In fact, it did well in the country as a whole, and actually sent a Milanese to parliament; his name is Nando dalla Chiesa, and he is the son of a famous carabinieri general who was murdered by the Mafia in 1982. The Party is organizing in Milan now for elections in November. The style, of course, is different in the two cities: Leoluca Orlando is a flashy Palermo character who goes to the café mornings with a couple of cellular telephones and an entourage of bodyguards, while Nando dalla Chiesa—whom many Milanese would like as mayor—is an earnest and rather awkward academic and rarely makes anything that could be considered an entrance. But the impulse is the same. It is Catholic, radical, and almost *terzo mondo* in feeling, and it comes from a different, and obviously deeper, grief than anything the Lombard League has tapped. People in Milan sometimes call La Rete the “Italian” alternative.

IN Milan, corruption trials are often show trials—splashy expiatory dramas that soothe the public conscience and keep the lawyers employed and the judges posturing and the press busy, and then, when everyone is bored or distracted, are “settled” by an amnesty from Rome or a quiet dismissal from the Corte di Cassazione. Mafia trials, of course, often ended in the cassation courts. The old chief prosecutor of Palermo, who was so intimidated by the Mafia that Giovanni Falcone accused him of sabotaging his investigations, is now a judge of the Palermo Cassazione, and prosecutors here worry that Operation Clean Hands will be kept in the courts for years, and exhaust everybody, and then end up before a cassation judge similarly intimidated by the local political machine. There are a lot of precedents. When Carlo De Benedetti, the chairman of Olivetti, was convicted of “fraudulent bankruptcy” here last spring, in a case involving his role on the board of the Banco Ambrosiano (De Benedetti had joined the Ambrosiano board with fifty million dollars' worth of stock, and he dumped that stock five weeks later, as the bank collapsed, for eighty million), the case was already ten years old, and the conviction was meaningless, because people knew that De Benedetti's various appeals would take another ten years, and that in the end his sentence would be commuted. No one in Milan considers De Benedetti a criminal; “just a businessman,” people say. And no one expects him to go to jail—certainly not De Benedetti, who was in New York for his conviction, and threw a party at the Metropolitan Museum.

No one expects Bettino Craxi to go



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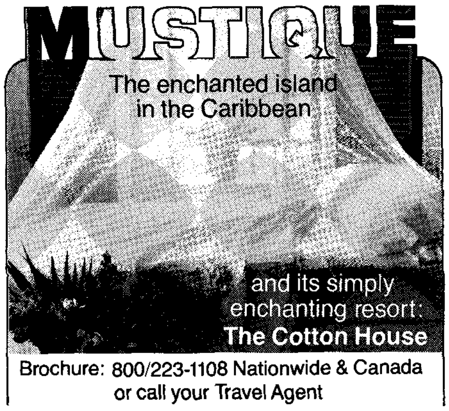

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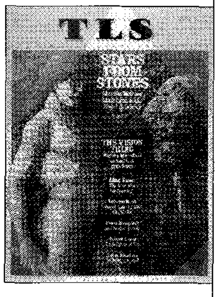

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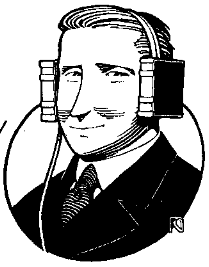

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to jail, either. Many people here believe that Craxi traded his power in Rome for a guarantee against indictment, and other people would like to believe it; they say that democracy in Italy would not survive a Craxi trial, and the damaging information that would surface. They echo the people in Rome who claim that Italian democracy would not survive the sort of information about the Mafia and Christian Democratic politicians like Giulio Andreotti that Giovanni Falcone was collecting when he was murdered. Italy's "survival" has always been the argument made against what anyone else would call its own best shot at surviving. It is not an argument Di Pietro credits. At the beginning, Di Pietro worried that his case against the nine Milan deputies would be taken away from him and "moved" to Rome and a more tractable prosecutor—which is what happened when another Milan corruption scandal, known as Golden Prisons, turned out to involve a Social Democratic minister. Craxi has been talking about a Di Pietro "plot" against him, and he put out word, through the Socialist Party paper, that Di Pietro was "neither the hero nor the little saint" people imagined.

But now there would be rioting in the streets if Di Pietro were to be taken off the case. He keeps on feeding his computers, and his *squadretta* of policemen and treasury agents and volunteers (one volunteer solves the problem of leave from his normal job by claiming, daily, to be "under interrogation") keep collecting evidence. They have so many people under investigation that the chief prosecutor here has added two more prosecutors to Operation Clean Hands. One of them is an expert in criminal law, and is famous in Italy as the man who indicted Michele Sindona and made the conviction stick.

The only changes in Di Pietro's life right now are an armored Alfa and fifteen bodyguards who protect him. He calls them "my extended family." He moved them into his mother's house in August, when he took his own family home to Campobasso on vacation, and the neighbors were hurt, at first, because *they* had got together and voted to protect him themselves. They got the idea from his other neighbors, outside Milan, who had voted to protect him, too.

What people seem to expect from Di Pietro is a kind of political Last Judgment, in which the sinners are marched to San Vittore and the saints take over the city hall and the "system" is saved. Some of those people are teen-age girls who march with candles outside the Tribunal, and some are entrepreneurs who name their discos and restaurants Di Pietro, and some are newspaper pundits who say that it is pointless to talk about "Italian" crime polluting "European" Milan—that the scandal in Milan in 1992 have nothing to do with the north or the south but are simply scandals of a big city of the industrial world, and that it is still not too late to address them. The journalist Giorgio Bocca likes to remind people that, whatever "Italianization" started here with the Socialists, "Italy" has been solidly in Milan since the first southern landowners sent their farm profits north for investment. Northern industry was funded in large part by southern money—by money from the land; by aid money that should properly have stayed; by drug money, after the land was abandoned. The factories of the recovery were built by southern labor. The workers in those factories—the workers Bettino Craxi courted—were half a million immigrants from Puglia. A lot of the workers who live in Silvio Berlusconi's Milano Due and Milano Tre today are Calabrese. Milan is finally not so different from Paris or London or Frankfurt or any other big Western European city—there is really no such thing as a native.

The people who wait outside the courthouse here for a glimpse of Antonio Di Pietro are more apt to be "immigrants" than the people Di Pietro keeps arresting. If you ask them why they came to Milan, they say that the south—what Gad Lerner calls "the spectacular, blood-and-black-shawls Italy"—was a terrible place. They think of themselves as Milanese now, and a lot of them even voted for the Lombard League, and say that it's not such a stupid idea, after all, to station border guards on the autostrada from Rome and make "Italians" carry Mezzogiorno passports. This is an interesting city for a prosecutor from Campobasso, Molise, who does not see anything necessarily Italian about ripping off corpses.

—JANE KRAMER

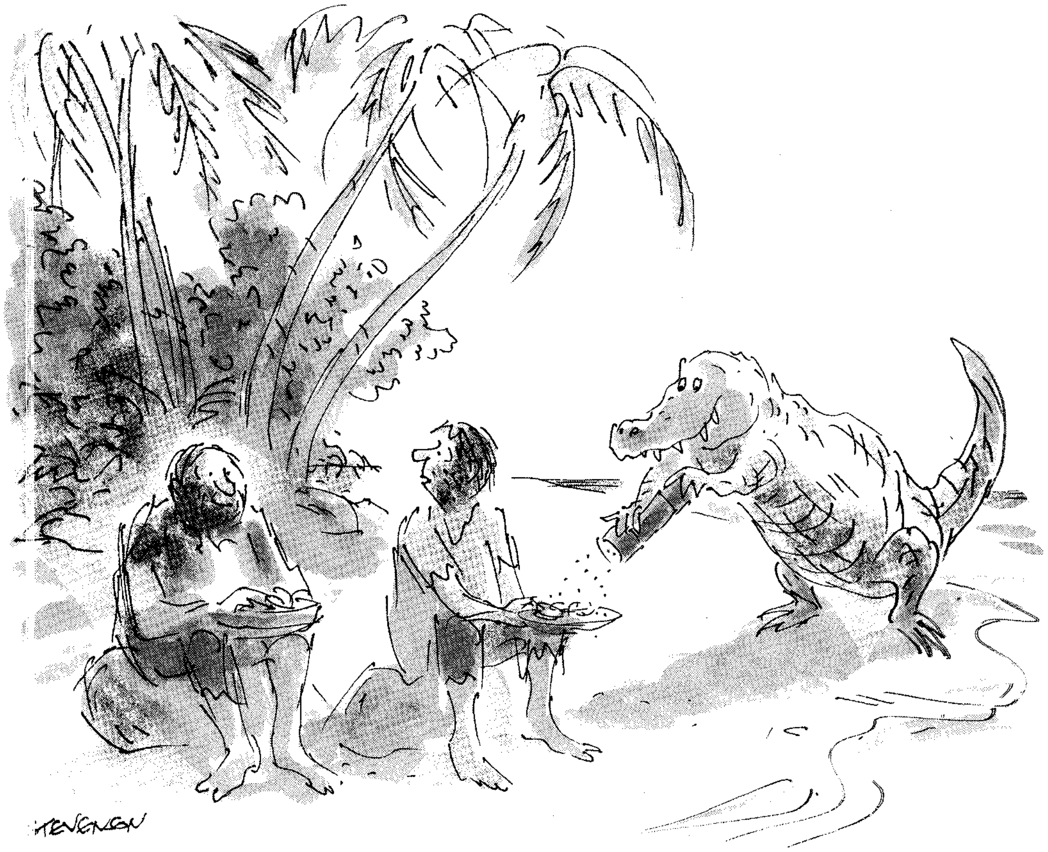
BOOKS

Farmer's Market

IN the nineteen-sixties and seventies, Stanley Crawford wrote four books of nonrealist fiction, books whose originality and linguistic effervescence might have made him a peer of Barthelme or Pynchon but somehow didn't. His first novel, "Gascoyne" (1965), is the amphetamine-paced, paranoid narrative of a cheapskate who is by turns shamus, magnate, and exile in a vulgar city he owns most of and which he cruises in one jalopy after another. "Travel Notes" (1967) is divided into three sections, "So to speak," "After a fashion," and "As it were." It chronicles the journey of a methodical man (whose notebook converts into a small bicycle) in an incoherent landscape where time has the dreadful, plastic quality it has in Dada. Crawford's third novel, "Log of the S.S. *The Mrs. Unguentine*" (1972), is a captivating short work almost beyond description. The S.S. *The Mrs. Unguentine* is both a marriage and a barge. Upon its decks Mr. Unguentine, who is bosun and architect, builds fantastic structures out of the ship's seemingly unlimited stores, while Mrs. Unguentine, whose account this novel is, tries to glimpse her spouse amid the foliage crowding the surface of their vessel and dangling into the sea. Mrs. Unguentine speaks in pompous colloquialisms with a sprung syntax, and her words are typical of the linguistic exuberance of Crawford's novels: "The great Unguentine Gardens, yes, who has not heard of them in their heyday of long ago when the weather was so much better than now, and now when the gardens are fallen and gone, gone in that manner too which time will prevent me from telling their story, piddling story; things grow, things die, is it."

The last novel Crawford has written, "Some Instructions to My Wife Concerning the Upkeep of the House and Marriage, and to My Son and Daughter Concerning the Conduct of Their Childhood" (1978), feels like the most familiar one, perhaps because its setting—house and garden—is more familiar than that of Crawford's other novels. Yet "Some Instructions" is hardly a novel at all—more a homiletic work of fiction, a code of family living reminiscent of Jonathan Swift's "Directions to Servants" and Benjamin Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanack." Its purported author is a literal-minded man with a taste for minutiae, the kind of character encountered again a decade later in Nicholson Baker's "The Mezzanine." "There are," the narrator instructs his wife, "as many styles of eating as there are eaters . . . but one of the most serviceable is to close the mouth once the food is inside it, whereupon you are to begin masticating or chewing in a relaxed manner, without haste." And yet, as with Mrs. Unguentine, whose barge is also her wedded state, nothing for the author-narrator of "Some Instructions" is as simple as it seems: "The house is the Marriage, and thus to maintain and keep in good repair the house, tidy and well cleaned, is to keep the Marriage too in good repair, tidy, well cleaned." This metaphor is so circular it's tautological, but that's the fun of the book. Besides these instructions to his wife and children, the "demented narrator" happens also to have written two pamphlets: "How to Garden Without Bending Over" and "Garlic Questions Finally Answered."

In 1968, which Stanley Crawford calls "that banner year in American history," he decided to move from San Francisco to a narrow valley in the mountains of northern New Mexico, halfway between Taos and Santa Fe, and he settled amid a largely Hispanic population. Through his side of the valley there flowed an acequia, a communal irrigation ditch, and on his smallholding Crawford began to grow statice, basil, onions, and garlic, and to sell them in the farmers' markets at Santa Fe and Los Alamos. About the acequia, and the annual community task of cleaning it out, Crawford wrote a plain, elegant work of nonfiction called "Mayordomo," which appeared ten years after his last novel. About the garlic he has now written another superb, quiet work of nonfiction, "A Garlic Testament: Seasons on a Small New



"There are worse places to get shipwrecked."

"I don't think I'll get married again. I'll just find a woman I don't like and give her a house."
—*Lewis Grizzard*

"I don't think I'll get married again. I'll just find a woman I don't like and give her a house." —Lewis Grizzard
"I have nothing to declare but my genius." —Oscar Wilde at New York customs office
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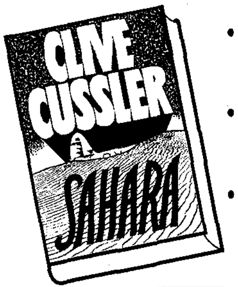

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Except in their collective dementia, there's no allusion in Crawford's four novels to what in "Mayordomo" he calls "the turbulence of urban America in the late 1960s and early 1970s." In fact, they contain no allusion at all to what passes for the real world. It's as if, in Crawford's work, the writer's mind were neatly divided: the novelist is pure fantasist, as ingenious and self-supplying as the Unguentines upon their barge at sea, while the writer of nonfiction is a farmer, dependent upon community, responsive to shifts in the social winds, working with timeless materials that he takes as a given but whose value he reconsiders every day. What the novelist and the writer of nonfiction share is an obsession: both are possessed by "the subtle arrogance of one who expects everyone to rally to his fanatical projects." In Crawford's fiction, that subtle arrogance bends the whole world to the shape of his fancy. Each novel is a fanatical project fulfilled, and each is written in the voice of a fanatic. But in his nonfiction, and especially in "A Garlic Testament," Crawford writes against the resistance of the real world, and it draws from him a plainspoken wisdom that's just as pleasing as the loopy, poetic grace of his novels. Of the language of his fiction Crawford says, "I was probably a poet who had miscast himself as a writer of narrative prose." In "A Garlic Testament," the postmodernist poet, fashioning his idiosyncratic vision, has been replaced by the Jeffersonian farmer, speaking the common tongue. You are bound to wonder about an evolution like that, and whether aging or the spirit of the age has brought it about.

"A GARLIC TESTAMENT" is a book that fits no obvious category, though you might say that it belongs to the Thoreauvian moment in American literature: it's meditative and loosely structured, one of its subjects is nature (another is economy, and another is housebuilding), and its author has taken a sidewise stance in relation to the rest of the world. But the differences are instructive. Thoreau hated farmers, and Crawford, a farmer, has a way of standing Thoreau on his head, which is something Thoreau often needs. That love of paradox, of jubilant self-contradiction, which seems to fill "Walden" is something that Crawford has successfully indulged in his fiction; his nonfiction prose has a deliberative quality about it which Thoreau's never does. In the presence of conflicting ideas, Crawford seeks compromise, resolution, rather than paradox. And Crawford sounds older than Thoreau—older, that is, with the weariness of our culture.

Of course, you also learn a lot about garlic and garlic farming and the landscape of northern New Mexico in "A Garlic Testament." You learn, for instance, that there are two kinds of garlic. The non-bolting variety (either California Early or California Late) is what most of us find "drying up inside its attractive layers of skin while it [sits] on the hot shelves of Babylon, Nineveh, or Luxor." Crawford grows the other kind, the top-setting variety, which produces bulbils at the tip of its stalk as well as the familiar bulb full of cloves underground. The bulbils can be used to reseed garlic fields, and the bulbs of top-setting garlic are much easier to separate and peel than those of the familiar California types. Not much top-setting garlic is grown in this country. "I may even have the largest planting of it in the United States of America," Crawford writes. "My vast plantation of the crop measures about an acre and a half."

A Midwestern soybean farmer tilling his thousand fenceless acres would hardly think of Crawford, with his tiny fields, his antiquated implements, his organic methods, and no significant debt, as a farmer at all. But then there's very little nature to report on in a field of soybeans—only machinery and chemicals and hedging your bets. Crawford's land, which is bordered by a tributary of the Rio Grande and by hedgerows of lilac, ash, Russian olive, and chokecherry, and his main crop, of top-setting garlic, with its oddly elliptical growing cycle and its rich metaphorical possibilities, offer him plenty of room for his meditations, which encompass every concern a soybean farmer could have anywhere. But there's no ecological smugness in Crawford. He calls himself a "New Age over-educated farmer with an M.A. in the Landscape of Ideas," and he admits that if you're going to farm it's better to have been born a farmer. "As an educated man," he says, "it took me many years to figure out a few facts of life, the main one being that the truth did not always announce itself by means of the written word."

Most Americans have only the dimmest picture of what farmers really do, largely because where food is concerned there is so little direct exchange between producer and consumer, and because farmers live in what might now be called the rural ghetto—a place that not nearly enough Americans know first hand. So myth replaces knowledge. Even Crawford, who takes his own garlic to market in the summer months and sells it directly to men and women who will peel and cook and eat it themselves, runs into a stereotype that both magnifies and diminishes the farmer. "Standing there with my garlic and onions and flowers spread out on upturned apple boxes and plywood planks," he writes, "perhaps I present a satisfying illusion of self-sufficiency and individualism, of a man wresting a living from the very earth itself, directly without human intermediary, against a sound track of rushing water and chirping birds and crickets, the plop of ripe fruit plummeting through lush grasses." Crawford's customers, like most Americans, seem to presume that self-sufficiency and individualism are a farmer's most important assets, as if farmers didn't belong to the larger economy of the nation, as if their strongest links and greatest debts were only to some kind of Edenic nature.

It's an old American myth, the myth of self-reliance amid natural abundance, and it's part of the Thoreauvian patrimony that Crawford stands on its head. Thoreau, the churlish apostle of independence, saw clearly the bondage that farmers suffer, without ever seeing the returns they enjoy. He wrote, "How many a poor immortal soul have I met well nigh crushed and smothered under its load, creeping down the road of life, pushing before it a barn seventy-five feet by forty, its Augean stables never cleansed, and one hundred acres of land, tillage, mowing, pasture, and wood-lot!" (He also said that a farmer "knows Nature but as a robber.") Thoreau's idea of agriculture was raising wild apples and woodchucks, with some market beans thrown in for the exercise.

Crawford brings a different kind of accounting—a naturalist's accounting, though one less cranky than Thoreau's—to the farmer's life. Like all farmers, he's obliged to be a fairly scrupulous bookkeeper, but until recently he never considered the value of his own labor. "Not long ago," Crawford writes, "I was introduced to the

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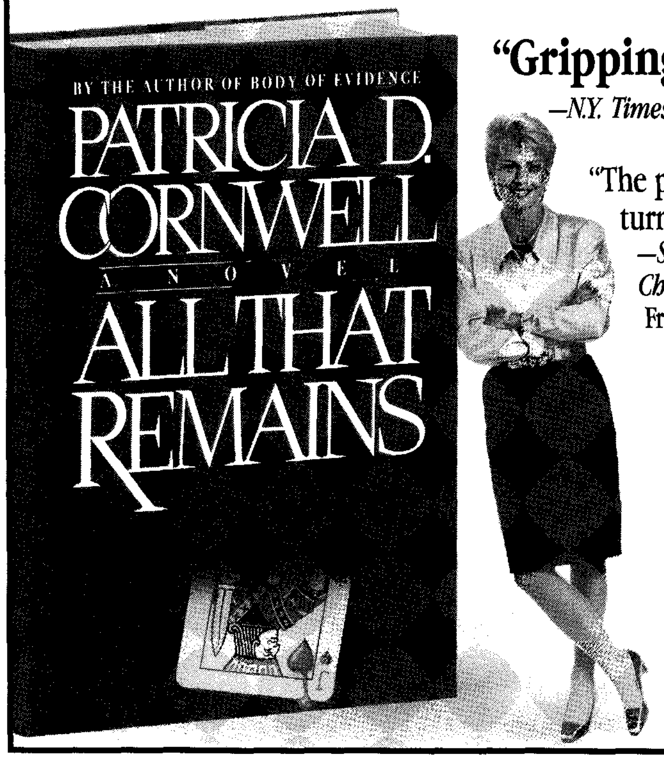
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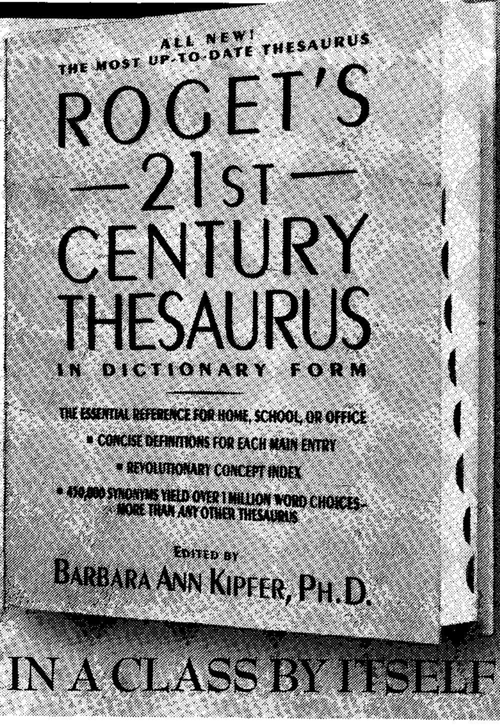
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• 450,000 SYNONYMS YIELD OVER 1 MILLION WORD CHOICES—MORE THAN ANY OTHER THESAURUS
EDITED BY BARBARA ANN KIPFER, PH.D.

Amish concept of labor as a product, not an expense." Such an idea completely revolutionizes the balance sheet, and it *recalculates the meaning of profit*: "When the labor is your own, the notion of profit loses some of its attraction, profit being what owners or investors make from the labor of others." And where Thoreau grieves that we belong to the community, because it conspires, to use Emerson's words, "against the manhood of every one of its members," Crawford honors the community that surrounds him, with all its improbabilities and inefficiencies. One of the chief values of his garlic-growing operation—"a product, not an expense"—is the way that the labor it requires in the fields and in the marketplace binds his family, his friends, his neighbors, and, ultimately, his customers together in a web that is both economic and social. Within that web, Crawford has taken an active role, and not merely as a chronicler. He has been president of the Santa Fe Farmers' Market, and he has been the mayordomo—the man in charge—of the local acequia, responsible for its annual cleaning and for its smooth operation during the irrigating season.

But perhaps Crawford's most important role, at least from the perspective of this profound book, is the one he plays when he stands in the farmers' markets in Santa Fe and Los Alamos and sells his produce a pound, or even a bulb, at a time. His ideas about the act of selling, which he once loathed, are in many ways the climax of "A Garlic Testament." Throughout the book he draws the reader's attention to a kind of philosophical gradualism, his awareness of the slow, steady accumulation of small changes which, in the end, adds up to big changes. There is, for example, the knowledge "that can be obtained only by a long succession of small or even absentminded observations and which remains so private that you fail to see it for what it is, and so entangled is it in a habitual activity spread out over many years." There is organic change as well—"ash settling down from the sky . . . silt being swept down streams and ditches . . . on the way to rejoining the grand accretion of everywhere." And there is the wear that shapes a man's tools, like the shovels of the old men on the acequia—"implements worn to some small thin shape, handles deep with weathered cracks, often taped, and which they wield with *the precision of surgical instruments*."

The simple economic exchange that takes place when a customer buys a few bulbs of top-setting garlic or a bouquet of statice from Stanley Crawford is also part of this gradualism. Nearly all of us prefer the customer's side of the exchange: we think of ourselves as consumers. "For many, buying and selling . . . can seem to open a wound in the social fabric, over the chronic doubt about the reality of bits of metal and rectangles of paper and magnetic impulses that compose the grand collective fantasy known as money—the chronic doubt whether money is more real than the goods and services we provide and obtain for it," Crawford writes. "But that perhaps is the point. Buying and selling can be seen as negotiation over what is real." It's an unceasing negotiation, with daily and hourly fluctuations, and no end in sight. The real mark of Crawford's intelligence, and the subtlety of this book, is the way he convinces the reader, who is "perhaps unaware of the degree to which working at a job or a profession is selling yourself by the hour, the week, the month, the year," that exchange is the lifeblood of the community; that selling, like buying, is a risk. Every Thursday and Saturday morning in July and August, Crawford serves as a conduit between the solid reality of nature and the abstraction of money: he inhabits a metaphor. And this cheers him up, because taking money for crops, like planting a clove of garlic in the raw, dark earth, is an act of faith.

Before Mr. Unguentine disappeared from his barge, leaving his wife to compile her mournful log, he was a magical gardener, who replaced real trees—the Cottonwood Elizabeth, the Poplar Agnes, the Maple Rowena—with a mechanical forest run by solar power. The narrator of "Some Instructions" is an obsessive gardener: "To pick a lettuce? But which row? Which lettuce? The large or the small? Where to step on the way to the row, to the specific lettuce? At what hour? And so on with carrots, beets, squash, corn, tomatoes, and peppers, the picking of which, if done randomly, without plan or schedule and in ignorance of the true state of the garden, would result in a subtle devastation of all that grows there within a very short period of time." Crawford is a compassionate gardener, whose purpose is to know the true state of the garden, but within all its overlapping contexts—natural, economic, social, political. Context is the question in "A Garlic Testament." Crawford has the conspiratorial eye (it's certainly evident in his fiction), and he is always curious to know how systems interact—whether they are systems of bureaucratic interference or systems of plant growth—and to understand just how complicated one's sense of context (and, hence, of place) really is. He has taken up his position at what some might call the periphery of American life, and he has specialized in the "accumulations of small gestures over the days and months and years that bloom into something as quietly satisfying as a field of garlic." He cultivates his garden, inhabits his "Pascalian room," and patiently reminds the reader that "all human livings in industrial society are ultimately based on agricultural production and mineral extraction."

Crawford allows himself only one moment of arrogance in "A Garlic Testament," when the farmer (apologetic even as he speaks) turns the tables on the buyer, and yet it's also an edifying occasion. "Is your stuff organic?" Crawford is asked. In that question you can hear the neurosis of the modern consumer, who is unable to see the "webs of institutionalized inertia" that bind him as well as the farmer. You can hear the consumer's glib belief that the character of his own life and the consequences of his behavior are somehow invisible. Crawford says yes, his stuff is grown organically, all the while running over in his mind the ambiguities involved in an answer like that. And then he says, if only to himself, "So what about you? . . . What about your life? Is it organically lived? . . . And if I may ask, what about the money you would offer to pay me with? Is it organically earned? In short, how have you managed to solve these problems in your life? Have you actually figured out how to live a clean life in a dirty age?" —VERLYN KLINKENBORG

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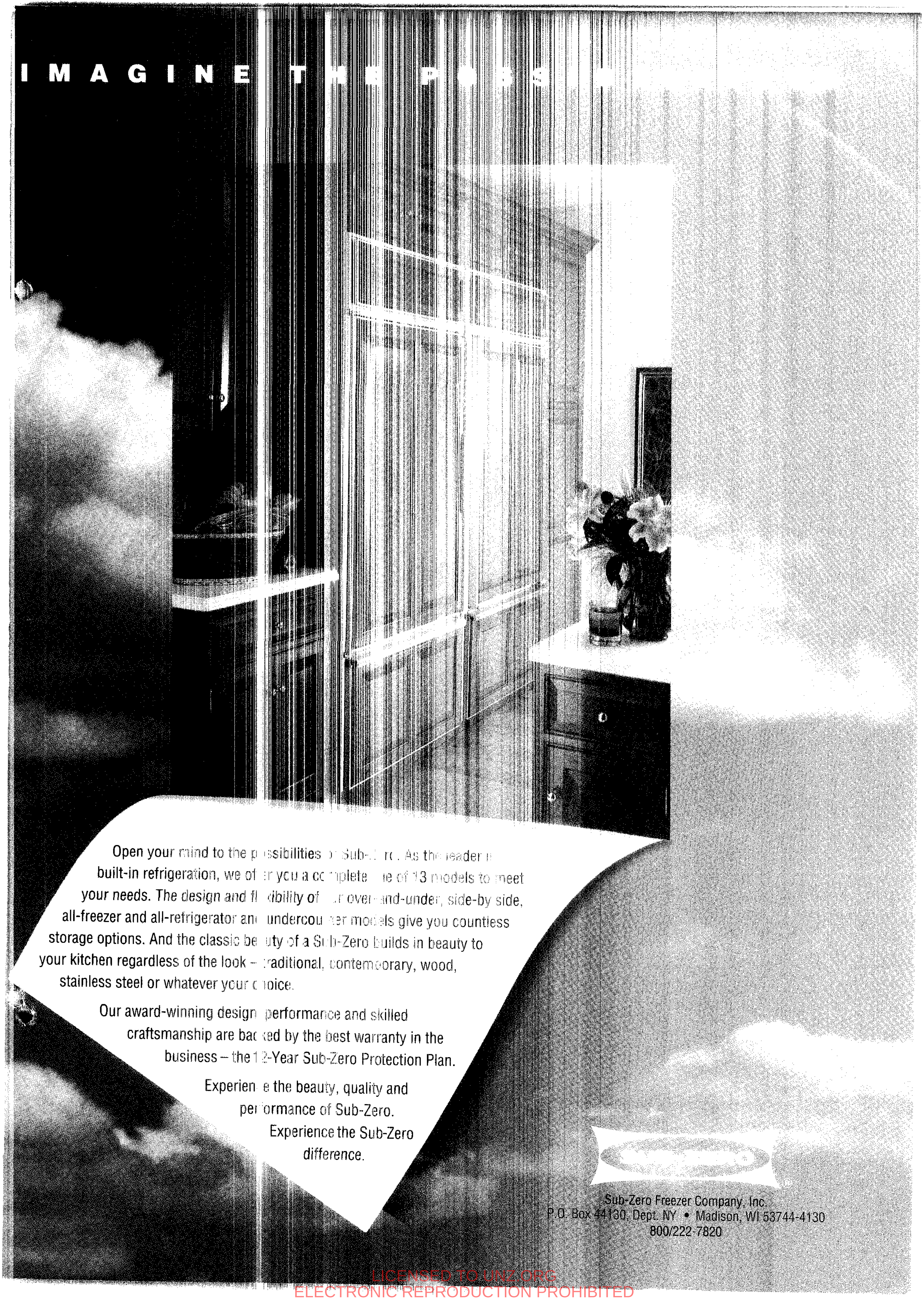
LIFE IN LOS ANGELES

[*From the City Hall Journal of the Los Angeles Times*]

How Westside representatives voted on selected issues.

LOUD PARTY: Approved a $175 service fee to be charged to the host any time police must respond a second time to quiet a loud party. An additional fee of $8 will be charged each minute a helicopter must be used in quieting the party. Passed: 10-0.



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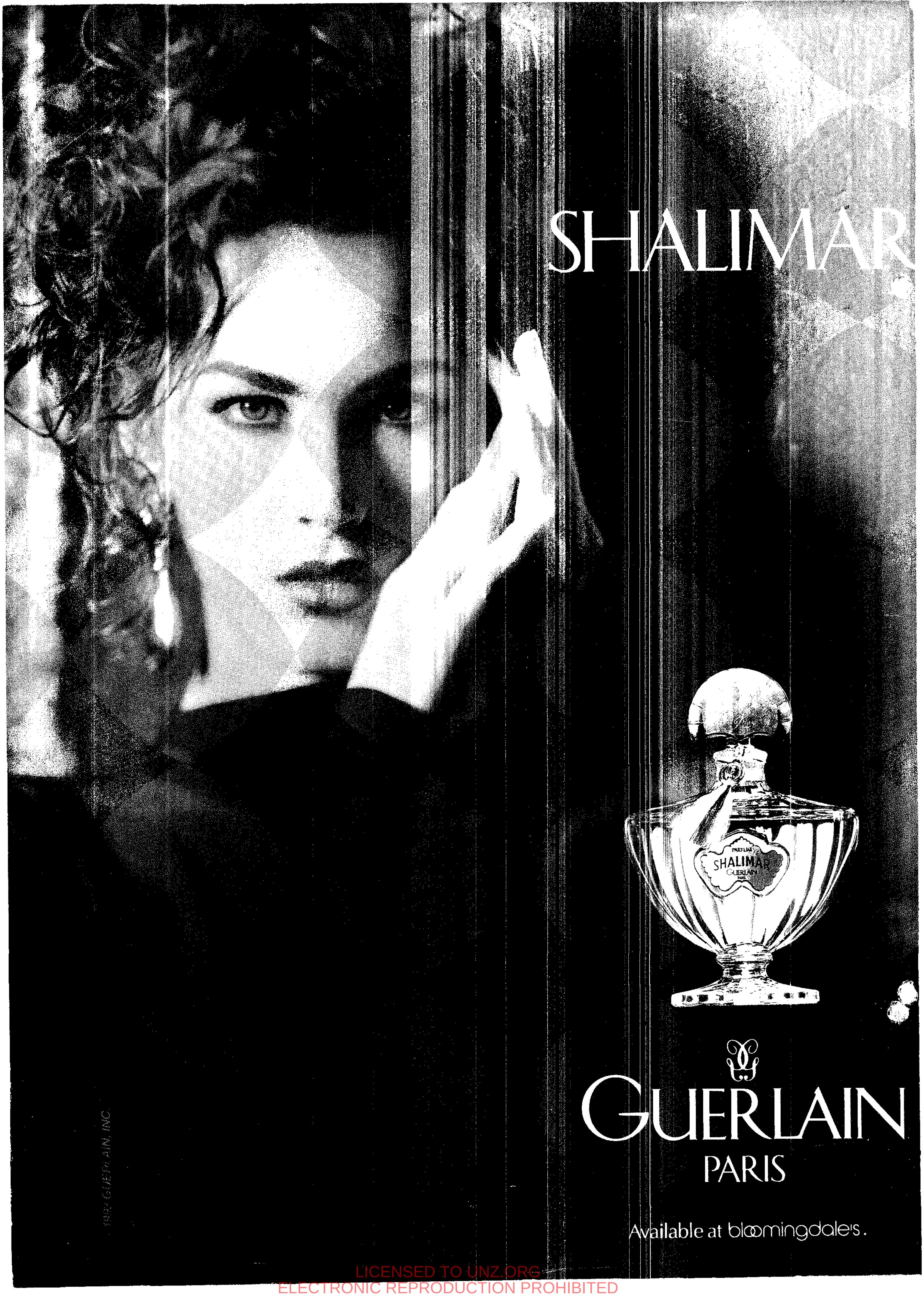
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